

# Hymns



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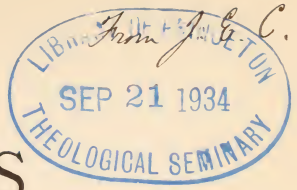
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# HYMNS

FOR USE IN

MANCHESTER COLLEGE,

✓  
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—  
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## PREFACE.

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THIS book is an attempt to meet the devotional wants of a group of students preparing for the Christian ministry and meeting privately for College prayer, and of a congregation in its seasons of public worship. This twofold aim will perhaps account for the unusual stress laid on certain topics and occasions.

The thanks of the Editor are due to a large number of authors and publishers who have kindly permitted the hymns belonging to them to be reproduced. In one or two cases the silence of the owners of copyright has been taken to imply their tacit sanction: in one or two others it was impossible to discover to whom application should be made: and it is hoped that if any proprietary rights have been infringed, this explanation will be accepted with the expression of the Compiler's regret.

The hymns of those writers who, like the Bishop of Wakefield, the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, and Prof. F. T. Palgrave, have generously placed their poems at the service of the Church, have been freely used: and the Editor desires, in addition, to make his sincere acknowledgments to the following:—

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J. E. C.

Oxford, January, 1894.

An Asterisk at the foot of a hymn refers the reader to the Notes, where omissions and a few doctrinal alterations are recorded.

*Ad.* signifies 'adapted,' *alt.* 'altered,' and *tr.* 'translated.'

#### ERRATA.

Hymn 58, for *Lord, of all being*, read *Lord of all being*.

Hymn 186, for *Charlotte Elliot* read *Charlotte Elliott*.

Hymn 237, verse 5, line 3, for *thy* read *their*.

An asterisk should be added at the foot of hymns 44, 249, 319.



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## HYMNS.

---

1.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;  
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,  
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed,  
Without our aid he did us make ;  
We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
And for his sheep, he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,  
Approach with joy his courts unto :  
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

For why ? The Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

*William Kethe,\* 1561.*

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Angels and saints his name adore  
With praise and joy for evermore.

Amen.



## THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

### 2.

YE holy angels bright,  
Which stand before God's throne,  
And dwell in glorious light,  
Praise ye the Lord each one.  
You there so nigh  
Far better know  
Than we below  
Of things so high.

You blessed souls at rest,  
That see your Saviour's face,  
Whose glory, even the least,  
Is far above our grace ;  
God's praises sound,  
As in his sight  
With sweet delight  
You do abound.

Sing forth Jehovah's praise,  
Ye saints on him that call ;  
Magnify him always,  
His holy churches all.  
In him rejoice,  
And there proclaim  
His holy name  
With sounding voice.

My soul, bear thou thy part ;  
Triumph in God above ;  
And with a well-tuned heart,  
Sing thou the songs of love.  
The Heavenly King  
Doth not disdain  
The simplest strain  
His children sing.



## UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

Though sin would make me doubt,  
And fill my soul with fears,  
Though God seem to shut out  
My daily cries and tears ;  
By no such frost  
Of sad delays,  
Let thy sweet praise  
Be nipt and lost.

Though sin and death conspire  
To rob thee of thy praise,  
Still towards thee I'll aspire,  
And thou dull hearts canst raise.  
Open thy door ;  
And when grim death  
Shall stop this breath,  
I'll praise thee more.

*Richard Baxter,\* 1681.*

3.

**B**EHOLD we come, dear Lord, to thee  
And bow before thy throne ;  
We come to offer on our knee  
Our vows to thee alone.

Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,  
Thy bounty freely gave ;  
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,  
And wilt hereafter save.

Come then, my soul, bring all thy powers,  
And grieve thou hast no more,  
Bring every day thy choicest hours,  
And thy great God adore.

But, above all, prepare thine heart  
On this his own blest day,  
In its sweet task to bear thy part,  
And sing, and love, and pray.

*John Austin,\* 1668.*



## THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

4.

COME, O come, in pious lays  
Sound we God Almighty's praise ;  
Hither bring in one consent  
Heart, and voice, and instrument ;  
Let those things which do not live,  
In still music praises give :  
Nor a creature dumb be found,  
That hath either voice or sound.

Lowly pipe, ye things that creep,  
On the earth, or in the deep !  
Loud aloft your voices strain,  
Beasts and monsters of the main :  
Birds, your warbling treble sing ;  
Clouds, your peals of thunders ring :  
Sun and moon, exalted higher,  
And bright stars, augment this choir.

Come, ye sons of human race,  
In this chorus take a place :  
Angels and supernal powers,  
Be the noblest tenor yours :  
That the song may overclimb  
All the bounds of space and time,  
And ascend from sphere to sphere,  
To the great Almighty's ear.

So, from heaven, on earth he shall  
Let his gracious blessings fall ;  
And this huge wide orb we see,  
Shall one choir, one temple, be ;  
Where with mirth and joyful tone  
We will sing what he hath done.  
Then, O come, in pious lays,  
Sound we God Almighty's praise.

*Arranged from George Wither,\* 1641.*



UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

5.

YE nations round the earth rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sovereign king ;  
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice ;  
With all your tongues his glory sing.  
The Lord is God ; 'tis he alone  
Doth life and breath and being give ;  
We are his work, and not our own,  
The sheep that on his pastures live.  
Enter his gates with songs of joy ;  
With praises to his courts repair :  
And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honours there.  
The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;  
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;  
And the whole race of man shall find  
His truth from age to age endure.

*Isaac Watts.*

6.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to  
thee ;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.  
Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may  
not see,  
Only thou art holy ; there is none beside thee  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.  
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !  
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth  
and sky and sea ;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

*Bishop Reginald Heber.\**



## THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

7.

TO God, most high, draw near !  
Let all bow down before him,  
And in a joyful psalm  
With heart and voice adore him !  
The great and gracious Lord,  
Who all to us hath given,  
And whose high praise is sung  
By angel-choirs in heaven.

With upward look we leave  
Our mortal cares behind us ;  
Why should earth's vain desires  
To nobler things so blind us ?  
Come, faith and hope and love,  
Your glories now unfold ;  
Lead us as ye have led  
The holy men of old.

Like tender flowers of spring  
Their faces upward turning,  
And drinking sunbeams in  
As by a secret yearning,  
We'll lift our hearts on high  
For that more blessed light,  
Which cheers our hours of grief  
And guides our steps aright.

Lift up your hearts to God,  
For lowly service ready,  
Pursue the upward way,  
With footsteps strong and steady ;  
And when at last the grave  
Receives the pilgrim's dust,  
Then cometh joyful rest  
With spirits of the just.

*Thomas Sadler.*



UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

8.

O WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above ;  
O gratefully sing his power and his love ;  
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,  
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;  
His chariots of dread the deep thunder clouds form,  
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old ;  
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail ;  
Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

*Sir Robert Grant.\**

9.

STAND up and bless the Lord,  
In songs of praise rejoice :  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessings high,  
Who would not fear his holy name,  
And laud and magnify ?



## THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

O for the living flame  
From his own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought !

There, with benign regard,  
Our hymns he deigns to hear ;  
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,  
The spirit feels him near.

Stand up and bless the Lord,  
The Lord your God adore ;  
Stand up and bless his glorious name,  
Henceforth for evermore.

*James Montgomery.\**

10.

ALL lands and peoples, all the earth,  
Put off the night of sadness ;  
Make cheer and music and high mirth,  
And praise the Lord with gladness !  
Serve him with joyful heart,  
All kingdoms do their part,  
And let immortal song  
Before his presence throng  
For ever and for ever !

O surely he is God alone,  
The earth is mute before him ;  
And he is ours and we his own,  
His people who adore him.  
We are his flock, our feet  
Walk in his pastures sweet ;  
And, by cool brooks, the sleep  
Is soft he gives his sheep  
For ever and for ever !



## UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

O enter then his temple courts  
With trumpet-tongued thanksgiving ;  
Praise him in dances and in sports,  
Our Lord, the ever-living !  
With incense to the skies  
Our thankfulness arise ;  
His glory wide proclaim,  
Speak good of his great name  
For ever and for ever !

For gracious is the Lord our God,  
He hears our dull complaining ;  
His mercy has a sure abode,  
And everlasting reigning ;  
And times and times roll by,  
And nations fade and die,  
But God's majestic truth  
Leads on an eager youth  
For ever and for ever !

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

11.

**L**O, God is here ! let us adore,  
And own how awful is this place :  
Let all within us feel his power ;  
And silent bow before his face.

Lo, God is here ! him, day and night,  
United choirs of angels sing :  
To him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

Being of beings ! may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful incense fill ;  
Still may we stand before thy face,  
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

*Gerhard Tersteegen, tr. John Wesley.\**



## THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

12.

AGAIN we hail the opening morn,  
Again breaks forth the day new-born,  
Which, rising in victorious might,  
Chases away black-wandering night.

Again my soul in early songs  
Praise him to whom all praise belongs ;  
Who gave the glittering stars to night,  
Who gave to morning dawn the light.

All things to thy high counsel hold,  
Things past or present, new or old ;  
Whate'er we have, whate'er we share,  
Of all from thee the sources are.  
Or voice be heard, or all be still,  
'Tis just as ordered by thy will ;  
For thou art King, and ages all  
Within thine age unmeasured fall.

May I my song aright renew,  
O thou, the root whence all things grew :  
Hail, thou, the world's Original !  
Hail, thou, the spring, first cause of all.  
Let no dark thoughts my steps attend,  
My life from biting cares defend ;  
And grant me with free wing to rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.

*Arranged from Synesius, tr. A. W. Chatfield.\**

13.

YOU that have spent the silent night  
In sleep and quiet rest,  
And joy to see the cheerful light

That riseth in the east :

Now clear your voice, now cheer your heart,  
Come help me now to sing :  
Each willing wight, come bear a part,  
To praise the heavenly King.



## MORNING.

Yet as this deadly night did last  
But for a little space,  
And heavenly day now night is past  
Doth show his pleasant face ;  
So must we hope to see God's face  
At last in heaven on high,  
When we have changed this mortal place  
For immortality.

Unto which joys for to attain  
God grant us all his grace,  
And send us after worldly pain  
In heaven to have a place,  
Where we may still enjoy that light  
Which never shall decay :  
Lord for thy mercy lend us might  
To see that joyful day.

*George Gascoigne,\* 1575.*

### 14.

WE praise thee, Lord, with earliest morning  
ray :

We praise thee with the glowing light of day :  
All things that live and move, by sea and land,  
For ever ready at thy service stand.

Thy Christendom is singing night and day,  
“Glory to him, the mighty God, for aye,  
By whom, through whom, in whom, all beings  
are !”

Grant us to echo on the song afar.

Thy name supreme, thy kingdom, in us dwell,  
Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well :  
Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour ;  
For thine the glory, Lord, and thine the power !

*Johann Franck, 1655, tr. C. Winkworth,  
alt. Hymns of the Spirit.\**



THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

15.

**A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praise to the eternal King.

Lord I my vows to thee renew,  
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him, ye heavenly hosts above ;  
Praise him, my soul, for all his love.

*Bishop Thomas Ken.\**

16.

**O** PEN thine eyes, my soul and see  
Once more the light returns to thee ;  
Look round about, and choose the way  
Thou mean'st to travel o'er to day.

Think on the dangers thou may'st meet,  
And always watch thy sliding feet ;  
Think where thou once hast fall'n before,  
And mark the place, and fall no more.



## MORNING.

Think on the helps thy God bestows,  
And cast to steer thy life by those ;  
Think on the sweets thy soul did feel  
When thou did'st well, and do so still.

Think on the pains that shall torment  
Those stubborn souls that ne'er repent ;  
Think on the joys that wait above,  
To crown the head of holy love.

O my dear Lord, guide thou my course,  
And draw me on with thy sweet force ;  
Still make me walk, still make me tend,  
By thee my way, to thee my end.

*John Austin.\**

17.

NOW with creation's morning song  
Let us, as children of the day,  
With wakened heart and purpose strong,  
The works of darkness cast away.

O may the morn so pure, so clear,  
Its own sweet calm in us instil ;  
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,  
Simplicity of word and will.

And ever, as the day glides by,  
May we the busy senses rein ;  
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,  
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

Grant us, O God ! in love to thee,  
Clear eyes to measure things below,  
Faith, the invisible to see,  
And wisdom, thee in all to know.

*Roman Breviary : tr. Edward Caswall :  
alt. Samuel Longfellow.*



18.

GOD of the morning! at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.

From the fair chambers of the east  
The circuit of his race begins ;  
And without weariness or rest,  
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

O like the sun may I fulfil  
The appointed duties of the day ;  
With ready mind and active will  
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

Lord! thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;  
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure ;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me thy counsels for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss :  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compared with this.

*Isaac Watts.*

19.

NO change of times shall ever shock  
My firm affection, Lord, to thee,  
For thou hast always been my rock,  
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,  
My trust is in thy mighty power ;  
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,  
At home, my safeguard and my tower.



MORNING.

O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent,  
Its thankful tribute to present ;  
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise  
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake my glory, harp and lute,  
No longer let your strings be mute ;  
And I, my tuneful part to take  
Will with the early dawn awake.

Be thou, O God, exalted high,  
And as thy glory fills the sky  
So let it be on earth displayed  
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

*Tate and Brady, enlarged by Stopford A. Brooke.\**

20.

WILT thou not visit me ?  
The plant beside me feels the gentle dew ;  
Each blade of grass I see  
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt thou not visit me ?  
The morning calls on me with cheering tone,  
And every hill and tree  
Lends but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

Come ! for I need thy love  
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;  
Come ! like thy holy dove,  
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes ! thou wilt visit me ;  
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,  
As when from sin set free,  
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

*Jones Very.\**



21.

NEW every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove ;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day,  
Hover around as while we pray ;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see ;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we need to ask ;  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,  
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
As heaven shall bid them, come and go ;—  
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love  
Fit us for perfect rest above ;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

*John Keble.\**



22.

TO thank thee, Lord, for this new morn  
 We come before thy face ;  
 Make thou the hours till eventide  
 A perfect day of grace.  
 We know, to bless our common life,  
 Thou hast a precept given,  
 That we, redeemed, should walk on earth  
 As citizens of heaven.

But Father, well thou know'st that oft  
 We find the world too strong ;  
 That powers at deadly war with faith  
 Around our pathway throng.  
 When things of sense their claims assert  
 With such a royal mien,  
 'Tis hard to keep all homage back  
 For majesties unseen.

Self-hardened towards diviner things,  
 Each day men own them less :  
 While through their being steals the plague  
 Of utter worldliness.  
 O keep us, Lord, from such a doom !  
 O grant us power and love  
 What lies before us here to do,  
 But fix our hearts above.

Amid the transient make us true  
 To that which knows no end ;  
 Let holy thoughts and acts of faith  
 With earthly business blend :  
 So shall the beauty of our God  
 Beam o'er us all the day ;  
 And this poor handiwork be rich  
 In fruits that ne'er decay.

*William Bright.\**



23.

DEAR Lord! thou bringest back the morn;  
Thy children wake; thy children pray:  
O! make our souls divinely yearn!  
Pour thy best beauty on the day!

Yes, make our best desire most strong!  
O let not sin one hour oppress;  
But spread each shining hour along  
The beauty of thy holiness.

In myriad gifts streams forth thy love;  
What countless joys each minute brings!  
But, O! the cleaving sin remove  
That darkens all these precious things.

The thoughts, that in our hearts keep place,  
Lord, make a holy, heavenly throng;  
And steep in innocence and grace  
The issue of each guarded tongue.

Lend our slow feet that speed of thine;  
Our busy hands from evil stay;  
Lord! help us still to tasks divine—  
Still keep us in the heavenly way.

The weaklings plead; the sinners pray;  
But, Lord, thy grace exceeds our sin;  
We cannot ask too bright a day;  
Too much of thee we cannot win.

*Thomas Hornblower Gill.*

24.

BEGIN the day with God!  
He is thy sun and day;  
His is the radiance of thy dawn,  
To him address thy lay.



## MORNING.

Sing a new song at morn !  
Join the glad woods and hills ;  
Join the fresh winds and seas and plains,  
Join the bright flowers and rills.

Awake, cold lips, and sing !  
Arise, dull knees, and pray ;  
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes ;  
Brush slothfulness away.

Cast every weight aside !  
Do battle with each sin ;  
Fight with the faithless world without,  
The faithless heart within.

Look up beyond these clouds,  
Thither thy pathway lies ;  
Mount up, away, and linger not,  
Thy goal is yonder skies.

*Horatius Bonar.\**

25.

L ORD God of morning and of night,  
We thank thee for the grace of light ;  
As in the dawn the shadows fly,  
Thy presence shines on us more nigh.

Fresh hopes have waken'd in the heart,  
Fresh force to take the loftier part ;  
Thy slumber-balms our strength restore  
Throughout the day to serve thee more.

Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,  
Oft what we would we cannot do ;  
The sun may stand in zenith skies,  
But on the soul thick midnight lies.



## THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

O Lord of lights ! 'tis thou alone  
Canst make our darkened hearts thine own :  
Though this new day with joy we see,  
Great dawn of God ! we cry for thee !

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;  
Praise him through time, till time shall end ;  
Till psalm and song his name adore  
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

*Francis Turner Palgrave.\**

26.

O LORD of life, thy quickening voice  
Awakes my morning song ;  
In gladsome words I would rejoice  
That I to thee belong.

I see thy light, I feel thy wind !  
Earth is thy uttered word ;  
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,  
Thy presence is, my Lord.

Therefore I choose my highest part,  
And turn my face to thee ;  
Therefore I stir my inmost heart  
To worship fervently.

Lord, let me live and act this day,  
Still rising from the dead ;  
Lord, make my spirit good and gay—  
Give me my daily bread.

Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,  
My heart alive to keep  
Till the night comes, and, labour done,  
In thee I fall asleep.

*George Macdonald,*



27.

THE morning breaks upon my eyes,  
 Like glimpses of a purer world,—  
 As if the wings of paradise  
 O'er earth were suddenly unfurled.

I lift the sash and gaze abroad,  
 On the sweet earth, so fair, so bright :  
 I raise my heart to thee, O God,  
 And cry, ' I thank thee for the light.'

Beyond the summer hills lie green,  
 Fringed with their wealth of waving trees,  
 That sparkle in the sunny sheen  
 And tremble in the trembling breeze.

O God ! I thank thee for each sight  
 Of beauty that thy hand doth give,—  
 For sunny skies, and air, and light ;  
 O God I thank thee that I live !

That life I consecrate to thee,  
 And ever as the day is born  
 On wings of joy my soul would flee,  
 And thank thee for another morn ;—

Another day in which to cast  
 Some silent deed of love abroad,  
 That, greatening as it journeys past,  
 May do some earnest work for God ;—

Another day to do, to dare ;  
 To tax anew my growing strength ;  
 To arm my soul with faith and prayer ;  
 And so reach heaven and thee at length.

*Mrs. Caroline Mason.*



28.

O GOD! thou art my God alone :  
Early to thee my soul shall cry—  
A pilgrim in a land unknown,  
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

More dear than life itself, thy love  
My heart and tongue shall still employ,  
And to declare thy truth shall prove  
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

In blessing thee with grateful songs  
My happy life shall glide away,  
The praise that to thy name belongs  
With lifted hands I hourly pay.

Thy name, O God, before I sleep,  
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought,  
Thy presence in the midnight deep  
Sure comfort to my soul has brought.

And when I wake at morn, thy love  
Is sweeter than the light to me !  
O, whom have I in heaven above,  
Or what on earth compared to thee !

Therefore awake, my grateful voice !  
O happy heart, awake and sing  
Of God, who bids my heart rejoice  
Beneath the shadow of his wing.

*Psalm lxiii. enlarged from J. Montgomery,  
by Stopford A. Brooke.*

29.

STILL, still with thee, when purple morning  
breaketh—

When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee ;  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.



## MORNING.

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,  
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;  
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As, in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean  
The image of the morning star doth rest,  
So, in this stillness, thou beholdest only  
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,  
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer ;  
Sweet the repose, beneath thy wings o'ershadowing,  
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,  
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;  
O ! in that hour, fairer than daylight's dawning,  
Shall rise the glorious thought I am with thee !

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

### 30.

FOR the dear love that kept us through the night,  
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway,—  
For the new miracle of dawning light  
Flushing the east with prophecies of day,  
We thank thee, O our God !

For the fresh life that through our being flows  
With its full tide to strengthen and to bless—  
For calm sweet thoughts, upspringing from repose,  
To bear to thee their song of thankfulness,  
We praise thee, O our God !

Day uttereth speech to day, and night to night  
Tells of thy power and glory. So would we,  
Thy children, duly, with the morning light,  
Or at still eve, upon the bended knee  
Adore thee, O our God !



## THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Thou know'st our needs, thy fulness will supply,  
Our blindness,—let thy hand still lead us on,  
Till, visited by the dayspring from on high,  
Our prayer, one only, 'Let thy will be done!'

We breathe to thee, O God!

*William Henry Burleigh.*

31.

L ORD, on thy returning day,  
From common labour freed,  
We are come to sing and pray,  
With felt returning need:  
Come to seek our former rest,  
Come to urge our old request.

Show us, Lord, the goal of life,  
And give us heart to run;  
Breathe the peace that follows strife,  
Lest future work we shun:  
Hearts that hasty time has grieved  
Are by Sabbath calm relieved.

We would sing as in the rays  
Of mercy ever bright,  
Which endureth to thy praise,  
For ever thy delight:  
Sing for happiness we know,  
Or that we may happy grow.

We would pray as those who stand  
Their truest friend beside,  
Whom thou takest by the hand  
Into thy light to guide.  
By thy power, for thy love's sake  
Fully us thy children make.

*Thomas T. Lynch.\**



‘ We are seeking the Lord.’

O SAINTS of old ! not yours alone  
 These words most high shall be :  
 We take the glory for our own ;  
 Lord ! we are seeking thee.

Not only when ascends the song,  
 And soundeth sweet the word ;  
 Not only midst the Sabbath throng  
 Our souls would seek the Lord.

We mingle with another throng  
 And other words we speak :  
 To other business we belong :  
 But still our God we seek.

We would not to our daily task  
 Without our God repair,  
 But in the world thy presence ask,  
 And seek thy glory there.

Would we against some wrong be bold  
 And break some yoke abhorred ?  
 Amid the strife and stir behold  
 The seekers of the Lord !

When on thy glorious works we gaze,  
 We fain would seek thee there :  
 Our gladness in their beauty raise  
 To joy in thee, First Fair !

O everywhere, O every day,  
 Thy grace is still outpoured :  
 We work, we watch, we strive, we pray :  
 Behold thy seekers, Lord !

*Thomas Hornblower Gill.\**



## THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

33.

**B**EHOLD the sun, that seem'd but now  
Enthroned overhead,  
Beginning to decline below  
The globe whereon we tread ;  
And he, whom yet we look upon  
With comfort and delight,  
Will quite depart from hence anon,  
And leave us to the night.

Thus time, unheeded, steals away  
The life that nature gave ;  
Thus are our bodies every day  
Declining to the grave :  
Thus from us all those pleasures fly  
Whereon we set our heart ;  
And when the night of death draws nigh,  
Thus will they all depart.

Lord ! though the sun forsake our sight,  
And mortal hopes are vain ;  
Let still thine everlasting light  
Within our souls remain !  
And in the nights of our distress  
Vouchsafe those rays divine,  
Which from the Sun of Righteousness  
For ever brightly shine.

*George Withers.*

34.

**H**ARK, the evening call to prayer !  
Lay we down each earthly care ;  
Still we every anxious fear,  
Owning thus that God is here.  
Father, from our hearts remove  
Every veil that hides thy love ;  
Here the spirit's eye unseal,  
Here thy glory now reveal.



## EVENING.

Send us holy calm within ;  
Cleanse us from the stains of sin ;  
Be each heart a sacred shrine,  
Still and pure, and wholly thine.  
Kindle, Lord, the altar fire,—  
May the holy flame aspire ;  
Thoughts of love and contrite sighs  
Be our vesper sacrifice !

*Thomas Hincks.\**

35.

AS darker, darker, fall around  
The shadows of the night,  
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,  
To seek the eternal light.

Father in heaven, to thee are known  
Our many hopes and fears,  
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,  
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray thee for all absent friends,  
Who have been with us here ;  
And in our secret heart we name  
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes, and aching hearts,  
And feet that from thee rove,  
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,  
We pray thee, God of love !

We bring to thee our hopes and fears,  
And at thy footstool lay ;  
And, Father, thou who lovest all,  
Wilt hear us when we pray.

*Hymns of the Spirit.*



36.

SLOWLY by thy hand unfurled,  
Down around the weary world  
Falls the darkness; O how still  
Is the working of thy will!

Mighty Maker! here am I;  
Work in me as silently;  
Veil the day's distracting sights,  
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth  
Countless stars, a wondrous birth:  
So may gleams of glory dart  
From this dim abyss, my heart.

Living worlds to view be brought  
In the boundless realms of thought;  
High and infinite desires,  
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy truth, eternal right,  
Let them break upon my sight;  
Let them shine, serene and still,  
And with light my being fill.

Thou who dwellest there, I know,  
Dwellest here within me too;  
May the perfect peace of God  
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

Let my life attuned be  
To the heavenly harmony  
Which, beyond the power of sound,  
Fills the universe around.

*William Henry Furness.*



EVENING.

37.

L ORD, in this holy hour of even,  
By thine unfailing mercy blest,  
Our souls we meekly turn to heaven,  
And calmly on thy bosom rest.

Through unknown ways thy hand has led us,  
And smoothed the path beneath our feet ;  
Through frequent gloom thy love has sped us,  
And made e'en toil and danger sweet.

And if some cross thy will has sent us,  
In which the good we see not now,  
O God, may all thy mercies lent us,  
Constrain our souls in faith to bow.

O Lord, in thee we seek our gladness,—  
The fountain of our light thou art ;  
In thee, O God, we hide our sadness,—  
Thou comfort of the wounded heart.

From morn to eve thy hand shall guide us,  
Thy love shall gild the shades of night ;  
And midst the gloom, with thee beside us,  
We'll rest in peace and wait the light.

*Thomas Hincks.*

38.

A GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,  
We gather in these hallowed walls ;  
And evening hymn and evening prayer  
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release,  
Here find the rest of God's own peace ;  
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,  
Lay down the burden and the care.



## COMMUNION OF THE SPIRIT

O God, our light ! to thee we bow ;  
Within all shadows standest thou :  
Give deeper calm than night can bring ;  
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again ;  
We cannot at the shrine remain ;  
But in the spirit's secret cell  
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

39.

O THOU to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,  
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue !

Not now on Zion's height alone  
The favoured worshipper may dwell,  
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
The incense of the heart, may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To thee shall age, with snowy hair,  
And strength and beauty, bend the knee,  
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,  
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of prophet bards was strung !  
To thee, at last, in every clime  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

*John Pierpont.\**



40.

GOD of my life, and author of my days !  
 Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise !  
 And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue  
 That hallowed name to harps of seraphs sung.

I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,  
 And breathe an awful stillness through my soul :  
 At thy felt presence all emotions cease,  
 And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace.

Thine ear is open to the softest cry ;  
 Thy grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;  
 Thou read'st the language of a silent tear,  
 And sighs are incense, from a heart sincere.

O God ! from earthly bondage set me free ;  
 Still every wish that centres not in thee ;  
 Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets, cease,  
 And point my path to everlasting peace.

*Adapted from Anna Lætitia Barbauld.\**

41.

O LORD ! where'er thy people meet,  
 There they behold thy mercy-seat ;  
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
 And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,  
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;  
 Such ever bring thee where they come,  
 And going, take thee to their home.

Here may we prove the power of prayer  
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care :  
 To teach our faint desires to rise,  
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

*William Cowper.\**



42.

COME, Holy One, in love ;  
 Shed on us from above

Thine own bright ray :

Divinely good thou art ;

Thy sacred gifts impart

To gladden each sad heart,

O come to-day !

Come tend'rest friend, and best,

Our most delightful guest,

With soothing power ;

Rest which the weary know,

Shade 'mid the noontide glow,

Peace when deep griefs o'erflow,

Cheer us this hour !

Come, light serene, and still,

Our inmost bosoms fill ;

Dwell in each breast :

We know no dawn but thine ;

Send forth thy beams divine

On our dark souls to shine,

And make us blest.

Exalt our low desires ;

Extinguish passion's fires ;

Heal every wound :

Our stubborn spirits bend,

Our icy coldness end,

Our devious steps attend,

While heavenward bound.

*From the Latin of Robert II. of France,*

997-1031 : *tr.* Ray Palmer.\*

43.

IN the midst do thou appear,—

Lord ! reveal thy presence here.

Sanctify us now, and bless ;

Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace.



IN WORSHIP.

While we walk with God in light  
God our hearts doth still unite ;—  
Sweetly each with each combined,  
In the bonds of duty joined.

Father ! still our faith increase ;  
Cleanse from all unrighteousness :  
Thee the unholy cannot see ;  
Make, O make us meet for thee !

Mutual love, the token be,  
Lord ! that we belong to thee :  
Only love to us be given ;  
Lord ! we ask no other heaven.

*Adapted from Charles Wesley.\**

44.

O BREATHE upon this languid flame,  
Spirit of heavenly night ;  
Baptize me with the vital flame  
Of purity and light.

Descend like heaven's self-kindled fire  
And burn my sin to dust ;  
God of my righteousness, inspire  
My soul with hope and trust.

Spring up within this barren heart,  
Well-spring of life divine !  
Love to my feeble will impart :  
Light in my darkness shine.

O Light and Power ! O Life and Love !  
Of every good the source !  
Blow, rushing Wind of God, above,  
And speed me on my course.

*Josiah Conder, altered by  
Stopford A. Brooke.*



COMMUNION OF THE SPIRIT

45.

L ORD! when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits pitying see,  
And penitence impart ;  
And let a healing ray from thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

When our responsive tongues essay  
Their grateful songs to raise,  
Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
And rise to thee in praise.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign,  
And not a thought our bosoms share,  
Which is not wholly thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies ;  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it or denies.

*Joseph Dacre Carlyle.\**

46.

G OD is in his holy temple :  
Earthly thoughts be silent now,  
While with reverence we assemble,  
And before his presence bow.  
He is with us now and ever,  
When we call upon his name,  
Aiding every good endeavour,  
Guiding every upward aim,



IN WORSHIP.

God is in his holy temple,—  
In the pure and holy mind ;  
In the reverent heart and simple ;  
In the soul from sense refined :  
Then let every low emotion  
Banished far and silent be,  
And our souls in pure devotion,  
Lord, be temples worthy thee.

*Hymns of the Spirit.*

47.

COME, immortal Lord of gladness !  
From the immeasurable height  
Scatter all our sin and sadness,  
Move upon our hearts in light !  
All-pervading God, whose love  
Joins us here with those above,  
Make us now thy new creation,  
Sanctify this congregation.

Come and bring with thee thy treasure !  
Love and meekness, joy and peace,  
Gentleness that knows no measure,  
Truths that cumbered hearts release,  
Purity, and faith in right,  
Thirst for holiness, and light.  
Hear our contrite supplication,  
Arm for life this congregation.

Come, abide in us for ever ;  
Build thy city in our heart  
On thy righteousness, and never  
From its citadel depart.  
Fill us with thy holy awe,  
Make us prophets of thy law ;  
Worthy of our high vocation  
In the world's great congregation.

*Stopford A. Brooke,\**



## COMMUNION OF THE SPIRIT

48.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,  
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling  
love ;

For we are weak, and need some deep revealing  
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord we have wandered forth through doubt and  
sorrow,

And thou hast made each step an onward one ;  
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—  
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy  
Abides ; and when pain seems to have its will,  
Or we despair, O, may that peace rise slowly,  
Stronger than agony, and we be still !

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,  
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love :  
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing  
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

*Samuel Johnson.*

49.

SPIRIT of grace, and health, and power ;  
Fountain of light and love below !  
Abroad thy healing influence shower ;  
On all thy servants let it flow.

Inflame our hearts with perfect love ;  
In us the work of faith fulfil :  
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,  
Than we on earth to do thy will.

Father ! 'tis thine each day to yield  
Thy children's wants a fresh supply ;  
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,  
And hearest the young ravens cry.



IN WORSHIP.

On thee we cast our care ; we live  
Through thee who know'st our every need :  
O feed us with thy grace, and give  
Our souls this day the living bread !

Giver and Lord of life, whose power  
And guardian care for all are free,  
To thee in fierce temptation's hour  
From sin and evil let us flee.

Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art,  
In us be all thy goodness showed ;  
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart,  
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

*John Wesley.\**

50.

THIRSTING for a living spring,  
Seeking for a higher home ;  
Resting where our souls must cling,  
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirits fill,  
When we feel that thou art near ;  
Father ! then our fears are still,  
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

Life's hard conflict we would win,  
Read the meaning of life's frown ;  
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin  
For the spirit's starry crown.

Make us beautiful within,  
By thy spirit's holy light ;  
Guard us when our faith burns dim,  
Father of all love and might !

*Frank P. Appleton.*



COMMUNION OF THE SPIRIT

51.

SPIRIT divine! attend our prayer,  
And make our hearts thy home;  
Descend with all thy gracious power;  
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

Come as the light! to waiting minds  
That long the truth to know,  
Reveal the narrow path of right,  
The way of duty show.

Come as the fire! enkindle now  
The sacrificial flame,  
That our whole souls an offering be,  
In love's redeeming name.

Come as the dew! on hearts that pine  
Descend in this still hour,  
Till every barren place shall own  
With joy thy quickening power.

Come as the wind! sweep clean away  
What dead within us lies,  
And search and freshen all our souls  
With living energies.

*Andrew Reed, alt. S. Longfellow.*

52.

SOVEREIGN and transforming grace,  
We invoke thy quick'ning power;  
Reign the spirit of this place,  
Bless the purpose of this hour.

Holy and creative light!  
We invoke thy kindling ray;  
Dawn upon our spirits' night,  
Turn our darkness into day.



IN WORSHIP.

To the anxious soul impart  
Hope all other hopes above ;  
Stir the dull and hardened heart  
With a longing and a love.  
Give the struggling peace for strife,  
Give the doubting light for gloom ;  
Speed the living into life,  
Warn the dying of their doom.  
Work in all ; in all renew  
Day by day the life divine ;  
All our wills to thee subdue,  
All our hearts to thee incline.

*Frederic Henry Hedge.*

53.

O LIFE that makest all things new,—  
The blooming earth, the thoughts of  
men,—

Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,  
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows  
From eye to eye the signals run,  
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,  
The lovers of the light are one :

One in the freedom of the truth,  
One in the joy of paths untrod,  
One in the soul's perennial youth,  
One in the larger thought of God :

The freer step, the fuller breath,  
The wide horizon's grander view,  
The sense of life that knows no death,—  
The life that maketh all things new !

*Samuel Longellow.*



54.

O FATHER ! though the anxious fear  
 May cloud to-morrow's doubtful way,  
 Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here ;  
 All shall be thine at least to-day.

We will not bring divided hearts  
 To worship at thy sacred shrine ;  
 But each unholy thought departs,  
 And leaves the temple wholly thine.

O Father ! God below, above !  
 Man's noblest work is praising thee ;  
 Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move,  
 And tune them all to harmony.

*Emily Taylor.*

55.

WHERE ancient forests widely spread,  
 Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall ;  
 On the lone mountain's silent head,  
 There are thy temples, God of all !

Beneath the dark blue midnight arch,  
 Whence myriad suns pour down their rays ;  
 Where planets trace their ceaseless march,  
 Father ! we worship as we gaze.

The tombs thine altars are, for there,  
 When earthly loves and hopes have fled,  
 To thee ascends the spirit's prayer,  
 Thou God of the immortal dead !

All space is holy, for all space  
 Is filled by thee : but human thought  
 Burns clearer in some chosen place,  
 Where thy own words of love are taught.



IN WORSHIP.

Here be they taught : and may we know  
That faith thy servants knew of old,  
Which onward bears through weal or woe,  
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.

Nor we alone : may those whose brow  
Shows yet no trace of human cares,  
Hereafter stand where we do now,  
And raise to thee still holier prayers.

*Andrews Norton.*

56.

O THOU whose spirit witness bears  
Within our spirits free  
That we thy children are and heirs  
Of thine eternity,—

Here may this simple faith sublime  
O'erarch us like the sky ;  
Secure below the drift of time  
Its firm foundations lie.

Our thought o'erflows each written scroll,  
Our systems rise and fall ;  
The life of God within the soul  
Lives and outlasts them all.

Here may that witness clearer grow  
Each waiting heart within,  
The way of filial duty show,  
And glad obedience win.

Here be life's sorrows sanctified,  
Here truth its radiance pour ;  
While hope and faith and love abide,  
Forever more and more.

*Frederick L. Hosmer.\**



*Melius scitur nesciendo.—Augustine.*

O THOU, the One Supreme o'er all,  
 For by what other name  
 May we upon thy greatness call,  
 Or celebrate thy fame?

Unuttered thou! all uttered things  
 Have had their birth from thee:  
 The One unknown! from thee the springs  
 Of all we know and see.

Mindful and mindless, all things yield  
 To thy parental sway:  
 For thou to all art life and shield;  
 They honour and obey.

For round thee centre all the woes  
 Of night and darkling day,  
 The common wants and common throes;  
 And all to thee do pray.

And all things as they move along  
 In order fixed by thee,  
 Thy watchword heed, in silent song  
 Hymning thy majesty.

And lo! all things abide in thee,  
 And through the complex whole,  
 Thou spread'st thine own divinity,  
 Thyself of all the goal.

O thou, the One Supreme o'er all!  
 For by what other name  
 May we upon thy greatness call,  
 Or celebrate thy fame?

*Gregory Nazianzen, tr. A. W. Chatfield.\**



58.

L ORD, of all being ! throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star,  
Centre and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life ! thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day :  
Star of our hope ! thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn,  
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn,  
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign,  
All save the clouds of sin are thine !

Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love :  
Before thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee :  
Till all thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

59.

O GOD ! thy power is wonderful,  
Thy glory passing bright ;  
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,  
A rapture to the sight.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing  
Creation can behold ;  
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins  
The guilty to be bold.



## THE GLORY OF GOD

Yet more than all, and evermore,  
Should we thy creatures bless,  
Most worshipful of attributes,  
Thine awful holiness.

I see thee in the eternal years  
In glory all alone,  
Ere round thine uncreated fires  
Created light had shone.

All things that have been, all that are,  
All things that can be dreamed,  
All possible creations, made,  
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—

All these may draw upon thy power,  
Thy mercy may command;  
And still outflows thy silent sea,  
Immutable and grand.

*Frederick William Faber.\**

60.

O GOD, in whom we live and move,  
Thy love is law, thy law is love;  
Thy present spirit waits to fill  
The soul which comes to do thy will.

Unto thy children's spirits teach  
Thy love beyond the power of speech;  
And make them know with joyful awe,  
The encircling presence of thy law.

That law doth give to truth and right,  
Howe'er despised, a conquering might,  
And makes each fondly-worshipped lie  
And boasting wrong, to cower and die.



IN LAW AND LOVE.

Its patient working doth fulfil  
Man's hope and God's all-perfect will,  
Nor suffers one true word or thought  
Or deed of love to come to nought.

Such faith, O God, our spirits fill,  
That we may work in patience still ;  
Who works for justice works with thee,  
Who works in love thy child shall be.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

61.

O THOU, in all thy might so far,  
In all thy love so near,  
Beyond the range of sun and star,  
And yet beside us here,—

What heart can comprehend thy name,  
Or, searching, find thee out,  
Who art within, a quickening flame,  
A presence round about ?

Yet though I know thee but in part,  
I ask not, Lord, for more :  
Enough for me to know thou art,  
To love thee and adore.

O sweeter than aught else besides,  
The tender mystery  
That like a veil of shadow hides  
The light I may not see !

And dearer than all things I know  
Is childlike faith to me,  
That makes the darkest way I go  
An open path to thee.

*F. L. Hosmer.*



62.

FOUNTAIN of light and living breath,  
 Whose mercies never fail nor fade !  
 Fill me with life that hath no death,  
 Fill me with light that hath no shade,  
 Appoint the remnant of my days  
 To see thy power, and sing thy praise.

Lord God of gods, before whose throne  
 Stand storms and fire ! O what shall we  
 Return to heaven that is our own,  
 When all the world belongs to thee ?  
 We have no offering to impart  
 But praises and a wounded heart.

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,  
 Into whose secrets none can dive,  
 Whose mercy none can apprehend,  
 Whose justice none can feel, and live ;  
 What my dull heart cannot aspire  
 To know, Lord teach me to admire.

*John Quarles,\* 1651.*

63.

MY God, my king, thy various praise  
 Shall fill the remnant of my days ;  
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue  
 Till death, and glory, raise the song.

The wings of every hour shall bear  
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
 And every setting sun shall see  
 New works of duty done for thee.

Thy righteousness shall be my theme ;  
 Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;  
 Thy mercy swift, thy judgment slow,  
 Thy kindness more than we can know.



## UNSEARCHABLE.

Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise ;  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labour of their tongue.

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways ;  
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

*Isaac Watts.*

64.

**O** SOURCE divine, and life of all,  
The fount of being's fearful sea !  
Thy depth would every heart appal,  
That saw not love supreme in thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss,  
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood :  
We know thee truly but in this,—  
That thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,  
O grant us still in thee to dwell,  
And through the ceaseless web to trace  
Thy presence working all things well !

Nor let thou life's delightful play  
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide ;  
Nor strength and gladness lead astray  
From thee our nature's only guide.

Bestow on every joyous thrill  
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe ;  
Make pure thy children's erring will,  
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

*John Sterling.\**



THE GLORY OF GOD

65.

'TIS not for aught myself may gain  
I seek thy mercy seat :—  
But rather that I daily may  
Thy glorious name repeat.

I love to tell thy glory forth  
And speak of thy great name,  
That others too may own thee Lord,  
From age to age the same.

The more I see that thou art all,  
And I myself am naught,  
The more I understand the love  
That hath thy children sought.

In all I am, in all I do,  
One thought shall be my guide,  
That thou art Lord, and only thou,  
There can be none beside.

Then all my work in life, or death,  
As thou dost strength afford,  
Shall be to show thy glory forth,  
Thou ever-glorious Lord.

*John Sharp.\**

66.

THOU life within my life, than self more dear,  
Thou veiled presence infinitely near,  
From all my nameless weariness I flee  
To find my centre and my rest in thee.

Below all depths thy saving mercy lies,  
Through thickest gloom I see thy light arise,  
Above the highest heaven thou art not found  
More surely than within this earthly round.



IN COMMON THINGS.

Take part with me against those doubts that rise  
And seek to throne thee far in distant skies !  
Take part with me against this self that dares  
Assume the burden of these sins and cares !

How can I call thee who art always here,—  
How shall I praise thee who art still most dear,—  
What may I give thee save what thou hast given,—  
And whom but thee have I in earth or heaven ?

*Eliza Scudder.*

67.

WE pray no more, made lowly wise,  
For miracle and sign ;  
Anoint our eyes to see within  
The common, the divine.

‘ Lo here, lo there,’ no more we cry,  
Dividing with our call  
The mantle of thy presence, Lord,  
That seamless covers all.

We turn from seeking thee afar  
And in unwonted ways,  
To build from out our daily lives  
The temples of thy praise.

And if thy casual comings, Lord,  
To hearts of old were dear,  
What joy shall dwell within the faith  
That feels thee ever near !

And nobler yet shall duty grow,  
And more shall worship be,  
When thou art found in all our life,  
And all our life in thee.

*Frederick L. Hosmer.*



68.

LET us with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who by his wisdom did create  
The painted heavens so full of state :  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who did the solid earth ordain  
To rise above the watery plain :  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who, by his all-commanding might,  
Did fill the new-made earth with light :  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And caused the golden-tressèd sun,  
All the day long his course to run :  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

The hornèd moon to shine by night,  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright :  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need :  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.



Let us therefore warble forth  
His high majesty and worth :  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*John Milton.\**

69.

HEAVEN and earth and sea and air,  
Still their Maker's praise declare ;  
Thou, my soul, as loudly sing,  
To thy God thy praises bring.

See the sun, his power awakes,  
As through clouds his glory breaks ;  
See the moon and stars of light,  
Praising God in stillest night.

See how God this rolling globe  
Swathes with beauty like a robe ;  
Forests, fields, and living things  
Each its Maker's glory sings.

Through the air thy praises meet,  
Birds are singing clear and sweet ;  
Fire, and storm, and wind, thy will  
As thy ministers fulfil.

The ocean waves thy glory tell,  
At thy touch they sink and swell,  
From the well-spring to the sea,  
Rivers murmur, Lord, of thee.

Ah ! my God, what wonders lie  
Hid in thy infinity !

Stamp upon my inmost heart  
What I am, and what thou art.

*Joachim Neander, 1680, tr. J. D. Burns.*



70.

HARK, my soul, how everything  
Strives to serve our bounteous King:  
Each a double tribute pays,  
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest quire  
Him with sweetest notes admire ;  
Chanting every day their lauds,  
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,  
Streams have, too, their melody ;  
Night and day they warbling run,  
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring  
Hither their still music bring ;  
If heaven bless them, thankful they  
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Only we can scarce afford  
This short office to our Lord ;  
We, on whom his bounty flows,  
All things gives, and nothing owes.

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,  
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;  
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,  
How to use thy nobler powers.

Call whole nature to thy aid,  
Since 'twas he whole nature made ;  
Join in one eternal song,  
Who to one God all belong.

*John Austin.\**



71.

REJOICE! the Lord is King :  
 Your Lord and King adore ;  
 Mortals ! give thanks and sing,  
 And triumph evermore :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
 Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

His wintry north-winds blow,  
 Loud tempests rush amain ;  
 Yet his thick showers of snow  
 Defend the infant grain :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
 Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

He wakes the genial spring,  
 Perfumes the balmy air ;  
 The vales their tribute bring,  
 The promise of the year :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
 Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

He leads the circling year ;  
 His flocks the hills adorn ;  
 He fills the golden ear,  
 And loads the field with corn :  
 O happy mortals ! raise your voice ;  
 Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

Lead on your fleeting train,  
 Ye years, and months, and days !  
 O bring the eternal reign  
 Of love, and joy, and praise :  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
 Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

*John Taylor.\**



## THE GLORY OF GOD

72.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun from day to day,  
Doth his Creator's powers display ;  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth ;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though nor real voice, nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
For ever singing as they shine,  
'The hand that made us is divine.'

*Joseph Addison.*

73.

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore him,  
Praise him, angels in the height,  
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,  
Praise him, all ye stars of light ;  
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;  
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;  
Laws which never can be broken,  
For their guidance he hath made.



IN HIS WORKS.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,  
Never shall his promise fail ;  
God hath made his saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail ;  
Praise the God of our salvation,  
Hosts on high ! his power proclaim ;  
Heaven and earth and all creation !  
Praise and magnify his name.

*Unknown.\**

74.

I SING the almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food ;  
He formed the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,  
Where'er I turn mine eye ;  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky !

There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.

His hand is my perpetual guard ;  
He keeps me with his eye ;  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh ?

*Isaac Watts.*



75.

ANGELS holy,  
High and lowly,  
Sing the praises of the Lord !  
Earth and sky, all living nature,  
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

Sun and moon bright,  
Night and noonlight,  
Starry temples azure-floored,  
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,  
Breeze that floats with genial gladness,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

Ocean hoary,  
Tell his glory :  
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared !  
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,  
Wave advancing, wave retreating,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

Rock and highland,  
Wood and island,  
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,  
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,  
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

Rolling river,  
Praise him ever,  
From the mountain's deep vein poured,  
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,  
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !



IN HIS WORKS.

Bond and free man,  
Land and sea man,  
Earth, with peoples widely stored,  
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,  
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

Praise him ever,  
Bounteous giver ;  
Praise him, Father, Friend and Lord !  
Each glad soul its free course winging,  
Each glad voice its free song singing,  
Praise the great and mighty Lord !

*John Stuart Blackie.*

76.

FOR the beauty of the earth,  
For the beauty of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies ;  
Father, unto thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

For the beauty of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light ;  
Father, unto thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,  
For the heart and mind's delight,  
For the mystic harmony  
Linking sense to sound and sight ;  
Father, unto thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.



## THE GLORY OF GOD

For the joy of human love,  
    Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
    For all gentle thoughts and mild ;  
Father unto thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

For each perfect gift of thine  
    To our race so freely given,  
Graces human and divine,  
    Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven ;  
Father unto thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

For thy Church that evermore  
    Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
    Its pure sacrifice of love ;  
Father, unto thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

*Foliott Sandford Pierpoint.\**

77.

LET the whole creation cry  
    Glory to the Lord on high !  
Heaven and earth, awake and sing—  
‘ God is good, and therefore king.’

Praise him, all ye hosts above,  
Ever bright and fair in love !  
Sun and moon, uplift your voice,  
Night and stars, in God rejoice.

Chant his honour, ocean fair !  
Earth, soft rushing through the air,  
Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm,  
Rain and snow his praise perform.



## IN HIS WORKS.

All the elemental powers,  
Forests, plains, and secret bowers,  
Mountains, valleys clap your hands !  
Rivers, praise him in all lands.

Let the blossoms of the earth  
Join the universal mirth ;  
Birds, with morn and dew elate,  
Sing with joy at heaven's gate.

Beasts, that dwell in field and wood,  
Fish, that cleave the wandering flood,  
Insects, and all creeping things,  
Praise the mighty King of kings.

Warriors fighting for the Lord,  
Prophets burning with his word,  
Those to whom the arts belong,  
Add their voices to the song.

Kings of knowledge and of law,  
To the glorious circle draw ;  
All who work, and all who wait,  
Sing, ' the Lord is good and great.'

Men and women, young and old,  
Raise the anthem manifold ;  
And let children's happy hearts  
In this worship bear their parts.

From the north to southern pole  
Let the mighty chorus roll—  
Holy, Holy, Holy One,  
Glory be to God alone !

*Stopford A. Brooke.*



78.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,  
That heavenly truth imparts,  
And all the lore its scholars need,—  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small  
In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like thy grace,  
It steals in silence down :  
But where it lights, the favoured place  
By richest fruits is known.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
Thy boundless power display ;  
But in the gentler breeze we find  
Thy spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out thee,  
And read thee everywhere.

*John Keble.\**



79.

G O not, my soul, in search of him,  
 Thou wilt not find him there,—  
 Or in the depths of shadow dim,  
 Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space  
 The Spirit hath its throne ;  
 In every heart it findeth place  
 And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,  
 And soul with soul hath kin ;  
 The outward God he findeth not  
 Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee  
 Revealed by inward sign,  
 Earth will be full of Deity  
 And with his glory shine !

Thou shalt not want for company,  
 Nor pitch thy tent alone ;  
 Th' indwelling God will go with thee  
 And show thee of his own.

O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,  
 That God should condescend  
 To make thy heart his dwelling-place  
 And be thy daily Friend !

Then go not thou in search of him,  
 But to thyself repair ;  
 Wait thou within the silence dim,  
 And thou shalt find him there !

*Frederick L. Hosmer.*



80.

‘**W**HERE is your God?’ they say :  
 Answer them, Lord most holy !  
 Reveal thy secret way  
 Of visiting the lowly :  
 Not wrapped in moving cloud,  
 Or nightly-resting fire ;  
 But veiled within the shroud  
 Of silent high desire.

Come not in flashing storm  
 Or bursting frown of thunder :  
 Come in the viewless form  
 Of wakening love and wonder ;—  
 Of duty grown divine,  
 The restless spirit, still ;  
 Of sorrows taught to shine,  
 As shadows of thy will.

O God ! the pure alone,—  
 E’en in their deep confessing,—  
 Can see thee as their own,  
 And find the perfect blessing :  
 Yet to each waiting soul  
 Speak in thy still small voice,  
 Till broken love’s made whole,  
 And saddened hearts rejoice.

*James Martineau.*

81.

**O** GOD ! beyond that boundless sea,  
 Above that dome of sky,  
 Further than thought itself can flee,  
 Thy dwelling is on high :  
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,  
 That thou, my God ! art nigh.



WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

Thou 'rt nigh, and yet my labouring mind  
Feels after thee in vain :  
Thy herald is the stormy wind,  
Thy path the watery plain :  
But thee in tempests who can find,  
Or in the trackless main ?

We hear thy voice, when thunders roll  
Through the wide fields of air :  
The waves obey thy dread control ;  
Yet still thou art not there.  
Where shall I find him, O my soul !  
Who yet is everywhere ?

O not in circling depth or height,  
But in the conscious breast,  
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,  
There doth his spirit rest.  
O come, thou Presence infinite !  
And make thy creature blest.

*Josiah Conder.\**

82.

FATHER, thy wonders do not singly stand,  
Nor far removed where feet have seldom  
strayed :

Around us ever lies the enchanted land,  
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding thee are all things round us found,  
In losing thee are all things lost beside :  
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,  
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we that world may see !  
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear !  
And in the spirit-land may ever be,  
And feel thy presence with us always near :



## THE PRESENCE OF GOD

No more to wander 'mid the things of time,  
No more to suffer death or earthly change ;  
But with the Christian's joy and faith sublime,  
Through all thy vast eternal scenes to range.

*Jones Very.\**

83.

THE silences of heaven,  
How they speak to me of God,  
Now the veil in twain is riven  
That concealed where he abode.  
Yet its clouds were once around him,  
And I sought him in despair,  
And never there I found him,  
Till I brought him with me there.

Never till his love hath found thee,  
Shall the cloud and mist depart ;  
Vain to seek him all around thee,  
Till he dwell within thy heart.  
Not without thee, but within thee  
Must the oracle be heard,  
As he seeketh still to win thee,  
And to guide thee by his word.

When I found him in my bosom,  
Then I found him everywhere,  
In the bud and in the blossom,  
In the earth and in the air ;  
And he spake to me with clearness  
From the silent stars that say,  
As ye find him in his nearness,  
Ye shall find him far away.

*Walter C. Smith.\**



84.

GOD of the earth, the sky, the sea !  
 Maker of all above, below !  
 Creation lives and moves in thee,  
 Thy present life through all doth flow.  
 Thee in the lonely woods we meet,  
 On the bare hills or cultured plains,  
 In every flower beneath our feet,  
 And e'en the still rock's mossy stains.  
 Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,  
 Thy life is in the quickening air ;  
 When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,  
 There is thy power ; thy law is there.  
 We feel thy calm at evening's hour,  
 Thy grandeur in the march of night ;  
 And, when the morning breaks in power,  
 We hear thy word, ' Let there be light !'  
 But higher far, and far more clear,  
 Thee in man's spirit we behold ;  
 Thine image and thyself are there,—  
 Th' indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

85.

HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems  
 ring,  
 While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing :  
 With sacred joy his wondrous deeds proclaim ;  
 Let every tongue be vocal with his name.  
 The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending ;  
 His blessings in perpetual showers descending.  
 His mercy never ends ; the dawn, the shade  
 Still see new bounties through new scenes display'd ;  
 Succeeding ages bless the sure abode,  
 And children lean upon their fathers' God.  
 The deathless soul, thro' its immense duration,  
 Drinks from this source immortal consolation.



## CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

And midst the affluence of his lesser gifts,  
The heart its sweetest song of praise uplifts,  
For him who came to show the blessed way  
Leading from darkness to the perfect day :  
Light of the world, our night's long gloom dispelling :  
Gift of God's love ! all other gifts excelling !

Burst into praise, my soul ! all nature join ;  
Angels and men in harmony combine :  
While human years are measured by the sun,  
Yea, while eternity its course shall run,  
His goodness in perpetual showers descending,  
Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending.

*Philip Doddridge.\**

86.

A VOICE by Jordan's shore,  
A summons stern and clear :—  
' Repent, be just, and sin no more !  
God's judgment draweth near.'

A voice by Galilee,  
A holier voice I hear :—  
' Love God ! thy neighbour love ; for see,  
God's mercy draweth near.'

O voice of duty, still  
Speak forth, I hear with awe ;  
In thee I own the sovereign will,  
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of love,  
Yet speak thy word in me ;  
Through duty let me upward move  
To thy pure liberty !

*Samuel Longfellow.*



87.

RECEIVE Messiah gladly,  
 And lift the downcast eyes ;  
 Ye people, speak not sadly ;  
 He makes the fallen rise :  
 In all your habitations,  
 Complaint and crying cease ;  
 The long desire of nations  
 Brings everlasting peace.

He comes, with succour speedy,  
 To those who suffer wrong ;  
 To help the poor and needy,  
 And bid the weak be strong :  
 To give them songs for sighing,  
 Their darkness turn to light,  
 Whose souls, in bondage lying,  
 Were precious in his sight.

He shall come down like showers  
 Upon the fruitful earth ;  
 And joy and hope, like flowers,  
 Spring in his path to birth.  
 Before him, on the mountains,  
 Shall peace, the herald, go,  
 And righteousness, in fountains,  
 From hill to valley flow.

The mountain dew shall nourish  
 A seed in weakness sown,  
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish  
 And shake like Lebanon.  
 For he shall have dominion  
 O'er river, sea, and shore,  
 Far as the eagle's pinion,  
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

*Arranged from James Montgomery.\**



88.

IT came upon the midnight clear,  
 That glorious song of old,  
 From angels bending near the earth,  
 To touch their harps of gold :—  
 ‘Peace to the earth, goodwill to men  
 From heaven’s all-gracious King !’  
 The world in solemn stillness lay  
 To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven sky they come,  
 With peaceful wings unfurled ;  
 And still their heavenly music floats  
 O’er all the weary world.  
 Above its sad and lowly plains  
 They bend, on hovering wing,  
 And ever o’er its Babel sounds  
 The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
 The world has suffered long :  
 Beneath the angels’ strain have rolled  
 Two thousand years of wrong ;  
 And man, at war with man, hears not  
 The love-song which they bring :  
 O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
 And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life’s crushing load  
 Whose forms are bending low,  
 Who toil along the climbing way  
 With painful steps and slow ;  
 Look now ! for glad and golden hours  
 Come swiftly on the wing :  
 O rest beside the weary road,  
 And hear the angels sing.



## THE ANGELS' SONG.

For lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When, with the ever-circling years,  
Comes round the age of gold!  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

*Edmund Hamilton Sears.*

89.

TO-DAY be joy in every heart,  
For lo, the angel throng  
Once more above the listening earth  
Repeats the advent song:

‘Peace on the earth, goodwill to men!’  
Before us goes the star  
That leads us on to holier births,  
And life diviner far!

Ye men of strife, forget to day  
Your harshness and your hate:  
Too long ye stay the promised years  
For which the nations wait!

And ye upon the tented field,  
Sheathe, sheathe to-day the sword!  
By love, and not by might, shall come  
The kingdom of the Lord.

O star of human faith and hope!  
Thy light shall lead us on,  
Until it fades in morning’s glow,  
And heaven on earth is won.

*Frederick L. Hosmer.*



90.

SILENT and soft, the first faint gleam of day  
Stole o'er a sleeping world, when shepherds  
lay

Watching their flocks in Judah through the night,  
While round them glimmered still the pale star-  
light :

How fresh a glory lit the rising morn !  
The hour was come ! the Son of Man was born !

Once more across the hoary fields of time  
Floats like some distant sound of matin chime,  
That angel hymn of ' Glory to the Lord,  
And peace to men on earth ! ' in sweet accord :  
And on our pilgrimage, at times so drear,  
We rest awhile that strain again to hear.

O'er land and sea, where Christmas bells may ring,  
Let mortal grief no dark'ning shadow fling ;  
Care take its load from hearts and homes of love,  
And life below grow more like life above.  
Let the whole world of woe, and want, and pain,  
Beneath this day's sweet light revive again.

Grant that with souls renewed our way we take,  
And see thy light of love through trials break !  
Lord ! lead us on ! Help us by staff or rod,  
And make our path of toil the road to God.  
Tell us, this day, thy mercy waits on all,  
As on that infant child in manger stall.

Welcome the songs, this hour, to heaven that rise,  
Welcome the mercy falling from the skies !  
Blest be that glorious Prince of Peace who came !  
Hallowed his life ! Immortal be his name !  
Glory to God for that beloved Son,  
Who conquered death, and heav'n on earth begun.

*Ambrose N. Blatchford.*



91.

THE Lord is come ! On Syrian soil  
 The child of poverty and toil ;  
 The Man of Sorrows, born to know  
 Each varying shade of human woe :  
 His joy, his glory, to fulfil,  
 In earth and heaven, his Father's will ;  
 On lonely mount, by festive board,  
 On bitter cross—despised, adored.

The Lord is come ! Dull hearts to wake,  
 He speaks, as never yet man spake,  
 The truth which makes his servants free,  
 The royal law of liberty.  
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 His living words our spirits stay,  
 And from his treasures, new and old,  
 The eternal mysteries unfold.

The Lord is come ! In him we trace  
 The fulness of God's truth and grace ;  
 Throughout those words and acts divine  
 Gleams of the eternal splendour shine ;  
 And from his inmost spirit flow,  
 As from a height of sunlit snow,  
 The rivers of perennial life,  
 To heal and sweeten nature's strife.

The Lord is come ! In every heart  
 Where truth and mercy claim a part ;  
 In every land where right is might,  
 And deeds of darkness shun the light ;  
 In every church where faith and love  
 Lift earthward thoughts to things above ;  
 In every holy, happy home,  
 We bless thee, Lord, that thou hast come !

*Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.\**



92.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill  
 How sweet the lily grows !  
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet  
 The paths of peace have trod !  
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
 Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 The lily must decay ;  
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
 Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
 Of man's maturer age  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
 And stormy passion's rage.

O thou, whose infant feet were led  
 Within thy Father's shrine !  
 Whose years, with holiest spirit fed,  
 Were all alike divine :—

We seek that Spirit's bounteous breath,  
 We ask his grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still thine own !

*Bishop Reginald Heber.\**

93.

WHEN the Lord of love was here,  
 Happy hearts to him were dear,  
 Though his heart was sad ;  
 Worn and lonely for our sake,  
 Yet he turned aside to make  
 All the weary glad.



## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS.

Meek and lowly were his ways,  
From his loving grew his praise,  
    From his giving, prayer :  
All the outcasts thronged to hear,  
All the sorrowful drew near  
    To enjoy his care.

When he walked the fields, he drew  
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,  
    Parables of God ;  
For within his heart of love  
All the soul of man did move,  
    God had his abode.

Lord, be ours thy power to keep  
In the very heart of grief,  
    And in trial, love.  
In our meekness to be wise,  
And through sorrow to arise  
    To our God above.

Fill us with thy deep desire  
All the sinful to inspire  
    With the Father's life :  
Free us from the cares that press,  
On the heart of worldliness,  
    From the fret and strife.

And when in the fields and woods  
We are filled with nature's moods,  
    May the grace be given  
With thy faithful heart to say,  
' All I see and feel to day,  
    Is my Father's heaven.'

*Stopford A. Brooke.*



94.

IF love, the noblest, purest, best,  
If truth all other truths above,  
Will claim returns from every breast,  
O ! surely Jesus claims our love.

There's not a hope with comfort fraught,  
Triumphant over death and time,  
But Jesus mingles in that thought,  
Forerunner of our course sublime !

We see him in the daily round  
Of social duty, mild and meek :  
With him we tread the hallowed ground,  
Communion with our God to seek.

We see his gentle pitying eye,  
When lonely want appeals for aid ;  
We hear him in the frequent sigh,  
That mourns the waste which sin has made.

We meet him at the lonely tomb ;  
We weep where Jesus wept before ;  
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,  
We see him rise, and weep no more.

*Emily Taylor.*

95.

O MASTER, may I walk with thee  
In lowly paths of service free ;  
Tell me thy secret ; help me bear  
The strain of toil, the fret of care ;  
Help me the slow of heart to move  
By some clear winning word of love ;  
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
And guide them in the homeward way.



## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS.

Teach me thy patience ; still with thee  
In closer, dearer company,  
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,  
In trust that triumphs over wrong,  
In hope that sends a shining ray  
Far down the future's broadening way,  
In peace that only thou canst give,  
With thee, O Master, may I live !

*Washington Gladden.\**

96.

**A**MID the din of earthly strife,  
Amid the busy crowd,  
The whispers of eternal life  
Are lost in clamours loud ;  
When lo ! I find a healing balm,  
The world grows dim to me ;  
My spirit rests in sudden calm  
With Christ in Galilee !

I linger near him in the throng,  
And listen to his voice ;  
I feel my weary soul grow strong,  
My saddened heart rejoice.  
Amid the storms that darkly frown  
I hear his whisper sweet,  
And lay my heavy burden down  
At his beloved feet.

My vision swiftly fades away,  
The world is round me still ;  
But Jesus seems with me to stay,  
His promise to fulfil.  
And toil and duty sweeter seem  
While he abides with me :  
My heart is rested by my dream  
Of Christ in Galilee.

*Henry W. Hawkes.*



97.

GOD of Jesus! hear me now,  
 Take the meek disciple's vow;  
 Thou so good, so true, so kind,  
 Fill me with his holy mind.

Plant, and root, and fix in me  
 Trust, as of a child, in thee;  
 Settled peace I then shall find,  
 Give me, Lord, his quiet mind.

Anger then I ne'er shall feel,  
 Always even, always still;  
 Meekly on my God reclined,  
 Give me, Lord, his gentle mind.

I shall suffer and fulfil  
 All my Father's gracious will;  
 Be in all alike resigned,  
 Give me, Lord, his patient mind.

When his faith is rooted here,  
 Perfect love shall cast out fear;  
 Fear doth servile spirits bind,  
 Give me, Lord, his noble mind.

Lowly, loving, meek and pure,  
 May I to the end endure!  
 Be no more to ill inclined,  
 Give me, Lord, his constant mind!

*Charles Wesley.\**

98.

THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,  
 Who once appeared in humblest guise below,  
 Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
 And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!



## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS.

We look to thee ; thy truth is still the light  
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,  
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes ! thou art still the life ; thou art the way  
The holiest know ;—light, life, and way of heaven !  
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,  
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

*Theodore Parker.\**

99.

**I**MMORTAL by their deed and word  
Like light around them shed,  
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,  
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood  
Yet floats upon the air ;  
We hear it in beatitude,  
In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life  
Shines star-like on our way,  
And breathes its calm amid the strife  
And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life for evermore,  
That life of duty here,—  
The trust that in the darkest hour  
Looked forth and knew no fear !

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on !  
Speed on thy conquering way,  
Till every heart the Father own,  
And all his will obey !

*Frederick L. Hosmer.*



100.

NOT always on the mount may we  
 Rapt in the heavenly vision be ;  
 The shores of thought and feeling know  
 The spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Lord, it is good abiding here—  
 We cry, the heavenly presence near ;  
 The vision vanishes, our eyes  
 Are lifted into vacant skies !

Yet hath one such exalted hour  
 Upon the soul redeeming power,  
 And in its strength through after days  
 We travel our appointed ways ;

Till all the lowly vale grows bright  
 Transfigured in remembered light,  
 And in untiring souls we bear  
 The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision,—but below  
 The paths of daily duty go,  
 And nobler life therein shall own  
 The pattern on the mountain shown.

*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

101.

O LORD and Master of us all !  
 Whate'er our name or sign,  
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
 We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us ; thy purity  
 Doth all our lusts condemn ;  
 The love that draws us nearer thee  
 Is hot with wrath to them.



## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS.

Yet weak and blinded though we be,  
Thou dost our service own ;  
We bring our varying gifts to thee,  
And thou rejectest none.

O Love ! O life ! Our faith and sight  
Thy presence maketh one :  
As through transfigured clouds of white  
We trace the noonday sun.

So to our mortal eyes subdued,  
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,  
We know in thee the fatherhood  
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray ;  
But, dim or clear, we own in thee  
The light, the truth, the way.

*John Greenleaf Whittier.\**

102.

A HOLY air is breathing round,  
A fragrance from above ;  
Be every soul from sense unbound,  
Be every spirit love.

O God, unite us heart to heart,  
In sympathy divine,  
That we be never drawn apart,  
And love not thee nor thine.

But by the cross of Jesus taught,  
And by thy gracious word,  
Be nearer to each other brought,  
And nearer to the Lord.

*Abiel Abbot Livermore.\**



103.

WHEN the paschal evening fell  
 Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,  
 When around the festal board  
 Sate the apostles with their Lord,  
 Then his parting word he said,  
 Blessed the cup and broke the bread—  
 'This whene'er ye do or see,  
 Evermore remember me.'

Years have passed : in every clime,  
 Changing with the changing time,  
 Varying through a thousand forms,  
 Torn by factions, rocked by storms,  
 Still the sacred table spread,  
 Flowing cup and broken bread,  
 With that parting word agree,  
 'Drink and eat ; remember me.'

When by treason, doubt, unrest,  
 Sinks the soul, dismayed, oppressed,  
 When the shadows of the tomb  
 Close us round with deepening gloom ;  
 Then bethink us at that board  
 Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,  
 Who, when tried and grieved as we,  
 Dying, said, 'Remember me.'

When in this thanksgiving feast  
 We would give to God our best,  
 From the treasures of his might  
 Seeking life and love and light ;  
 Then, O friend of human-kind,  
 Make us true and firm of mind,  
 Pure of heart, in spirit free ;  
 Then may we remember thee.

*Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.\**



THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

104.

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,  
As earthly hopes remove,  
His new commandment Jesus gives,—  
His blessed word of love.

O bond of union, strong and deep !  
O bond of perfect peace !  
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,  
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours,  
And swift our feet shall move  
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,  
And the sweet tasks of love.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

105.

WHEN arise the thoughts of sin,  
When the world our hearts would win,  
When to selfish pleasure given,  
Droops the love that blooms for heaven,—  
Lord, we would remember thee :  
Thou wilt our redeemer be.

When with footsteps faint and slow,  
Duty's upward path we go ;  
When by toils and hardship pressed,  
Round we turn to look for rest,—  
Lord, we would remember thee :  
Thou our guide and strength wilt be.

When the way grows dark and drear ;  
When, beset by doubt and fear,  
We can see no beam of light  
Struggling through the thickening night,—  
Lord, we would remember thee :  
Thou our comforter wilt be.

*William Gaskell,*



106.

FATHER! at thy footstool see  
Those who now are one in thee!  
Each to each unite, and bless;  
Keep us in thy perfect peace.

Plant in us the humble mind,  
Patient, pitiful, and kind;  
Meek and lowly let us be,  
Full of goodness, full of thee.

Lord of our supreme desire!  
Fill us now with heavenly fire:  
Nobly may we bear the strife,—  
Keep the holiness, of life;—

Still forget the things behind,—  
Follow Christ in heart and mind;  
To the mark unwearied press,—  
Seize the crown of righteousness.

Father! fill us with thy love;  
Never from our souls remove;  
Dwell with us, and we shall be  
Thine through all eternity.

*Arranged from Charles Wesley.\**

107.

SHALL we grow weary in our watch,  
And murmur at the long delay,  
Impatient of our Father's time,  
And his appointed way?

When harassed sore with passion's cry,  
Or overcome with sorrow's sleep,  
We find it hard within our hearts  
The watch of life to keep:



## THE POWER OF THE CROSS.

O thou, who in the garden's shade  
Didst wake thy weary ones again,  
When, slumbering at that fearful hour,  
They all forgot thy pain,—

Bend o'er us now, as over them,  
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,  
That we be faithful through the watch  
Our souls shall keep with thee!

*J. G. Whittier and Stopford A. Brooke.\**

108.

WHEN my love to God grows weak,  
When for deeper faith I seek,  
Then in thought I go to thee,  
Garden of Gethsemane!

There I walk amid the shades,  
While the lingering twilight fades,  
See that suffering, friendless one  
Weeping, praying, there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,  
When for stronger faith I seek,  
Hill of Calvary! I go  
To thy scenes of fear and woe;—

There behold his agony  
Suffered on the bitter tree;  
See his anguish, see his faith,  
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,  
Learning all the worth of pain,  
Learning all the might that lies  
In a full self-sacrifice.

*John Reynell Wreford, alt. Samuel Longfellow.*



109.

A VOICE upon the midnight air,  
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,  
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,  
'O Father! take this cup away!'

Ah! thou who sorrowest unto death,  
*We* conquer in thy mortal fray;  
And Earth, for all her children saith,  
'O God! take *not* this cup away!'

O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:  
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;  
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh;  
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

Great Chief of faithful souls! arise:  
None else can lead the martyr-band,  
Who teach the brave, how peril flies,  
When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

O King of earth! the cross ascend:  
O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne:  
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,  
The desert blooms, and is thine own.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray;  
Make but one fold below, above:  
And when we go the last lone way,  
O give the welcome of thy love.

*James Martineau.*

110.

I N the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.



## THE CROSS.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me ;  
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming,  
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified ;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

*Sir John Bowring.*

111.

TO the cross, O Lord, we bear  
All the spirit's darker care ;  
By the sense of sin oppressed,  
In the cross we seek our rest.

There the way of peace appears,  
Calm and bright mid strife and tears ;  
There the spirit's rest we see,  
Found alone, O God, in thee.

By the patience of thy Son,—  
By the prayer 'Thy will be done,'—  
By the love, so strong in death,  
Blessing with the latest breath ;

Teach us, Lord ; our souls inspire ;  
Kindle now the sacred fire !  
Melt our hardness, bend our pride,  
Make us one with him who died !

*Thomas Hincks.*



112.

WHERE is he that came to save?  
Where is he that lived to bless?

Lying in the silent grave,  
Sorrow-stricken hearts confess.  
In the grave, yet not to earth  
Wholly sink heroic lives,  
While the memory of their worth  
In the heart of man survives.

Watching weary nights in tears,  
Thinking of the words he said,  
Lo to them again appears  
Image of the sacred dead.  
Round the holy sepulchre  
Never-dying glories shine;  
Midst its hallowed silence stir  
Echoes of a voice divine.

Oft in weakness, fear, and gloom,  
Now, as then, despairing eyes,  
Turning to the Master's tomb,  
See, with joy, his spirit rise,—  
Rise triumphant from its dust,  
Rise again to save and bless,  
Spirit of immortal trust,  
Life of truth and holiness.

*Seth Curtis Beach.*

113.

HE is gone—a cloud of light  
Has received him from our sight;  
Gone beyond the highest height  
Of mortal gaze or fancy's flight;  
Through the veils of time and space,  
Passed into the holiest place:  
All the toil, the sorrow done,  
All the battle fought and won.



## THE VICTORY OVER DEATH.

He is gone—and we remain  
In this world of sin and pain ;  
In the void which he has left,  
On this earth, of him bereft,  
We have still his work to do,  
We can still his path pursue ;  
Seek him both in friend and foe,  
In ourselves his image show.

He is gone—towards their goal  
World and Church must onward roll :  
Far behind we leave the past,  
Forward are our glances cast :  
Still his words before us range  
Through the ages, as they change ;  
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,  
God will give whate'er we need.

*Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.\**

114.

FOR all thy saints, O Lord !  
Who strove in thee to live,  
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O Lord !  
Accept our thankful cry,  
Who counted thee their great reward,  
And strove in thee to die.

They all, in life and death,  
With thee, Lord, in their view,  
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath  
To suffer and to do.

For this thy name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
And live and die in thee.

*Bishop Richard Mant.\**



115.

SEE how great a flame aspires,  
 Kindled by a spark of grace!  
 Jesus' love the nations fires  
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.  
 To bring fire on earth he came:  
 Kindled in some hearts it is:  
 O that all might catch the flame,  
 All partake the glorious bliss!

When he first the work begun  
 Small and feeble was his day:  
 Now the word doth swiftly run,  
 Now it wins its widening way:  
 More and more it spreads and grows,  
 Ever mighty to prevail;  
 Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,  
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Saw ye not the cloud arise,  
 Little as a human hand?  
 Now it spreads along the skies,  
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!  
 Lo! the promise of a shower  
 Drops already from above!  
 Haste, O Lord, and quickly pour  
 All the spirit of thy love.

*Charles Wesley.\**

116.

THANKS to God for those who came  
 In the gospel's glorious name;  
 Who upon the green earth trod  
 But to teach the truth of God.



## THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

For the great Apostles, first,  
Who from life's endearments burst,  
Going from the cross, and then  
Leading to the cross again.

For the host, who meekly pour'd  
Willing blood to serve their Lord;  
Fearless bore the racks of pain,  
Felon's death or captive's chain ;

And for all, from shore to shore,  
Who the blessed tidings bore ;  
All who wrought for liberty  
When 'twas treason to be free.

Ye who now, in better days,  
Live to spread your Maker's praise,  
Speed your embassy where'er  
Life has grief, or death has fear !

*John Johns.\**

117.

OF T as we run the weary way  
That leads through shadows unto day,  
With trial sore amazed,  
We deem our sorrows are unknown,  
Our battle joined and fought alone,  
Our victory unpraised.

Faithless and blind ! We cannot trace  
The witnesses who watch our race,  
Beyond our senses' ken ;  
The mighty cloud of all who died  
With faithful rapture, humble pride,  
For love of God and men.



PAST AND PRESENT.

Who from the battlements above,  
Follow our course with eager love,  
And cheer our contest on ;  
Who cry at every faithful blow  
Struck at the old usurping foe—  
‘ Servant of God, well done.’

And One, the conqueror of death,  
Beginner, finisher of faith,  
Who, for the joy of love,  
Endured the cross, despised the shame,  
Awakes in us the battle flame,  
And waits for us above.

With patience then we run the race,  
With joy and confidence and grace,  
In quiet hope and power ;  
Cast off the sins that check our speed,  
The weights that faith and love impede,  
Withstand the evil hour.

For Heaven is round us as we move,  
Our days are compassed with its love,  
Its light is on our road :  
And when the knell of death is rung,  
Sweet Hallelujahs shall be sung  
To welcome us to God.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

118.

L IFE of ages, richly poured,  
Love of God, unspent and free,  
Flowing in the prophet's word  
And the people's liberty !



## THE DIVINE WORD.

Never was to chosen race  
That unstinted tide confined :  
Thine is every time and place,  
Fountain sweet of heart and mind.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,  
Pulsing in the hero's blood,  
Nerving simplest thought and deed,  
Freshening time with truth and good ;

Consecrating art and song,  
Holy book and pilgrim track ;  
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong  
From the sacred limits back,—

Life of ages richly poured,  
Love of God, unspent and free,  
Flow still in the prophet's word  
And the people's liberty !

*Samuel Johnson.\**

### 119.

**I**N holy books we read how God hath spoken  
To holy men in many different ways,  
But hath the present work'd no sign or token ?  
Is God quite silent in these latter days ?

The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,  
If he that spake it were not speaking still,  
If all the light and all the shade around  
Were aught but issues of almighty will.

So then, believe that every bird that sings,  
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,  
And every thought the happy summer brings  
To the pure spirit, is a word of God.

*Hartley Coleridge.\**



120.

MYSTERIOUS Presence, Source of all,—  
The world without, the soul within,  
Fountain of life, O hear our call,  
And pour thy living spirit in !

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,  
Thy beauty shines in leaf and flower ;  
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind,  
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear  
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,  
And touched the lips of holy seer  
With flame from thine own altar-fire.

That touch divine still, Lord, impart,  
Still give the prophet's burning word ;  
And vocal in each waking heart,  
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

*Seth Curtis Beach.*

121.

LOVE divine, whose constant beam  
Shines on the eyes that will not see,  
And waits to bless us, while we dream  
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee.

All souls that struggle and aspire,  
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit ;  
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire  
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st,  
Wide as our need thy favours fall ;  
The white wings of the Holy Ghost  
Stoop unseen o'er the heads of all.



## THE DIVINE WORD.

O Beauty, old yet ever new !  
Eternal Voice, and Inward Word,  
The Logos of the Greek and Jew,  
Sphere-music which the Samian heard !

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,  
Long sought without, but found within,  
The Law of Love beyond all law,  
The Life o'erflooding death and sin.

Shine, light of God !—make broad thy scope  
To all who sin and suffer ; more  
And better than we dare to hope  
With heaven's grace make our longings poor.

*John Greenleaf Whittier.\**

## 122.

SING with our might and uplift our glad voices ;  
Sing while the heart with thanksgiving  
rejoices ;

Sing of all saints spreading goodness abroad,  
Prophets and holy ones, sons of the Lord.

Thanks to the Lord for his prophets and sages,  
Thanks for the saints he hath raised in all ages,  
Hark to their voices ;—they utter One Name ;  
One Lord, one Brotherhood, one Hope proclaim.

Often forsaken and outcast and friendless,  
Wounded and dying in sufferings endless,  
Bear they their witness or raise their high song,  
Fervent in faithfulness, patient and strong.

From age to age the glad tidings are spoken,  
Shore calls to shore that the line is unbroken ;  
One holy army, one glorious cry,—  
On earth be peacefulness, praises on high.

*J. Vila Blake.*



123.

O NAME all other names above,  
 What art thou not to me,  
 Now I have learned to trust thy love  
 And cast my care on thee !

What is our being but a cry,  
 A restless longing still,  
 Which thou alone canst satisfy,  
 Alone thy fulness fill !

Thrice blessèd be the holy souls  
 That lead the way to thee,  
 That burn upon the martyr-rolls  
 And lists of prophecy.

And sweet it is to tread the ground  
 O'er which their faith hath trod ;  
 But sweeter far, when thou art found,  
 The soul's own sense of God !

The thought of thee all sorrow calms ;  
 Our anxious burdens fall ;  
 His crosses turn to triumph-palms  
 Who finds in God his all.

*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

124.

WE come unto our fathers' God,  
 Their rock is our salvation :  
 The eternal arms, their dear abode,  
 We make our habitation :  
 We bring thee Lord the praise they brought  
 We seek thee as thy saints have sought  
 In every generation.



## THE GOD OF THE LIVING.

The fire divine, their steps that led,  
Still goeth bright before us ;  
The heavenly shield, around them spread,  
Is still high holden o'er us :  
The grace those sinners that subdued,  
The strength those weaklings that renewed,  
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

Their precious things on us bestowed  
The same dear Lord discover ;  
The joy wherewith their souls o'erflowed  
Makes our glad hearts run over :  
Their fire of love in us doth burn :  
As yearned their hearts, our hearts do yearn  
After the heavenly lover.

Their joy unto their Lord we bring ;  
Their song to us descendeth :  
The Spirit who in them did sing  
To us his music lendeth.  
His song in them, in us, is one ;  
We raise it high, we send it on—  
The song that never endeth !

Ye saints to come take up the strain—  
The same sweet theme endeavour !  
Unbroken be the golden chain !  
Keep on the song for ever !  
Safe in the same dear dwelling place,  
Rich with the same eternal grace,  
Bless the same boundless giver !

*Thomas Hornblower Gill.*



125.

O LORD, the saviour and defence  
 Of all our mortal race !  
 From age to age thou still hast been  
 Our sure abiding place.

Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,  
 Or earth and world didst frame,  
 Thou always wert the mighty God,  
 And ever art the same.

For in thy sight a thousand years  
 Are like a day that's past,  
 Or like a watch in dead of night,  
 Whose hours unminded waste.

How soon our boasted strength decays,  
 To sorrow turned, and pain !  
 How soon the slender thread is cut,  
 And we no more remain !

So teach us, Lord, the uncertain sum  
 Of our short days to mind,  
 That to true wisdom all our hearts  
 May ever be inclined.

*Tate and Brady.\**

126.

O GOD, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home :

Under the shadow of thy Throne  
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
 And our defence is sure.



AND STRENGTH.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home !

*Isaac Watts.\**

127.

AUTHOR of Good, to thee we turn ;  
Thy ever-wakeful eye  
Alone can all our wants discern,  
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within us dwell,  
Thy love our footsteps guide :  
That love shall vainer loves expel,  
That fear all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we want,  
O let thy grace supply :  
The good unasked in mercy grant ;  
The ill, though asked, deny.

*James Merrick.\**



128.

O GOD of ages, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led !

Our vows, our prayers we now present  
Before thy throne of grace ;  
God of our fathers ! be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us by day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy covering wings around  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our feet arrive in peace.

Now with the humble voice of prayer  
Thy mercy we implore ;  
Then with the grateful voice of praise  
Thy goodness we'll adore.

*Philip Doddridge, alt. by John Logan.\**

129.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,  
On thee my hopes remain ;  
And when the day of trouble comes,  
I shall not trust in vain.

In early days thou wast my guide,  
And of my youth the friend ;  
And as my days began with thee,  
With thee my days shall end.



AND STRENGTH.

I know the Power in whom I trust,  
The arm on which I lean ;  
He will my Saviour ever be,  
Who has my Saviour been.

Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,  
In death I will adore ;  
And after death I'll sing thy praise,  
When time shall be no more.

*Michael Bruce.\**

130.

FATHER of mercies, God of love,  
My Father and my God,  
I'll sing the honours of thy name  
And spread thy praise abroad.

In every period of my life  
Thy kindest thoughts appear ;  
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,  
And crown each circling year.

In all these mercies may my soul  
A Father's bounty see ;  
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows  
Estrange my heart from thee.

In every varying mortal state,  
Each bright, each dreary scene,  
Give me a meek and humble mind,  
Still equal and serene.

Then should I close mine eyes in death,  
Without one anxious fear :  
For death itself is life, my God,  
If thou art with me there.

*Ottiwell Heginbotham.\**



131.

THE God of love my shepherd is,  
 And he that doth me feed :  
 While he is mine and I am his,  
 What can I want or need ?  
 He leads me to the tender grass,  
 Where I both feed and rest ;  
 Then to the streams that gently pass :  
 In both I have the best.  
 Or if I stray, he doth convert,  
 And bring my mind in frame :  
 And all this not for my desert,  
 But for his holy name.  
 Yea, in death's shady, black abode  
 Well may I walk, nor fear :  
 For thou art with me, and thy rod  
 To guide, thy staff to bear.  
 Surely thy sweet and wondrous love  
 Shall measure all my days ;  
 And as it never shall remove,  
 So neither shall my praise.

*George Herbert.\**

132.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.  
 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary wandering steps he leads ;  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.



AND STRENGTH.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

*Joseph Addison.*

133.

THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,  
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;  
Through every age, eternal God,  
Their pleasing home, their safe abode :  
In thee our fathers sought their rest ;  
In thee our fathers still are blest.

Lo ! we are risen, a feeble race,  
Awhile to fill our fathers' place :  
Our helpless state with pity view,  
And let us share their refuge, too ;  
When friends desert, and foes invade,  
Be thou, O Lord, our present aid.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
And we must dwell on earth no more,  
To thee our infant race we leave ;  
Them may their fathers' God receive ;  
That voices, yet unformed, may raise  
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

*Philip Doddridge.\**



134.

NOW God be praised by all  
 With hands and hearts and voices ;  
 Recall his wondrous deeds,  
 In which all earth rejoices :  
     Our life he hath upheld,  
     E'en from our mother's breast,  
     And given us all we have  
     And always what is best.

O may our gracious God  
 A joyful spirit send us,  
 That we in peace may live,  
 Through him who doth befriend us.  
     In all his people's needs  
     We'll trust in his great name,  
     For though all else may change,  
     He will remain the same.

He will our comfort be  
 In all our mortal sadness,  
 And in his own good time  
 Turn bitterest grief to gladness :  
     Our refuge in distress,  
     His help is always near,  
     And there is none like him  
     The troubled heart to cheer.

To thee our Father God,  
 Be thankful praises given,  
 Till our poor hymns on earth  
 Shall worthier be in heaven ;  
     And we shall join with those  
     Who worship thee above  
     With hearts more full and free,  
     And with a filial love.

*Martin Rinkart, 1648, ad. Thomas Sadler.*



135.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my thankful heart !  
But thou canst read it there.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renewed my face ;  
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

*Joseph Addison.\**



136.

**R**EJOICE to-day with one accord,  
 Sing out with exultation ;  
 Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
 Whose arm hath brought salvation ;  
 His works of love proclaim  
 The greatness of his name ;  
 For he is God alone  
 Who hath his mercy shown ;  
 Let all his saints adore him.

When in distress to him we cried,  
 He heard our sad complaining :  
 O trust in him whate'er betide,  
 His love is all-sustaining.

Triumphant songs of praise  
 To him our hearts shall raise ;  
 Now every voice shall say  
 O praise our God alway ;  
 Let all his saints adore him.

Rejoice to-day with one accord,  
 Sing out with exultation ;  
 Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
 Whose arm hath brought salvation ;  
 His works of love proclaim  
 The greatness of his name ;  
 For he is God alone  
 Who hath his mercy shown ;  
 Let all his saints adore him.

*Sir Henry Baker.*

137.

**I**N thee, O God, the hosts above  
 For ever live supremely blest ;  
 And I, on earth, like them would love ;  
 Like them upon thy bosom rest.



DIVINE GUIDANCE.

I may not know thee as thou art,  
While here my darksome way I tread ;  
Yet thanks that now I know in part,  
And hourly by thy hand am led.

Unseen, thou dost thyself reveal,  
In thine own ways to sense unknown ;  
Thy hidden glories oft I feel  
Come flowing o'er me from thy throne.

The joy that through my being streams,  
New gladness lends to brightest days ;  
Morn fresher wakes, and evening gleams  
More lovely, while I breathe thy praise.

Thine image on each human brow  
To nobler beauty seems to wake ;  
With warm embrace I welcome now  
Each man a brother for thy sake.

As past me fly the swift-winged years,  
Thy mercies all their circuits fill ;  
Thy goodness, like the sun, appears  
Throughout all time resplendent still.

*Ray Palmer.\**

138.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.

From all my griefs and fears, O Lord,  
Thy mercy sets me free ;  
While in the confidence of prayer  
My heart takes hold of thee.



## THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness I'll adore :  
We praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

My life, while thou preservest life,  
A sacrifice shall be ;  
And O may death, when death shall come,  
Unite our souls to thee.

*Joseph Addison.\**

139.

'TIS not for us, and our proud hearts,  
O mighty Lord ! to choose our parts,  
But act well what thou giv'st :  
'Tis not in our weak power to make  
One step o' the way we undertake,  
Unless thou us reliev'st.

What thou hast given, thou canst take,  
And, when thou wilt, new gifts canst make ;  
All flows from thee alone :  
When thou didst give it, it was thine ;  
When thou retook'st it, 'twas not mine ;  
Thy will in all be done.

Lord ! let me then sit calmly down,  
And rest contented with my own ;  
That is, what thou allow'st :  
Keep thou my mind serene and free,  
Often to think on heaven and thee,  
And what thou there bestow'st.



GOD'S RULING HAND.

Great God, as thou art one, may we  
With one another all agree,  
And in thy praise conspire :  
May men and angels join and sing  
Eternal hymns to thee their King,  
And make up all one choir.

*John Austin.\**

140.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;  
To thee my thoughts would soar :  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;  
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see !  
Each blessing to my soul more dear  
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favoured hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The lowering storm shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—  
That heart will rest on thee.

*Helen Maria Williams.*



141.

FULL many a smile, full many a song,  
 Makes glad my portion here ;  
 Lord ! all my strains to thee belong :  
 Thou sendest all my cheer.

I sing because thy works are fair :  
 Thy glory makes me glad ;  
 The garments bright of praise I wear,  
 For thou art brightly clad.

Full triumph doth my soul possess,  
 Because thy ways are right :  
 The glory of thy righteousness  
 Maketh my dear delight.

How great the judgments thou hast wrought  
 How tremblingly I sing !  
 How good the statutes thou hast taught !  
 How glad the song I bring !

The beauty of thy holiness  
 Uplifts this strain of mine :  
 And when thy paths my footsteps press  
 My song becomes divine.

But, Lord, when will all mournfulness  
 E'en from this song remove ?  
 I sing the statutes I transgress ;  
 I break the law I love.

O help me better to obey,  
 More gloriously to sing !  
 The pilgrim that best keeps thy way  
 The sweetest song will bring.

*Thomas Hornblower Gill.\**



142.

MY God, I thank thee who hast made  
 The earth so bright ;  
 So full of splendour and of joy,  
     Beauty and light ;  
 So many glorious things are here,  
     Noble and right !

I thank thee too that thou hast made  
     Joy to abound ;  
 So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
     Circling us round,  
 That in the darkest spot of earth  
     Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy  
     Is touched with pain ;  
 That shadows fall on brightest hours ;  
     That thorns remain ;  
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
     And not our chain.

For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon  
     Our weak heart clings,  
 Hast given us joys, tender and true,  
     Yet all with wings ;  
 So that we see, gleaming on high,  
     Diviner things.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept  
     The best in store ;  
 We have enough, yet not too much  
     To long for more ;—  
 A yearning for a deeper peace,  
     Not known before.

*Adelaide Anne Procter.\**



143.

WHEN I survey life's varied scene,—  
 Amid the darkest hours,  
 Sweet rays of comfort shine between,  
 And thorns are mixed with flowers.

Are health and ease my happy share?  
 O may I bless my God!  
 Thy kindness let my songs declare,  
 And spread thy praise abroad.

While such delightful gifts as these  
 Are kindly dealt to me,  
 Be all my hours of health and ease  
 Devoted, Lord, to thee.

And O, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign hand denies,  
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
 Let this petition rise ;—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free ;  
 The blessings of thy grace impart,  
 And let me live to thee.

*Anne Steele.\**

144.

MY heart is resting, O my God!  
 I will give thanks and sing:  
 My heart is at the secret source  
 Of every precious thing.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,  
 And here all day they rise :  
 I seek the treasure of thy love,  
 And close at hand it lies.



THE SERVICE OF THE HEART.

Glory to thee for strength withheld,  
For want and weakness known,—  
The fear that sends me to thy breast  
For what is most mine own.

Mine be the reverent listening love,  
That waits all day on thee ;  
The service of a watchful heart  
Which no one else can see ;

The faith that, in a hidden way  
No other eye may know,  
Finds all its daily work prepared,  
And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God !  
My heart is in thy care ;  
I hear the voice of joy and praise  
Resounding everywhere.

*Anna Lætitia Waring.\**

145.

MIGHTY God, the first, the last,  
What are ages in thy sight  
But as yesterday when past,  
Or a watch within the night ?

In thine all-embracing sight  
Every change its purpose meets,  
Every cloud floats into light,  
Every woe its glory greets.

Whatsoe'er our lot may be,  
Calmly in this thought we'll rest,—  
Could we see as thou dost see  
We should choose it as the best.

*William Gaskell.\**



146.

L ORD, in this dust thy sovereign voice  
 First quicken'd love divine ;  
 I am all thine,—thy care and choice,  
 My very praise is thine.

I praise thee, while thy providence  
 In childhood frail I trace,  
 For blessings given, ere dawning sense  
 Could seek or scan thy grace ;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,  
 Bright dreams, and fancyings strange ;  
 Blessings when reason's awful power  
 Gave thought a bolder range ;

Blessings of friends, which to my door  
 Unask'd, unhop'd, have come ;  
 And choicer still, a countless store  
 Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place  
 I shrine those seasons sad,  
 When, looking up, I saw thy face  
 In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,  
 Heart-pang, or throbbing brow ;  
 Sweet was the chastisement severe,  
 And sweet its memory now.

And such thy tender force be still,  
 When self would swerve or stray,  
 Shaping to truth the froward will  
 Along thy narrow way.

*John Henry Newman.\**



147.

CALL the Lord thy sure salvation ;  
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;  
In his secret habitation  
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.

There no tumult can alarm thee,  
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;  
Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noon-day wasting ;  
From the noisome pestilence,  
Through the midnight city hasting,  
God shall be thy sure defence.

Fear not thou the deadly quiver,  
Though a thousand arrows fly ;  
He shall still thy soul deliver  
From his rock of strength on high.

Though the winds and waves are swelling  
He shall bear thee safe through all ;  
God himself shall be thy dwelling,  
Though the very heaven fall.

And when death thy soul deliver  
From the peril of the world,  
Thou shalt be on high for ever,  
Safely in his feathers furled.

All the trouble and temptation,  
Hushed upon the heavenly shore ;  
Satisfied with God's salvation,  
Crowned with life for evermore.

*James Montgomery and Stopford A. Brooke.*



148.

O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,  
To thee all praise and glory be ;  
How shall we show our love to thee,  
Who givest all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
Sweet flowers and fruit, thy love declare ;  
When harvests ripen, thou art there,  
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,  
Who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,  
Father, what can to thee be given,  
Who givest all ?

We lose what on ourselves we spend ;  
We have as treasure without end  
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,  
Who givest all :

To thee, from whom we all receive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give :  
O may we ever with thee live,  
Who givest all.

*Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.\**

149.

ALMIGHTY, hear us while we raise  
Our hymn of thankfulness and praise,  
That thou hast given the human race  
So bright, so fair a dwelling place :



OUR HELP IN GOD.

That when this orb of sea and land  
Was moulded in thy forming hand,  
Thy calm, benignant smile impressed  
A beam of heaven upon its breast.

Lord, teach us, while th' unsated gaze  
Delighted on thy works delays,  
To deem the forms of beauty here  
But shadows of a brighter sphere.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

150.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;  
Thence all her help my soul derives ;  
There my almighty refuge lives.

He lives, the everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the flood ;  
The heavens with all their hosts he made,  
And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet ; he guards our way ;  
His morning smiles bless all the day ;  
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while nature sleeps.

Divinely are his children blest ;  
They rise secure, securely rest ;  
Safe in the Lord, whose heavenly care  
Defends their life from every snare.

On them nor ill nor death hath power ;  
And in their last departing hour  
Angels, that trace the airy road,  
Shall bear them homeward to their God.

*Isaac Watts,\**



151.

GOD is my strong salvation,  
What foe have I to fear ?  
In darkness and temptation,  
My light, my help is near :  
Though hosts encamp around me,  
Firm to the fight I stand ;  
What terror can confound me,  
With God at my right hand ?

Place on the Lord reliance ;  
My soul with courage wait ;  
His truth be thine affiance,  
When faint and desolate ;  
His might thy heart shall strengthen,  
His love thy joy increase ;  
Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;  
The Lord will give thee peace.

*James Montgomery.*

152.

SUPREME in wisdom, as in power,  
The Rock of ages stands ;  
We see him not, yet may we trace  
The workings of his hands.

He gives the conquest to the weak,  
Supports the fainting heart ;  
And courage in the evil hour  
His heavenly aids impart.

Mere human powers shall fast decay,  
And youthful vigour cease ;  
But those who wait upon the Lord,  
In strength shall still increase.



## INWARD RENEWAL.

They with unwearied feet shall tread  
The path of life divine ;  
With growing ardour onward move,  
With growing brightness shine.

On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,—  
The wings of faith and love ;—  
Till past the cloudy regions here,  
They rise to heaven above.

*Isaac Watts; Scotch Paraphrases; W. Cameron.\**

153.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
That veils and darkens thy designs.

For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep :  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large ;  
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But we can bless thee for thy care.

O God ! how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort spring !  
The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shelter of thy wing.

Life, like a fountain, rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in thy word.

*Isaac Watts.\**



THE LIFE OF TRUST.

154.

L ORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place  
In every generation ;  
Thy people still have known thy grace,  
And blessed thy consolation ;  
Through every age thou heard'st our cry ;  
Through every age we found thee nigh,  
Our strength and our salvation.

Our cleaving sins we oft have wept,  
And oft thy patience provèd ;  
But still thy faith we fast have kept,  
Thy name we still have lovèd :  
And thou hast kept and loved us well,  
Hast granted us in thee to dwell,  
Unshaken, unremovèd.

Lord, nothing from thine arms of love  
Shall thine own people sever ;  
Our helper never will remove,  
Our God will fail us never :  
Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in thee ;  
Our dwelling-place thou still wilt be  
For ever and for ever.

*Thomas Hornblower Gill.\**

155.

M Y Father is the mighty Lord whose arm  
Spans earth and sky and shields his child  
from harm ;  
Whose still, small voice of love is yet the same  
As once in prophets' burning words it came ;  
Whose glorious works the angel-choirs declare :  
He hears their praise,—and hearkens to my prayer.



## LOVE AND ASPIRATION.

My brotherhood's a circle stretching wide  
Around one fount, although a sea divide :  
With fathers who behold the Lord in light,  
With saints unborn who shall adore his might,  
With brothers who the race of faith now run,  
Household of earth and heaven, I am one !

My journey's end lies upward and afar,  
It glimmers bright, but vaguely as a star,  
And oft as faith has caught some glimpse serene,  
So often clouds and mist obscure the scene ;  
Yet, in this longing ends each vision dim,  
To see my Lord—and to be made like him !

*Johann Peter Lange, tr. H. L. L.\**

156.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy  
Like the wideness of the sea ;  
There's a kindness in his justice,  
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven ;  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.

There is grace enough for thousands  
Of new worlds as great as this ;  
There is room for fresh creations  
In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind ;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,  
We should take him at his word,  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

*Frederick William Faber.\**



157.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
 And ways into his hands,  
 To his sure truth and tender care,  
 Who earth and heaven commands.  
 Who points the clouds their course,  
 Whom winds and seas obey,  
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
 He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely ;  
 So safe shalt thou go on ;  
 Fix on his work thy stedfast eye,  
 So shall thy work be done.  
 No profit canst thou gain  
 By self-consuming care ;  
 To him commend thy cause ; his ear  
 Attends the softest prayer.

Thy everlasting truth,  
 Father ! thy ceaseless love,  
 Sees all thy children's wants, and knows  
 What best for each will prove.  
 And whatsoe'er thou will'st,  
 Thou dost, O King of kings ;  
 What thy unerring wisdom chose,  
 Thy power to being brings.

Thou everywhere hast sway,  
 And all things serve thy might ;  
 Thy every act pure blessing is,  
 Thy path unsullied light.  
 When thou arisest, Lord,  
 Who shall thy work withstand ?  
 When all thy children want thou giv'st,  
 Who, who shall stay thy hand ?

*Paul Gerhardt, tr. John Wesley.\**



158.

GIVE to the winds thy fears ;  
 Hope, and be undismayed ;  
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
 God shall lift up thy head.  
 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
 He gently clears thy way ;  
 Wait thou his time ; so shall the night  
 Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart ?  
 Still sink thy spirits down ?  
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
 And every care be gone.  
 What though thou rulest not ?  
 Yet earth and heaven tell  
 God sits as sovereign on the throne ;  
 He ruleth all things well.

Leave to his sovereign sway  
 To choose and to command ;  
 So shalt thou wondering own, his way  
 How wise, how strong his hand !  
 Far, far above thy thought  
 His counsel shall appear,  
 When fully he the work hath wrought  
 That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord !  
 Our hearts are known to thee ;  
 O lift thou up the sinking hand,  
 Confirm the feeble knee !  
 Let us, in life, in death,  
 Thy stedfast truth declare,  
 And publish with our latest breath,  
 Thy love and guardian care.

*Paul Gerhardt, tr. John Wesley.\**



159.

SOMETIMES a light surprises  
 The Christian while he sings :  
 It is the Lord, who rises  
     With healing in his wings :  
 When comforts are declining,  
     He grants the soul again  
 A season of clear shining,  
     To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,  
     We sweetly then pursue  
 The theme of God's salvation,  
     And find it ever new :  
 Set free from present sorrow,  
     We cheerfully can say,  
 'E'en let the unknown morrow  
     Bring with it what it may.'

It can bring with it nothing,  
     But he will bear us through :  
 Who gives the lilies clothing,  
     Will clothe his people too :  
 Beneath the spreading heavens,  
     No creature but is fed ;  
 And he who feeds the ravens,  
     Will give his children bread.

Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,  
     Its wonted fruit should bear :  
 Though all the field should wither,  
     Nor flocks, nor herds be there :  
 Yet God the same abiding,  
     His praise shall tune my voice ;  
 For, while in him confiding,  
     I cannot but rejoice.

*William Cowper.*



160.

GOD is Love : his mercy brightens  
 All the path in which we rove ;  
 Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens ;  
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever ;  
 Man decays, and ages move ;  
 But his mercy waneth never ;  
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Even the hour that darkest seemeth  
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;  
 From the mist his brightness streameth ;  
 God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth  
 Hope and comfort from above :  
 Every where his glory shineth ;  
 God is wisdom, God is love.

*Sir John Bowring.*

161.

LORD, it belongs not to my care,  
 Whether I die or live ;  
 To love and serve thee is my share,  
 And this thy grace must give.

If death shall bruise this springing seed,  
 Before it come to fruit ;  
 The will with thee goes for the deed,  
 Thy life was in the root.

Thou lead'st me through no darker rooms  
 Than Christ went through before ;  
 He that into thy kingdom comes,  
 Must enter by this door.



## THE LIFE OF TRUST.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see :  
For if thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will thy glory be ?

My knowledge of that life is small ;  
The eye of faith is dim :  
But it's enough my God knows all,  
And I shall be with him.

*Arranged from Richard Baxter, 1681.\**

162.

I LOOK to thee in every need,  
And never look in vain ;  
I feel thy strong and tender love,  
And all is well again :  
The thought of thee is mightier far  
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,  
Disheartened by its load,  
Shamed by its failures or its fears,  
I sink beside the road ;  
But let me only think of thee,  
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,  
My restlessness to still ;  
Around me flows thy quickening life,  
To nerve my faltering will ;  
Thy presence fills my solitude ;  
Thy providence turns all to good.



## THE LOVE OF GOD.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,  
Held in thy law, I stand ;  
Thy hand in all things I behold,  
And all things in thy hand ;  
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,  
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

163.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,  
A shoreless, soundless sea,  
Wherein at last our souls must fall ;  
O Love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,  
One soft hand blinds our eyes,  
The other leads us safe and slow ;  
O Love of God most wise.

And though we turn us from thy face,  
And wander wide and long,  
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace ;  
O Love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
The toil-worn frame and mind,  
Alike confess thy sweet control,  
O Love of God most kind !

But not alone thy care we claim,  
Our wayward steps to win ;  
We know thee by a dearer name ;  
O Love of God within.

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,  
Our souls are strong and free  
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,  
O Love of God, to thee !

*Eliza Scudder.*



164.

THE Lord is rich and merciful,  
 The Lord is very kind ;  
 O come to him, come now to him,  
 With a believing mind.  
 His comforts, they shall strengthen thee,  
 Like flowing waters cool ;  
 And he shall for thy spirit be  
 A fountain ever full.

The Lord is glorious and strong,  
 Our God is very high ;  
 O trust in him, trust now in him,  
 And have security.  
 He shall be to thee like the sea,  
 And thou shalt surely feel  
 His wind, that bloweth healthily,  
 Thy sicknesses to heal.

The Lord is wonderful and wise,  
 As all the ages tell ;  
 O learn of him, learn now of him,  
 Then with thee it is well.  
 And with his light thou shalt be blest,  
 Therein to work and live :  
 And he shall be to thee a rest  
 When evening hours arrive.

*Thomas T. Lynch.*

165.

BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,  
 That taught us this sweet way,  
 Only to love thee for thyself,  
 And for that love obey.



## SECURITY IN GOD.

O thou, our souls' chief hope !  
We to thy mercy fly :  
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,  
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,  
To thee we both resign ;  
By night we see, as well as day,  
If thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,  
Both we submit to thee ;  
In death we live, as well as life,  
If thine in death we be.

*John Austin.\**

166.

FATHER, beneath thy sheltering wing,  
In sweet security we rest ;  
And fear no evil earth can bring,  
In life or death supremely blest.

For life is good, whose tidal flow  
The motions of thy will obeys ;  
And death is good, that makes us know  
The life divine that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,  
And so thy perfect peace to win ;  
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,  
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,  
But trust the love that saves to guide ;  
The grace that yields so rich a store,  
Will grant us all we need beside.

*William Henry Burleigh.*



167.

FATHER I know that all my life  
 Is portioned out for me,  
 And the changes that are sure to come  
 I do not fear to see ;  
 But I ask thee for a present mind  
 Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,  
 Through constant watching wise,  
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
 And to wipe the weeping eyes ;  
 And a heart at leisure from itself,  
 To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will,  
 That hurries to and fro,  
 Seeking for some great thing to do,  
 Or secret thing to know ;  
 I would be treated as a child,  
 And guided where I go.

I ask thee for the daily strength,  
 To none that ask denied,  
 And a mind to blend with outward life  
 While keeping at thy side ;  
 Content to fill a little space  
 If thou be glorified.

In a service which thy will appoints  
 There are no bonds for me ;  
 For my inmost heart is taught the truth  
 That makes thy children free ;  
 And a life of self-renouncing love,  
 Is a life of liberty.

*Anna Lætitia Waring.\**



168.

ALL as God wills! who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track;  
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense  
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last,  
Through memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain-ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fair;

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west winds play;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

*John Greenleaf Whittier,\**



169.

O LORD, how happy should we be  
 If we could cast our care on thee,  
 If we from self could rest ;  
 And feel at heart that One above,  
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
 Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,  
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife,  
 By sudden wild alarms ;  
 O, could we but relinquish all  
 Our earthly props, and simply fall  
 On thine Almighty arms !

Could we but kneel and cast our load,  
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
 Then rise with lightened cheer ;  
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
 To still the famished raven's cry,  
 Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust him as we should ;  
 So chafes weak nature's restless mood  
 To cast its peace away ;  
 But birds and flowers around us preach,  
 All, all the present evil teach  
 Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours  
 Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;  
 Make them from self to cease,  
 Leave all things to a Father's will,  
 And taste, before him lying still,  
 E'en in affliction, peace.

*Joseph Anstice,.*



170.

O LOVE divine, of all that is  
 The sweetest still and best,  
 Fain would I come and rest with thee  
 Upon thy tender breast ;  
 I pray thee turn me not away ;  
 For, sinful though I be,  
 Thou knowest every thing I need,  
 And all my need of thee.

And yet the spirit in my heart  
 Says, Wherefore should I pray  
 That thou shouldst seek me with thy love,  
 Since thou dost seek alway ?  
 And dost not even wait until  
 I urge my steps to thee ;  
 But in the darkness of my life  
 Art coming still to me.

But thou wilt hear the thought I mean,  
 And not the words I say ;  
 Wilt hear the thanks among the words,  
 That only seem to pray.  
 Still, still thy love will beckon me,  
 And still thy strength will come  
 In many ways to bear me up  
 And bring me to my home.

I would not have thee otherwise  
 Than what thou still must be ;  
 Yea, thou art God, and what thou art  
 Is ever best for me.  
 And so, for all my sighs, my heart  
 Doth sing itself to rest,  
 O Love divine, most far and near,  
 Upon thy tender breast.

*Arranged from John White Chadwick,\**



171.

GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

*William Cowper.*

172.

O THOU, who hast at thy command  
The hearts of all men in thy hand !  
Our wayward, erring hearts incline  
To have no other will but thine.



## STRENGTH IN GOD.

Our wishes, our desires, control ;  
Mould every purpose of the soul ;  
O'er all may we victorious be,  
That stands between ourselves and thee.

Twice blest will all our blessings be,  
When we can look through them to thee ;  
When each glad heart its tribute pays  
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

Still make us, when temptation's near,  
As our worst foe ourselves to fear :  
And, each vainglorious thought to quell,  
Teach us how Peter vowed and fell.

Yet may we feeble, weak and frail,  
Against our mightiest foes prevail :  
Thy word, our safety from alarm ;  
Our strength, thy everlasting arm.

And, while we to thy glory live,  
May we to thee all glory give,  
Until the joyful summons come  
That calls thy willing servants home.

*Jane Cotterill.*

173.

THY way is in the deep, O Lord !  
E'en there we'll go with thee :  
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,  
And walk upon the sea !

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,  
Why do we doubt him so ?—  
Who gives the storm a path, will find  
The way our feet shall go.



## THE LIFE OF TRUST.

A moment may his hand be lost,—  
Drear moment of delay!—  
We cry, 'Lord! help the tempest-tost,'—  
And safe we're borne away.

The Lord yields nothing to our fears,  
And flies from selfish care;  
But comes himself, where'er he hears  
The voice of loving prayer.

O happy soul of faith divine!  
Thy victory how sure!  
The love that kindles joy is thine,—  
The patience to endure.

Come, Lord of peace! our griefs dispel;  
And wipe our tears away:  
'T is thine, to order all things well,  
And ours, to bless the sway.

*James Martineau.*

174.

O THOU, by long experience tried,  
Near whom no grief can long abide;—  
My Lord, how full of sweet content  
My years of pilgrimage are spent!

All scenes alike engaging prove,  
To souls impressed with sacred love;  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,  
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To them remains nor place nor time;  
Their country is in every clime;  
They can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.



## A PRESENT GOD.

While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none ;  
But with a God to guide our way,  
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

*Madame Guion, tr. W. Cowper.\**

175.

TO thee, my God, my days are known ;  
My soul enjoys the thought ;  
My actions all before thy face,  
Nor are my faults forgot.

Each secret wish devotion breathes  
Is vocal to thine ear ;  
And all my walks of daily life  
Before thine eye appear.

The vacant hour, the active scene,  
Thy mercy shall approve ;  
And every pang of sympathy,  
And every care of love.

Each golden hour of beaming light  
Is gilded by thy rays ;  
And dark affliction's midnight gloom  
A present God surveys.

Full in thy view through life I pass,  
And in thy view I die ;  
And, when each mortal bond is broke,  
My God will still be nigh.

*Philip Doddridge.\**



176.

GO not far from me, O my Strength,  
 Whom all my times obey ;  
 Take from me anything thou wilt,  
 But go not thou away,—  
 And let the storm that does thy work  
 Deal with me as it may.

On thy compassion I repose  
 In weakness and distress :  
 I will not ask for greater ease,  
 Lest I should love thee less.  
 O 't is a blessed thing for me  
 To need thy tenderness.

Thy love has many a lighted path  
 No outward eye can trace,  
 And my heart sees thee in the deep  
 With darkness in its face,  
 And communes with thee, 'mid the storm,  
 As in a secret place.

When I am feeble as a child,  
 And flesh and heart give way,  
 Then on thy everlasting strength  
 With passive trust I stay,  
 And the rough wind becomes a song ;  
 The darkness shines like day.

Deep unto deep may call, but I  
 With peaceful heart can say,  
 Thy loving-kindness hath a charge  
 No waves can take away :  
 Then let the storm that speeds me home  
 Deal with me as it may.

*Anna Lætitia Waring.\**



STRENGTH IN GOD.

177.

O THOU who art of all that is  
Beginning both and end,  
We follow thee through unknown paths,  
Since all to thee must tend :  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep  
Beyond all fathom-line ;  
Our wisdom is the childlike heart,  
Our strength, to trust in thine.

We bless thee for the skies above,  
And for the earth beneath,  
For hopes that blossom here below  
And wither not with death ;  
But most we bless thee for thyself,  
O heavenly Light within,  
Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels  
The darkness of our sin.

Be thou in joy our deeper joy,  
Our comfort when distressed ;  
Be thou by day our strength for toil,  
And thou by night our rest.  
And when these earthly dwellings fail,  
And time's last hour is come,  
Be thou, O God, our dwelling place,  
And our eternal home.

*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

178.

WE praise thee oft for hours of bliss,  
For days of peace and rest,  
But cannot school the heart to know  
When pain and tears are best.



## THE LIFE OF TRUST.

We praise thee for our quiet hours,  
For kind and pleasant ways ;  
Dear God ! When shall we learn to sing  
Through weary nights and days ?

Are there no hours of conflict fierce,  
No heavy toils and pains,  
No watchings and no weariness  
That bring their precious gains ?

O could we once believe the prayer  
Our lips repeat in vain,  
Then, as of old, we should be still,  
And walk with God again.

Then every thorny crown of care,  
Worn well in patience now,  
Would grow a glorious diadem  
Upon the faithful brow.

And sorrow's face would be unveiled,  
And we at last should see  
Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,  
Her speech but echoes thee.

*John Page Hopps.*

179.

**D**ARK is the sky that overhangs my soul,  
The mists are thick that through the valley  
roll,

But as I tread, I cheer my heart and say,  
When the day breaks, the shadows flee away.

I bear the lamp my Master gave to me,  
Burning and shining must it ever be,  
And I must tend it till the night decay,—  
Till the day break, and shadows flee away.



## GOD IS LOVE.

God maketh all things good unto his own,  
For them in every darkness light is sown ;  
He will make good the gloom of this my day,—  
Till that day break, and shadows flee away.

He will be near me in the awful hour  
When the last foe shall come in blackest power ;  
And he will hear me when at last I pray—  
'Let the day break, the shadows flee away !'

In him, my God, my Glory, I will trust :  
Awake and sing, O dweller in the dust !  
Who shall come, will come, and will not delay,—  
His day will break, those shadows flee away !

*Samuel John Stone.*

### 180.

**I** CANNOT always trace the way  
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move ;  
But I can always, always say,  
That God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,  
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove ;  
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,  
That God is love.

When hope grows faint and knowledge fails,  
And reason vainly tries to prove ;  
For faith, for proof, for sight avails,  
That God is love.

Yes, God is love,—a trust like this  
Can every gloomy thought remove,  
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss ;  
Our God is love.

*Sir John Bowring.\**



THE LIFE OF TRUST.

181.

FATHER, Refuge of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high :  
Hide me, O my Father, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
Leave, O leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Cleanse me, Lord, from every sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art ;  
Freely let me take of thee ;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

*Charles Wesley.\**

182.

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,  
And smiling day once more appears ;  
Then, gracious Father, then I find  
The folly of my doubts and fears.



## GOD IS LOVE.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

O let me then at length be taught,  
What I am still so slow to learn ;  
That God is love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !  
But when my faith is sharply tried,  
I find myself a learner yet,  
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from thee  
Subdues the disobedient will ;  
Drives doubt and discontent away,  
And thy rebellious child is still.

Thou art as ready to forgive  
As I am ready to repine :  
Thou therefore all the praise receive,  
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

*William Cowper.\**

### 183.

**S**TILL will we trust, though earth seem dark  
and dreary,  
And the heart faint beneath his chastening rod ;  
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and  
weary,  
Still will we trust in God.

Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,  
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain ;  
Through him alone who hath our way appointed,  
We find our peace again.



## THE LIFE OF TRUST.

Choose for us, God ! nor let our weak preferring  
Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast designed ;  
Choose for us, God ! thy wisdom is unerring,  
And we are fools and blind.

So from the sky the night shall furl her shadows,  
And day pour gladness through his golden gates ;  
Our rough path lead to flower-enamelled meadows,  
Where joy our coming waits.

Let us press on, in patient self-denial,  
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss ;  
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial,  
Our crown beyond the cross.

*William Henry Burleigh.*

184.

WHAT comforts, Lord, to those are given,  
Who seek in thee their home and rest !  
They find on earth an opening heaven,  
And in thy peace are amply blest.

Their tranquil joy no troubles banish ;  
Their hiding-place is safe above !  
The dismal clouds of night must vanish  
At dawning of thy light of love !

In thee, O Lord, I seek protection ;  
To thee I take my eager flight :  
I yield my feet to thy direction ;  
Behold ! my ways are in thy sight.

If thou through thorny paths wilt lead me,  
I'll simply trust in thee, O Lord !  
The clouds at thy command must feed me,  
And rocks refreshing drink afford.

*Wolfgang Christoph Dessler, 1692.\**



185.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
    However dark it be !  
Lead me by thine own hand,  
    Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
    It will be still the best ;  
Winding or straight, it leads  
    Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;  
    I would not if I might ;  
Choose thou for me, my God ;  
    So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek  
    Is thine : so let the way  
That leads to it be thine,  
    Else I must surely stray.

Take thou my cup, and it  
    With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to thee may seem ;  
    Choose thou my good and ill.

Choose thou for me my friends,  
    My sickness or my health ;  
Choose thou my cares for me,  
    My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,  
    In things or great or small ;  
Be thou my guide, my strength,  
    My wisdom, and my all !

*Horatius Bonar.*



186.

MY God, my Father, while I stray,  
Far from my home on life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
‘Thy will be done.’

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
‘Thy will be done.’

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive would I still reply,  
‘Thy will be done.’

If thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield thee what is thine:  
‘Thy will be done.’

Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With thy sweet spirit for its guest;  
My God, to thee I leave the rest:  
‘Thy will be done.’

Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
‘Thy will be done.’

Then when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
‘Thy will be done.’

*Charlotte Elliot.*



187.

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and  
sorrow

Of each sad heart that comes to thee for rest :  
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,  
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,  
We come before thee at thy gracious word,  
And lay them at thy feet : thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past ; how long and blindly  
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer  
strayed ;  
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly  
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid ;  
And healed the bleeding wounds and soothed  
the pain,  
And brought back life, and hope, and strength  
again.

Thou knowest all the present ; each temptation,  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;  
All to each one assigned of tribulation,  
Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear ;  
All pensive memories, as we journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future ; gleams of gladness  
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;  
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,  
And the dark river to be crossed at last ;  
O what could hope and confidence afford  
To tread that path, but this,—thou knowest,  
Lord.

*H. L. L.*



188.

FATHER, to thee we look in all our sorrow,  
 Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows ;  
 Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow ;  
 Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before us,  
 When the vain cares that vex our life increase,—  
 Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us,  
 And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

Naught shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,  
 Low in the heart faith singeth still her song ;  
 Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,  
 And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows !  
 Be not cast down, disquieted in vain ;  
 Yet shalt thou praise him when these darkened furrows,  
 Where now he ploweth, wave with golden grain.

*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

189.

THE thought of God, the thought of thee,  
 Who liest in my heart,  
 And yet beyond imagined space  
 Outstretched and present art,—

The thought of thee, above, below,  
 Around me and within,  
 Is more to me than health and wealth  
 Or love of kith and kin.

It is a thought which ever makes  
 Life's sweetest smiles from tears,  
 And is a daybreak to our hopes,  
 A sunset to our fears.



## THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

One while it bids the tears to flow,  
Then wipes them from the eyes,  
Most often fills our souls with joy,  
And always sanctifies.

To think of thee is almost prayer,  
And is outspoken praise ;  
And pain can even passive thoughts  
To actual worship raise.

All murmurs lie inside thy will  
Which are to thee addressed ;  
To suffer for thee is our work,  
To think of thee our rest.

*Frederick William Faber.\**

190.

COME brothers, let us go !  
Our Father is our guide ;  
And if our way be bright or dark,  
He's ever at our side.

Our spirits he will cheer,  
With sunshine of his love ;  
He guards us and we need not fear  
With such a friend above.

The strong be quick to raise  
The weaker when they fall :  
Let love and peace and patience bloom  
In ready help for all.

Come brothers, let us go !  
We travel hand in hand :  
Each with his brother walks in joy  
Through this dear Fatherland.

*Adapted from G. Tersteegen.\**



191.

**A**WAKE, our souls ! away our fears !  
Let every trembling thought begone !  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
That feeds the strength of every saint :—

Thee,—mighty God ! whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode :  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

*Isaac Watts.*

192.

**C**HILDREN of the heavenly King !  
As ye journey, sweetly sing :  
Sing your Maker's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways !

Ye are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod :  
They are happy now,—and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.



## THE JOURNEY HEAVENWARD.

Fear not, brethren ; lo ! we stand  
On the borders of our land :  
Jesus, from its summit won,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord ! obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below :  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

*John Cennick.\**

193.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labour to pursue ;  
Thee, only thee, resolved to know  
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assigned  
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;  
In all my works thy presence find,  
And prove thine acceptable will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes mine inmost spirit see ;  
And labour on at thy command,  
And offer all my works to thee.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray,  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to thy glorious day.

For thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given ;  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

*Charles Wesley.*



194.

GOD'S trumpet wakes the slumbering world :  
Now, each man to his post !

The red-cross banner is unfurled :

Who joins the glorious host ?

He who, in fealty to the Truth,

And counting all the cost,

Doth consecrate his generous youth,—

He joins the noble host !

He who, no anger on his tongue,

Nor any idle boast,

Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—

He joins the sacred host !

He who, with calm undaunted will,

Ne'er counts the battle lost,

But, though defeated, battles still,—

He joins the faithful host !

He who is ready for the cross,

The cause despised loves most ;

And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—

He joins the martyr host !

*Samuel Longfellow.*

195.

COME, labour on :

Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,

While all around him waves the golden grain,

And every servant hears the Master say,

‘Go, work to-day’ ?

Come, labour on :

The labourers are few, the field is wide ;

New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied :

From voices distant far, or near at home,

The call is ‘Come.’



## THE MASTER'S SERVICE.

Come, labour on :

Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear,  
No arm so weak, but may do service here ;  
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil  
His righteous will.

Come, labour on :

No time for rest till glows the western sky,  
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,  
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,  
' Servants, well done ! '

Come, labour on :

The toil is pleasant and the harvest sure ;  
Blessed are those who to the end endure ;  
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,  
O Lord, with thee !

*H. L. L.*

196.

O NOT remote from human ill,  
Nor shut secluded from the strife,  
The Christian truly lives his life  
Or does the Master's hallowed will ;  
But in the tumult and the throng,  
Where hungers want and moans distress,  
A voice to soothe, a hand to bless,  
With humble toil he moves along ;  
Nor turns from common tasks aside,  
Nor fears to face temptation's power,  
But trusts, in every trying hour,  
To One in heaven to safely guide.  
Be mine, within the Master's field,  
The round of Christian work to lead,  
That faith, made manifest by deed,  
May fruitage to the gleaning yield.

*William Tidd Matson.\**



197.

A BIDE not in the realm of dreams,  
O man, however fair it seems,  
Where drowsy airs thy powers repress  
In languors of sweet idleness.

Nor linger in the misty past,  
Entranced in visions vague and vast ;  
But with clear eye the present scan,  
And hear the call of God and man.

That call, though many-voiced, is one,  
With mighty meanings in each tone,  
Through sob and laughter, shriek and prayer,  
Its summons meets thee everywhere.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,  
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands ;  
From duty's claims no life is free,—  
Behold, to-day hath need of thee.

The present hour allots thy task :  
For present strength and patience ask,  
And trust his love, whose sure supplies  
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

Lo the broad fields with harvests white  
Thy hands to strenuous toil invite ;  
And he who labours and believes  
Shall reap reward of ample sheaves.

While the day lingers, do thy best !  
Full soon the night will bring its rest ;  
And, duty done, that rest shall be  
Full of beatitudes to thee.

*William Henry Burleigh.\**



198.

LIFE, and light, and joy are found  
 In the presence of the Lord ;  
 Life with richest blessings crowned,  
 Light from many fountains poured.  
 Life and light and holy joy,  
 None can darken or destroy.

Bring to him life's brightest hours,  
 He will make them still more bright ;  
 Give to him your noblest powers,  
 He will hallow all your might.  
 Come to him with eager quest,  
 You shall hear his high behest.

All your questions large and deep,  
 All the open thought of youth  
 Bring to him, and you shall reap  
 All the harvest of his truth.  
 You shall find in that great store,  
 Largest love and wisest lore.

Then, when comes life's wider sphere,  
 And its busier enterprise,  
 You shall find him ever near,  
 Looking with approving eyes  
 On all honest work and true,  
 His dear servants' hands can do.

And if care should dim your eye,  
 And life's shadows come apace,  
 You shall find him ever nigh  
 In the glory of his face,  
 Changing sorrow's darkest night  
 Into morning clear and bright.

*Charles Edward Mudie.*



199.

O GOD what sacrifice can I  
Bring to the glory of thy throne?  
Thine is the earth and boundless sky;  
What have I which is not thine own?  
Nought but my will, myself, my whole,  
My body, spirit, and my soul!

These thou hast deigned to ask of me,  
And yet they are thy gifts, and I  
Am bound to render them to thee—  
Therefore in power and love be nigh,  
That I with no reluctant brow,  
May bring them to thy footstool now.

Put thou my body to thy school,  
A living sacrifice to thee;  
All the five gates of feeling rule,  
In self-control my freedom be,  
Till every sense, and all desires  
Be purged by thy refining fires.

Thine too, the images, the thought,  
Building, unbuilding in my soul;  
The love that earth to heaven brought,  
The hopes of youth, the dreams that stole  
Through manhood's work, and seemed to bring  
Out of the deep some treasured thing.

Fill me with righteousness and truth,  
With joy and peace, and gentle mood,  
Courage, and hope's immortal youth,  
Long-suffering and fortitude,  
Meekness and temperance and awe,  
And most, with loving of thy law.



## SELF-CONSECRATION.

And O, where I am most alone,  
Deep in my inner nature, be!  
Clothe with perfection like thine own  
My spirit, let me put on thee!  
Then lift me, Lord, to heaven, and move  
My life through worlds and worlds of love.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

200.

L ORD! in the fulness of my might,  
I would for thee be strong;  
While runneth o'er each dear delight,  
To thee should soar my song.

I would not give the world my heart,  
And then profess thy love;  
I would not feel my strength depart,  
And then thy service prove.

I would not with swift-wingèd zeal  
On the world's errands go;  
And labour up the heavenly hill  
With weary feet and slow.

O, not for thee my weak desires,  
My poorer, baser part!  
O, not for thee my fading fires  
The ashes of my heart!

O, choose me in my golden time!  
In my dear joys have part!  
For thee the glory of my prime—  
The fulness of my heart!

I cannot, Lord, too early take  
The covenant divine;  
O, ne'er the happy heart may break  
Whose earliest love was thine.

*Thomas Hornblower Gill.\**



201.

O LORD! thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;  
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,  
To dedicate myself to thee:  
To thee, my God! to thee.

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;  
That silent, secret thought shall be,  
That all my hopes are fixed on thee:  
On thee, my God! on thee.

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;  
Thou 'rt present, Lord, in every place;  
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee:  
To thee, my God! to thee.

Renouncing every wordly thing,  
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,  
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,  
That all I want, I find in thee:  
In thee, my God! in thee.

*J. F. Oberlin, tr. Lucy Wilson.\**

202.

O THOU, who deignest from above  
The pure celestial fire to impart!  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn,  
With unextinguishable blaze;  
And trembling to its source return  
In humble prayer, and fervent praise.



## PRAYER AND WORK.

O Lord, confirm my heart's desire,  
To work, and speak, and think for thee ;  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up thy gift in me :

Ready for all thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat ;  
Till death thy endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.

*Charles Wesley.\**

203.

CHRISTIAN ! rise and act thy creed,  
Let thy prayer be in thy deed.  
Seek the right, perform the true :  
Thou canst make thy life anew.

Hearts around thee sink with care,  
Thou canst help their load to bear ;  
Thou canst bring inspiring light,  
Arm their faltering wills to fight.

Principalities and powers  
Still beset thy weaker hours.  
Give them battle, seal their doom,  
Angel-guests shall fill their room.

Let thine alms be hope and joy,  
And thy worship God's employ :  
Give him thanks in humble zeal,  
Learning all his will to feel.

Come then, Law divine, and reign,  
Freest faith assailed in vain,  
Perfect love bereft of fear,  
Born in heaven and radiant here.

*Rollo Russell.\**



204.

L ORD I am thine—but scarce a gift  
Of me my Lord hath won ;  
My heart's best love to thee I lift,  
Yet service slight have done.

What service so delights my hands  
As tasks my God hath set ?  
Yet idle, Lord, thy servant stands,  
Thy business lingers yet.

What journey such full sweetness hath  
As the rough walk with God ?  
Yet, Lord, thy pilgrim loitereth  
Along the glorious road.

I wander, Lord, a stranger here ;  
All hidden lies my path :  
Wilt thou not, heavenly Guide, appear ?  
Sore need thy servant hath.

Look, Lord, how thy poor pilgrim burns  
To find some path divine !  
Hark ! how thy praying servant yearns  
To do some work of thine !

Make plain the very path my feet  
Most fitly may pursue !  
Show me the very work most meet  
For my poor hands to do !

O ! make this glowing love of mine  
A world-inflaming fire ;  
And let me learn of grace divine  
To work and never tire.

*Thomas Hornblower Gill.*



205.

O GOD, my strength, my hope !  
On thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do,  
On thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

O for a godly fear,—  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly !—

A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard  
And watching unto prayer !—

O for a true regard,  
A single steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To thee and thy great name.

A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss ;  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
The consecrated cross !

Lord ! let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love.

*Charles Wesley.\**



206.

GOD of the earnest heart—  
 The trust assured and still,  
 Thou who our strength for ever art,—  
 We come to do thy will !  
 Upon that painful road  
 By saints serenely trod,  
 Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,  
 Would we go forth, O God !  
 'Gainst doubt and shame and fear  
 In human hearts to strive,  
 That all may learn to love and bear,  
 To conquer self, and live :  
 To draw thy blessing down  
 And bring the wronged redress,  
 And give this glorious world its crown,  
 The spirit's Godlikeness.  
 No dreams from toil to charm,  
 No trembling on the tongue,—  
 Lord, in thy rest may we be calm,  
 Through thy completeness, strong !  
 Thou hearest while we pray ;  
 O deep within us write,  
 With kindling power, our God, to-day,  
 Thy word,—' On earth be light.'

*Samuel Johnson.*

207.

GRACIOUS Father, hear our prayer,  
 Leave us not, lest we despair ;  
 Let thine arm our safeguard be,  
 Hear the prayer we raise to thee :  
 God of power, and God of might,  
 Shield thy servants in the fight.



## THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Soldiers of the Cross, we stand  
Armed for battle by thine hand ;  
Rock of strength, to thee we fly ;  
Hide us in adversity.

God of power, and God of might,  
Shield thy servants in the fight.

Lasting are thy mercies, Lord,  
Truth eternal is thy word ;  
Justice is thy awful throne,  
Yet thou reign'st by love alone.

God of power, and God of might,  
Shield thy servants in the fight.

Let the glorious heavens sing,  
Hallelujah to our King !  
Earth and seas ! repeat the word ;  
Men and angels ! praise the Lord.  
O Defender of the right,  
Shield thy servants in the fight.

*Christian Hymns.*

208.

**B**ELIEVE not those who say  
The upward path is smooth,  
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way  
And faint before the truth.

It is the only road  
Unto the realms of joy ;  
But he who seeks that blest abode  
Must all his powers employ.

Arm, arm thee for the fight !  
Cast useless loads away ;  
Watch through the darkest hours of night ;  
Toil through the hottest day.



THE LIFE OF ENDEAVOUR.

To labour and to love,  
To pardon and endure,  
To lift thy heart to God above,  
And keep thy conscience pure :

Be this thy constant aim,  
Thy hope, thy chief delight ;  
What matter who should whisper blame,  
Or who should scorn or slight,—

If but thy God approve,  
And if, within thy breast,  
Thou feel the comfort of his love,  
The earnest of his rest ?

*Anne Brontë.\**

209.

DISMISS me not thy service, Lord,  
But train me for thy will ;  
For even I, in fields so broad,  
Some duties may fulfil ;  
And I will ask for no reward,  
Except to serve thee still.

How many serve, how many more  
May to the service come ;  
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,  
Thou dost appoint for some :  
Thou hast thy young men at the war,  
Thy little ones at home.

All works are good, and each is best  
As most it pleases thee ;  
Each worker pleases when the rest  
He serves in charity ;  
And neither man nor work unblest  
Wilt thou permit to be.



SERVICE AND SONSHIP.

Our Master all the work hath done  
He asks of us to-day ;  
Sharing his service, every one  
Share too his sonship may :  
Lord, I would serve and be a son ;  
Dismiss me not, I pray.

*Thomas T. Lynch.\**

210.

SOW in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land.  
Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock,  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Scatter it on the rock.  
The good, the fruitful ground,  
Expect not here nor there ;  
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found ;  
Go forth, then, everywhere.  
And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.  
Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain,  
For garnerers in the sky.  
Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God is come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
And heaven cry—' Harvest home !'

*James Montgomery.\**



211.

LIE open, soul ! around thee press  
A thousand things divine ;  
All glory and all holiness  
Are waiting to be thine.

Lie open, soul ! be swift to catch  
Each glory ere it flies ;  
Life's hours are charged, to those who watch,  
With heavenly messages.

Lie open, soul ! the Beautiful  
That all things doth embrace,  
Shall every passion sweetly lull,  
And clothe thee in her grace.

Lie open, soul ! the great and wise  
About thy portal throng ;  
The wealth of souls before thee lies,  
Their gifts to thee belong.

Lie open, soul ! in watchfulness  
Each brighter glory win ;  
The Infinite thy peace shall bless,  
And God shall enter in.

*Herbert New.\**

212.

I N life's earnest morning,  
When our hope was high,  
Came thy voice in summons,  
Not to be put by :  
Nor in toil nor sorrow,  
Weakness nor dismay,  
Need we ever falter—  
Art not thou our stay ?



## THE LARGER VISION.

Teach us, Lord, thy wisdom,  
While we seek men's lore ;  
May the mind be humbled  
As we know thee more ;  
Let the larger vision  
Bring the childlike heart,  
And our deeper knowledge  
Holier zeal impart.

Should our faith be palsied  
By the touch of doubt,  
Should our hearts grow empty,  
Faithless, undevout,  
Lord, in mercy lead us  
To our springs in thee,  
Where are healing waters  
Plentiful and free.

Save us, Lord, from seeking  
Earth's unhallowed goals ;  
May our life-long passion  
Be the love of souls ;  
Let us live and labour,  
Father, in thy sight,  
Through the grace of Jesus,  
By the Spirit's might.

Should thy face be clouded  
To our spirit's sight,  
Speak through human kindness,  
Shine through nature's light ;  
In the face of loved ones  
Or the ties of home—  
God of every good gift  
To thy children come.

*Sherman Oakley.*



213.

WITHOUT haste and without rest ;  
 Bind the motto to thy breast,  
 Bear it with thee as a spell ;  
 Storm or sunshine, guard it well !  
 Heed not flowers that round thee bloom ;  
 Bear it onward to the tomb !

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed  
 Mar the spirit's steady speed ;  
 Ponder well and know the right,  
 Onward then with all thy might ;  
 Haste not—years can ne'er atone  
 For one reckless action done !

Rest not—life is sweeping by,  
 Do and dare before you die ;  
 Something worthy and sublime  
 Leave behind to conquer time :  
 Glorious 'tis to live for aye,  
 When these forms have passed away.

Haste not—rest not, calm in strife ;  
 Meekly bear the storms of life ;  
 Duty be thy polar guide,  
 Do the right whate'er betide ;  
 Haste not—rest not—conflicts past,  
 God shall crown thy work at last !

*Hymns of the Ages.\**

214.

TEACH me, my God and King,  
 Thy will in all to see ;  
 And what I do in anything,  
 To do it as for thee !

To scorn the senses' sway,  
 While still to thee I tend :  
 In all I do, be thou the way,  
 In all, be thou the end.



## STEADFASTNESS AND PATIENCE.

All may of thee partake :  
Nothing so small can be  
But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from thee.

If done beneath thy laws,  
E'en servile labours shine ;  
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause ;  
The meanest work, divine.

*George Herbert, alt. John Wesley.*

215.

OFT when of God we ask  
For fuller happier life,  
He sets us some new task,  
Involving care and strife ;  
Is this the boon for which we sought ?  
Has prayer new trouble on us brought ?

This is indeed the boon,  
Though strange to us it seems ;  
We pierce the rock, and soon  
The blessing on us streams :  
For when we are the more athirst,  
Then the clear waters on us burst.

We toil as in a field  
Wherein, to us unknown,  
A treasure lies concealed,  
Which may be all our own :  
And shall we of the toil complain,  
That speedily will bring such gain ?

We dig the wells of life,  
And God the waters gives ;  
We win our way by strife,  
Then he within us lives :  
And only war could make us meet  
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

*Thomas T. Lynch.*



216.

'TIS not for nothing, Lord, we read  
 How, in the Church's golden prime,  
 The readiest for thy cause to bleed,  
 The men in thought and act sublime,  
 Were those to whom thy love had given  
 The boon of life-long thankfulness;  
 Their names beam out like stars in heaven,  
 Their memory all thy liegemen bless.

Let their example teach us, Lord,  
 One secret of the life divine;  
 How in the thankful breast are stored  
 Forces that make the whole man thine.  
 Who bids his heart go forth in love  
 To thee that far exceed'st it still,  
 Sets all within him free to move  
 In concert with thine own dear will.

So grant us first a worthier sense  
 Of gifts that form our special share,  
 Each gracious call and influence,  
 Each friend raised up, each answered prayer;  
 Then make us wing a broader flight,  
 Help us to bless thee while we scan  
 The length and breadth and depth and height  
 Of thy redeeming work for man.

But while we long, as long we must,  
 More gladness in thy praise to know,  
 Preserve us lest we put our trust  
 In keen emotion's fitful glow:  
 Let every hymn that thrills the breast  
 A duteous habit serve to feed;  
 So thankful words shall please thee best,  
 When bearing fruit in life and deed.

*William Bright.\**



217.

SPIRIT of sacred happiness  
 Who makest energy delight,  
 And love to be in weakness might,  
 Now with enlivening impulse bless,  
 Now re-confirm our steadfastness,  
 And make us vigorous and bright.

Blessed be thou, O Heart Supreme,  
 Sweet charity's unfailing well,  
 Whose bounty all the countries tell ;  
 Drinking of thee, with sunny gleam  
 Forth-leaping into action's stream,  
 Our hearts' replenished fountains swell.

Both work and sport thou hallowest,  
 Canst blissful make the busiest days,  
 And woes that else benumb and craze  
 By thee to finer joys are blest ;  
 And hearts of deeper power possess,  
 With grateful tears thy wisdom praise.

Spirit of bliss and sanctity,  
 Who art invincible in good,  
 Who hate and mockery hast withstood  
 In every age ; how coward we,  
 How selfish, restless, till by thee  
 Inspired to do the thing we would !

By unremorseful joys, O, woo  
 Our hearts to holy efforts still ;  
 Now with young life volition fill ;  
 For child-like, we are God-like too,—  
 Likest our Father when we do  
 With filial love and haste his will.

*Thomas T. Lynch.*



218.

FATHER of our feeble race,  
 Wise, beneficent, and kind !  
 Spread o'er nature's ample face,  
 Flows thy goodness unconfined :  
 Musing in the silent grove,  
 Or the busy walks of men,  
 Still we trace thy wondrous love,  
 Claiming large returns again.

Lord ! what offering shall we bring,  
 At thine altars when we bow ?  
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring  
 Whence the kind affections flow ;  
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,  
 By the melting eye expressed ;  
 Sympathy, at whose control  
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast :

Willing hands to lead the blind,  
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;  
 Love, embracing all our kind,  
 Charity, with liberal store.  
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King !  
 Thus to show our grateful mind,  
 Thus the accepted offering bring,  
 Love to thee, and all mankind.

*John Taylor.*

219.

WHAT thou wilt, O Father, give !  
 All is gain that I receive :  
 Let the lowliest task be mine,  
 Grateful, so the work be thine.



## THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE.

Let me find the humblest place  
In the shadow of thy grace ;  
Let me find in thine employ  
Peace that dearer is than joy.

If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on ;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Let me guide him nearer thee.

Make my mortal dreams come true  
With the work I fain would do ;  
Clothe with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant !

Out of self to love be led,  
And to heaven acclimated,  
Until all things sweet and good  
Seem my natural habitude.

*Arranged from J. G. Whittier.\**

220.

TO-DAY is thine for act and thought,  
O, trust not to the morrow ;  
Nor leave undone the purposed good !  
Delay will bring thee sorrow.  
Each moment, hour, and day, are given  
To lengthen thy probation ;  
Then work, and in the sight of Heaven  
Accomplish thy vocation.

To-day is thine for prayer and praise,  
For holy purpose given ;  
As though it were thy last of days,  
Devote it unto Heaven,  
With pure and consecrated breast ;  
So God shall be entreated,  
And peaceful conscience speak thee blest,  
The duteous day completed.



## THE LIFE OF ENDEAVOUR.

To-day is thine for charity,  
To aid thy suffering neighbour ;  
If Love be stranger to thy heart,  
Then vain is all thy labour.  
To-day the friendly hand put forth  
And cheer the breast of sorrow,  
And shouldst thou see to-morrow's sun,  
These things repeat to-morrow.

*William Tidd Matson.*

### 221.

TEACH me to live, thy purpose to fulfil,  
Bright for thy glory let my taper shine :  
Each day renew, remould the stubborn will ;  
Closer round thee my heart's affection twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more ;  
But use the time remaining to me yet ;  
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,  
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live ! No idler let me be,  
But in thy service hand and heart employ,  
Prepared to do thy bidding cheerfully—  
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live, my daily cross to bear,  
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load ;  
Only be with me, let me feel thee near ;  
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkened road.

Teach me to live and find my life in thee,  
Looking from earth and earthly things away ;  
Let me not falter, but untiringly  
Press on, and gain new strength and power each  
day.

*Ellen Elizabeth Burman.\**



222.

GO forth to life, O child of earth !  
 Still mindful of thy heavenly birth :  
 Thou art not here for ease or sin,  
 But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,  
 Thy spirit can their flames control ;  
 Though tempters strong beset thy way,  
 Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on, from innocence of youth,  
 To manly pureness, manly truth ;  
 God's angels still are near to save,  
 And God himself doth help the brave.

Then, forth to life, O child of earth !  
 Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !  
 For noble service thou art here ;  
 Thy brothers help, thy God revere.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

223.

FATHER, we would not dare to change  
 Thy purpose, if we might ;  
 For how shall man presume to teach  
 The everlasting Right.

Our prayer is but a flower that lifts  
 Its petals to the sun,  
 That in the light it may unfold  
 Its leaflets one by one.

We only ask thyself: that we,  
 Unfolding hour by hour  
 The beauty of good deeds, may drink  
 Thy life in like the flower.

*Minot J. Savage.\**



224.

YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait;  
Observant of his heavenly word,  
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.

Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;  
And while we speak he's near;  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.

*Philip Doddridge.\**

225.

O LORD of life, and love, and power,  
How joyful life might be,  
If in thy service every hour  
We lived and moved with thee!  
If youth in all its bloom and might  
By thee were sanctified,  
And manhood found its chief delight  
In working at thy side.

'Tis ne'er too late, while life shall last,  
A new life to begin;  
'Tis ne'er too late to leave the past,  
And break with self and sin.  
And we this day, both old and young,  
Would earnestly aspire  
For hearts to nobler purpose strung,  
And purified desire.



## THE SYMPATHY OF SERVICE.

Nor for ourselves alone we plead,  
But for all faithful souls  
Who serve thy cause by word or deed,  
Whose names thy book enrolls.  
O speed thy work, victorious King !  
And give thy workers might,  
That through the world thy truth may ring,  
And all men see thy light !

*Ella Sophia Armitage.\**

226.

O YE who, with undoubting eyes,  
Through cloud and gathering storm,  
Behold the span of freedom's skies,  
And sunshine soft and warm,—

Press bravely onward ! not in vain  
Your trust in humankind :  
The good which bloodshed could not gain,  
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

The great hearts of your olden time  
Are beating with you strong ;  
All holy memories and sublime  
And glorious round you throng.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad  
By every wind and tide ;  
The voice of nature and of God  
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found  
Are those which heaven hath wrought,  
Light, truth, and love ; your battle-ground  
The free, broad field of thought.

Press on ! and we who may not share  
The glory of your fight,  
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,  
God's blessing on the right.

*John Greenleaf Whittier.\**



227.

SILENT like men in solemn haste,  
Girded wayfarers of the waste,  
We press along the narrow road  
That leads to life, to truth, to God.

We fling aside the weight, the sin,  
Resolved the victory to win :  
We know the peril, but our eyes  
Rest on the splendour of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,  
From Christain toil our limbs to keep,  
No shrinking from the desperate fight,  
No thought of yielding or of flight.

No love of present gain or ease,  
No seeking man or self to please ;  
With the brave heart and steady eye,  
We onward march to victory.

What though with weariness oppressed?  
'Tis but a little, and we rest ;  
Finished the toil—the race is run ;  
The battle fought—the field is won !

*Horatius Bonar.\**

228.

CHRISTIAN warrior ! faint not, fear not !  
Though thy foes press thickly round :  
Scorn to yield, as those who hear not  
The glad gospel's trumpet sound !

Christian warrior ! ne'er unarm thee ;  
When, in flattering pleasure's guise,  
The subtle foe would fear to alarm thee—  
Christian sentinel, be wise !



## THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Wearied warrior ! still assure thee,  
‘As thy day, thy strength shall be ;’  
When thou’st borne the battle’s fury,  
Turn not at its close and flee !

Lo ! the clouds of war are clearing ;  
Foes are waxing faint and few ;  
Through their scattered ranks appearing,  
Zion’s towers expand to view !

Christian warrior ! grace protect thee !  
Watch and pray and onward hie ;  
Zion’s herald hosts expect thee,  
Angel bards of victory !

*Thomas Alfred Ashworth.*

229.

**O** YIELD not in the day when strength and courage  
fail !

Great is the truth of God, and it shall yet prevail ;  
The children of the world may mock, but still as aye  
The foolishness of God shall be more wise than they.

The wilderness shall yet its hidden springs disclose,  
The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose,  
The sun shall shine on realms that long his light  
ignored,

And all the earth become the garden of the Lord.

Then cease not, faithful ones, to toil with heart and hand,  
To widen out the borders of the chosen land ;  
To quell with love the outlaw host, whose bitter hearts  
Defy the gentle Lord who came to heal their smarts.

Go, bearing his reproach, to spread the precious seed  
Which, sown in weakness, raised in tears, one day  
shall feed

The hungry nations, filling earth with praise and joy ;  
And sin’s ill weeds no more God’s holy field annoy.

*Ella Sophia Armitage.*



230.

O IT is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take his part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart.

He hides himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God ;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.

Ah ! God is other than we think :  
His ways are far above,  
Far beyond reason's height, and reached  
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God ! O lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like ;  
And in the darkest battle-field  
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field, when he  
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine  
Where the real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,  
And learn to lose with God ;  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckons thee his road.

*Frederick William Faber.\**



231.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,  
Onward goes the pilgrim band,  
Singing songs of expectation,  
Marching to the promised land.

Clear before us through the darkness,  
Gleams and burns the guiding light ;  
Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own Presence  
O'er his ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread :

One the object of our journey,  
One the faith that never tires,  
One the earnest looking forward,  
One the hope our God inspires :

One the strain that lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one ;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One the march in God begun :

One the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
Onward with the cross our aid !  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade.

*B. S. Ingemann, tr. S. Baring-Gould.\**



232.

ONWARD, onward, though the region  
 Where thou art be drear and lone ;  
 God hath set a guardian legion  
 Very near thee,—press thou on !  
 By the thorn-road, and none other,  
 Is the mount of vision won :  
 Tread it without shrinking, brother !  
 Jesus trod it,—press thou on !  
 By thy trustful calm endeavour,  
 Guiding, cheering, like the sun,  
 Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver :  
 O, for their sake, press thou on !  
 Be this world the wiser, stronger,  
 For thy life of pain and peace :  
 While it needs thee, O, no longer  
 Pray thou for thy quick release ;  
 Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,  
 That thou be a faithful son ;  
 By the prayer of Jesus,—‘ Father,  
 Not my will, but thine, be done !’

*Samuel Johnson.\**

233.

FORWARD! be our watchword,  
 Steps and voices joined ;  
 Seek the things before us,  
 Not a look behind ;  
 Burns the fiery pillar  
 At our army’s head ;  
 Who shall dream of shrinking,  
 By the Father led !  
 Forward through the desert,  
 Through the toil and fight,  
 Jordan flows before us,  
 Zion beams with light.



## THE DISCIPLES' MARCH.

Forward, when in childhood  
    Buds the infant mind ;  
All through youth and manhood,  
    Not a thought behind ;  
Speed through realms of nature,  
    Climb the steps of grace ;  
Faint not, till around us  
    Gleams the Father's face.  
    Forward, all the lifetime,  
        Climb from height to height :  
    Till the head be hoary,  
        Till the eve be light.

Forward, haste the kingdom  
    Of our God on earth,  
Till each yearning purpose  
    Spring to glorious birth ;  
Sick, they ask for healing,  
    Blind, they grope for day ;  
Pour upon the nations  
    Wisdom's loving ray.  
    Forward, out of error,  
        Leave behind the night ;  
    Forward, through the darkness,  
        Forward into light !

Glories upon glories  
    Hath our God prepared,  
By the souls that love him  
    One day to be shared ;  
Eye hath not beheld them,  
    Ear hath never heard :  
Nor of these hath uttered  
    Thought or speech a word ;  
    Forward, ever forward,  
        Clad in armour bright ;  
    Till the veil be lifted,  
        Till our faith be sight !

*Henry Alford.\**



234.

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round  
 Of circling planets singing on their way;  
 Guide of the nations from the night profound  
 Into the glory of the perfect day,  
 Rule in our hearts that we may ever be  
 Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.  
 We are of thee, the children of thy love,  
 The brothers of thy well-belovèd Son;  
 Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,  
 Into our hearts, that we may be as one,—  
 As one with thee, to whom we ever tend;  
 As one with him, our brother and our friend.  
 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,  
 One in our love of all things sweet and fair,  
 One with the joy that breaketh into song,  
 One with the grief that trembles into prayer,  
 One in the power that makes thy children free  
 To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.  
 O clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord!  
 Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine.  
 Our inspiration be thy constant word;  
 We ask no victories that are not thine.  
 Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,  
 Enough to know that we are serving thee.

*John White Chadwick.\**

235.

EXPECTANT of my Lord's command,  
 Till he my work appoint I wait;  
 Some work, with which my powers may mate,  
 Divinely suited to my hand.  
 Some work by which my soul may grow,  
 In health and sinew, and acquire  
 Strength to fulfil her large desire,  
 That from the flower the fruit may show.



## WAITING FOR THE CALL.

Some work by which my heart may prove  
On whom her steadfast wishes rest,  
And undeniably attest  
Her deep sincerity of love.

Some work whose end shall make my days  
Nor useless nor ignoble glide ;  
A work whose influence shall abide,  
Redounding to the Father's praise.

O Father ! I would yield to thee  
Of life's great energies, the whole,  
Even as the lavish rivers roll  
Their wealth of waters to the sea.

*William Tidd Matson.\**

## 236.

AT thy call, O Voice divine !  
Here, with girded loins we stand ;  
Soldiers, priests, and sons of thine,  
Lord, we wait the beckoning hand.

From this cloistered calm retreat,—  
From our musings, vows, and prayers,—  
At thy word we go to meet  
Earthly conflicts, toils, and cares.

Through the temple gate, O God !  
In thy might would we go forth,  
Thou, whose altar, pure and broad,  
Hallows every spot of earth.

Lead us in the kindling name  
Of thy well-belovèd Son ;  
Make his love our guiding flame,  
Till the heavenly day is won.

*Charles T. Brooks.\**



237.

FATHER, thy servants wait to do thy will!  
Called to thy work, O cloke them with thy  
    might,  
And with this threefold grace their spirits fill,—  
    Love, liberty, and light.

With love, for the dear souls that thou hast made,  
And for the truth which only maketh free;  
So with all patience, faithful, unafraid,  
    They shall be true to thee.

With liberty, that where thy Spirit leads,  
Follows, whatever faith it leaves behind,  
And fearless searching, all life's mysteries reads,  
    A fuller faith to find.

With light, an effluence of the Life Divine,  
Before which error falls and falsehood dies,  
Leading their spirits joyfully to thine,  
    And upward to the skies.

Thus furnished for their work, O Father, stand  
Close by their side to give that work success;  
And may the good seed scattered by thy hand,  
    Bear fruits of righteousness.

*William Henry Burleigh.\**

238.

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!  
Gird you with your armour bright;  
Mighty are your enemies,  
Hard the battle ye must fight.

'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living word,  
Let the Master's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.



## THE WARFARE OF THE CROSS.

Where the shadows deepest lie,  
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;  
Where are crimes of blackest dye,  
There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn  
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;  
To the outcast and forlorn  
Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless ; seek the strayed ;  
Comfort troubles ; banish grief ;  
In the might of God arrayed,  
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurled,  
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

*Bishop William Walsham How.\**

239.

EVERLASTING, Holy One !  
Many a well-belovèd son  
Thou dost choose like him of old,  
For thy truth's sake to be bold.  
Not by any outward sign  
Dost thou show thy will divine ;  
Deep within thy voice doth cry,  
And our spirits make reply.

Lo, we stand before thee now,  
And the silent inward vow  
Thou hast heard, in that profound  
Where is neither voice nor sound ;  
Thou hast heard, and thou wilt bless  
With thy might and tenderness ;  
We have come to do thy will ;  
With thy love our spirits fill.

*John White Chadwick.*



240

SPIRIT of God, thine earnest give,  
That these our prayers are heard, and they  
Who grasp, this hour, the sword of heaven,  
Shall feel thee on their weary way.

Oft as at morn or soothing eve  
Over the holy fount they lean,  
Their fading garland freshly weave,  
Or fan them with thine airs serene.

Spirit of light and truth, to thee  
We trust them in that musing hour,  
Till they, with open heart and free,  
Teach all thy word in all its power.

When foemen watch their tents by night,  
And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell,  
Spirit of counsel and of might,  
Their pastoral welfare guide thou well.

And O! when worn and tired they sigh  
With that more fearful war within,  
When passion's storms are loud and high,  
And brooding o'er remembered sin,

The heart lies down—O mightiest then,  
Come ever true, come ever near,  
And wake their slumbering love again,  
Spirit of God's most holy fear!

*John Keble.\**

241.

BACKWARD looking o'er the past,  
Forward, too, with eager gaze,  
Stand we here to-day, O God,  
At the parting of the ways.



## THE WARFARE OF THE CROSS.

Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill ;  
Memories all bright and fair  
Seem to float on spirit-wings  
Downward through the silent air.

Hark ! through all their music sweet,  
Hear we not a voice that cheers ?  
'Tis the voice of hope which sings,  
' Happy be the coming years !'

Father, comes that voice from thee !  
Swells it with thy meaning vast,—  
Good in all the future stored,  
Good evolved from all the past !

Call thy servants, living God !  
We would join in work with thee  
For the love that faileth not,  
For the truth that maketh free.

*John White Chadwick.\**

242.

SOLDIER of the cross, obey,  
Follow where thy Master led,  
Whether it be night or day,  
'Mong the living, or the dead.

Lo ! it is not thine to say  
When to march, and when to rest,  
When to watch, and when to pray ;  
Do God's will, he knoweth best.

In the dust and tumult we  
Know a little part and dim ;  
Only he the field can see—  
Trust the battle all to him.



## THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

Trust his wisdom, truth, and right,  
Trust in mercy from above,  
Trust the might of growing light,  
Trust the winning power of love.

Scorning what is mean and base,  
Hating every heartless lie ;  
Clasp the cross in your embrace—  
Suffering is your victory.

Yours is still the fight of faith ;  
Faith the battle won before—  
Faith amid the gloom of death,  
Faith in God for evermore.

*Walter C. Smith.\**

243.

THOU Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand  
Hath brought us here before thy face !  
Our spirits wait for thy command ;  
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

Those spirits lay their noblest powers  
As offerings on thy holy shrine :  
Thine was the strength that nourished ours ;  
The soldiers of the cross are thine.

While watching on our arms at night,  
We saw thine angels round us move ;  
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,  
And followed, trusting to thy love.

And now with hymn and prayer we stand,  
To give our strength to thee, great God !  
We would redeem thy holy land,  
That land which sin so long has trod.



## THE WARFARE OF THE CROSS.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord !  
Through rugged toil and wearying fight :  
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,  
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray ;  
Be thy pure angels with us still ;  
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay ;  
Our only rest, to do thy will.

*Octavius Brooks Frothingham.\**

244.

BE thy word with power fraught,  
Many hearts in many ways  
Blessing with new love and thought,  
To religion's added praise.

Be it for the rash restraint,  
Ardour for the dull and cold ;  
Be it comfort for the faint,  
Be it counsel for the bold.

Be it for the tempest-worn  
Haven for a quiet stay ;  
May it, like the wakening horn,  
Summon cheerful souls away.

May some saddened hearts arise,  
And be blossoms in the light ;  
Some, like stars in clearing skies,  
Trembling be, yet very bright.

As in whisper or in shout,  
Calming, rousing, Lord, be heard ;  
Such thy voice that even doubt  
Cries ' 'Tis he,' and ' 'Tis his word.'

*Thomas T. Lynch.*



245.

O GOD, whose law is in the sky,  
 Whose light is on the sea,  
 Who livest in the human heart,  
 We give ourselves to thee.

In fearless world-wide search for truth,  
 Whatever form it wear,  
 Or crown, or cross, or praise, or blame,  
 We thine ourselves declare.

In love that binds mankind in one,  
 That serves all those in need,  
 Whose law is helpful sympathy,  
 In this we're thine indeed.

In labour whose far-distant end  
 Is bringing to accord  
 Man's common life with highest hope,  
 We follow thee, O Lord !

To truth, to love, to duty, then,  
 Wherever we may be,  
 We give ourselves ; and doing this  
 We give ourselves to thee.

For hand and heart and mind are thine,  
 And thine the will to give,  
 So what is thine we render thee,  
 And for thy service live.

*Minot J. Savage.*

246.

I N the beginning was the Word :  
 Athwart the primal night  
 It flashed with quick creative power,  
 And on the earth was light.



## THE SERVICE OF THE WORD.

In the beginning was the Word ;  
Its utterance of might  
Upon man's waiting spirit gleamed,  
And in the soul was light.

O Word that broke the stillness first,  
Sound on, and never cease,  
Till all earth's darkness be made light,  
And all her discord peace !

Sound in thy servants' waiting hearts  
Till all their depths be stirred ;  
Speak from their pure unfaltering lips  
O ever-living Word !

Till selfish passion, strife, and wrong,  
Thy summons shall have heard,  
And thy creation be complete,  
O Thou Eternal Word !

*Samuel Longfellow.\**

247.

MIGHTY One, before whose face  
Wisdom had her glorious seat,  
When the orbs that people space  
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet !

Source of truth, whose rays alone  
Light the mighty world of mind !  
God of love, who from thy throne  
Watchest over all mankind !

Shed on those who in thy name  
Teach the way of truth and right,  
Shed that love's undying flame,  
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

*William Cullen Bryant.*



248.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of thy tone ;  
As thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet ;  
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
The hungry ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that, while I stand  
Firm on the rock and strong in thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things thou dost impart ;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depth of many a heart.

O fill me with thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

*Frances Ridley Havergal.\**

249.

TO preach Good Tidings ! this the call  
Heard by thy chosen one of old,  
And from his heart the tide uprose,  
And from his lips the current rolled.

To preach Good Tidings ! once again  
That call divine is heard to-day ;  
And to obey thy high command  
Thy servants here are on their way.



## THE GOOD TIDINGS.

Tidings of faith and hope they bring ;  
Of faith that cannot doubt or fear,  
But in the darkest hour can trust  
A loving Father ever near :

Of hope for all who live or die ;  
For all who sin or suffer pain ;  
That all who here must say farewell  
May somehow, somewhere, meet again.

Tidings of love from God to man ;  
Of human love that makes reply ;  
Of man for man, of each for all,  
Here and for evermore on high.

O Father may their word be blest  
To all who hear its joyful sound ;  
Deep in their minds its truth abide,  
And in their hearts its peace profound.

*John White Chadwick.*

250.

O STILL, in accents sweet and strong,  
Sounds forth the ancient word,—  
'More reapers for white harvest fields,  
More labourers for the Lord !'

We hear the call ; in dreams no more  
In selfish ease we lie,  
But, girded for our Father's work,  
Go forth beneath his sky.

Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,  
And prayers of saints were sown,  
We, to their labours entering in,  
Would reap where they have strewn.



## THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

O Thou, whose call our hearts has stirred !  
To do thy will we come ;  
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,  
And bear our harvest home.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

### 251.

I THANK thee, gracious God, for all  
Of witness there has been  
From me, in any path of life,  
Though silent and unseen.

For solace ministered perchance  
In days of grief and pain !  
For peace to troubled weary souls,  
Not spoken all in vain.

O honour higher, truer far  
Than earthly fame could bring,  
Thus to be used, in work like this,  
So long, by such a King !

Lord, keep us still the same as in  
Remembered days of old !  
Oh, keep us fervent still in love  
'Mid many waxing cold.

Help us, O Lord, to grasp each truth  
With hand as firm and true,  
As when we clasped it first to heart,  
A treasure fresh and new :

Thy name to name, thyself to own  
With voice unfaltering,  
And face as bold and unashamed  
As in our freshest spring.

*Horatius Bonar.\**



252.

**O**FT, Lord, I weary in thy work,  
 But of thy work I do not tire,  
 Although I toil from dawn till dark,  
 From matins of the early lark,  
 Until his evensong expire.

Ah! who that tends the altar fire,  
 Or ministers the incense due,  
 Or sings thy praises in the choir,  
 Or publishes good news, could tire  
 Of that he loves so well to do?

Sweet is the recompense it brings,—  
 The work that with good-will is done;  
 For all the heart with gladness sings,  
 And all the fleeting hours have wings,  
 And all the day is full of sun.

And if he labour not in vain,  
 If souls are by his message stirred,  
 If he can comfort grief and pain,  
 Or bring repentant tears like rain  
 By force of his entreating word,—

The hand may weary of its task,  
 And weary he may drag his feet,  
 The weary frame may long to bask  
 In needful rest, but do not ask  
 The heart to weary of its beat.

*Walter C. Smith.*

253.

**Y**OUNG souls, so strong the race to run  
 And win each height sublime!  
 Unweary still would ye march on,  
 And still exulting climb?



## THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

Walk with the Lord ! along the road  
Your strength he will renew !  
Wait on the everlasting God,  
And he will wait on you.

Burn with his love ! your fading fire  
An endless flame will glow :  
Life from the Well of Life require !  
The stream will ever flow.

Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,  
Still in the Spirit strong :  
Each task divine ye still shall hail,  
And blend the exulting song.

Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,  
And heights sublime explore :  
Like eagles, ye shall sunward gaze ;  
Like eagles, heavenward soar.

Your wondrous portion shall be this,  
Your life below, above ;—  
Eternal youth, eternal bliss,  
And everlasting love.

*Thomas Hornblower Gill.\**

254.

WORK on, while it is called to-day ;  
This is no time to rest or play,  
Gird up your loins, and haste away  
To sow or reap :  
Take to your tools, the sun is high,  
The dew upon the grass is dry,  
The busy bee is humming by,  
And would you sleep ?



## WATCHFULNESS AND WISDOM.

Forth to your labour in the land,  
Ready, whatever comes to hand,  
To do it at your Lord's command,  
    And do it well;  
To break the stony heart within,  
Or harvest souls redeemed from sin,  
Or let the light of life break in  
    Where sorrows dwell.

Wait not for bit to curb your pride,  
Nor yet for spur your sloth to hide,  
But watch his eye, and make your guide  
    The glance he gives.  
Lo! in his work a blessing lies,  
And, doing it, ye shall grow wise;  
And he whose own will daily dies  
    For ever lives.

*Walter C. Smith.\**

255.

O NOT to one, but all, our God,  
    Grant ordination free  
To heights of life as yet untrod,  
    And nobler ministry;  
To tenderer words, to manlier deeds,  
    To wills set fast in right,  
To heart-beats rhymed to others' needs,  
    To sweetness and to light.  
Ordain in all the seeker's mind  
    Of eager, trusting youth,  
That hurries forth each morn to find  
    New manna-falls of truth;  
Ordain the prophet-heart that takes  
    Lone sides with outcast worth;  
Ordain the helping hand that makes  
    A dawn of heaven on earth.

*William Channing Gannett.\**



256.

LORD, forgive me, day by day,  
Debts I cannot hope to pay :  
Duties I have left undone ;  
Evils I have failed to shun :

Trespases in word and thought ;  
Deeds from evil motive wrought ;  
Cold ingratitude, distrust ;  
Thoughts unhallowed or unjust.

Pardon, Lord !—and are there those  
Who my debtors are, or foes ?  
I, who by forgiveness live,  
Here their trespases forgive.

Much forgiven, may I learn  
Love for hatred to return ;  
Then assured my heart shall be,  
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

*Josiah Conder.\**

257.

THOUGH we long, in sin-wrought blindness,  
From thy gracious paths have strayed,  
Cold to thee and all thy kindness,  
Wilful, reckless, or afraid ;  
Through dim clouds that gather round us  
Thou hast sought, and thou hast found us.

Oft from thee we veil our faces,  
Children-like to cheat thine eyes ;  
Sin, and hope to hide the traces ;  
From ourselves ourselves disguise :  
'Neath the webs enwoven round us  
Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.



## THE REST OF FAITH.

Sudden, 'midst our idle chorus,  
O'er our sin thy thunders roll;  
Death his signal waves before us,  
Night and terror take the soul;  
Till through double darkness round us  
Looks a star,—and thou hast found us.

O most merciful, most holy,  
Light thy wanderers on their way;  
Keep us ever thine, thine wholly,  
Suffer us no more to stray!  
Cloud and storm oft gather round us:  
We were lost,—but thou hast found us.

*Francis Turner Palgrave.*

258.

L ORD, we believe a rest remains  
To all thy people known,  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And thou art served alone:—

A rest where all our soul's desire  
Is fixed on things above,  
Where fear and sin and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.

O that we now that rest might know,  
Believe and enter in!  
Thou Holiest! now the power bestow,  
And let us cease from sin.

Remove this hardness from our heart,  
This unbelief remove;  
The rest of perfect faith impart,  
The sabbath of thy love.

*Charles Wesley.\**



259.

**G**OD of mercy, God of love !  
Hear our sad repentant song ;  
Sorrow dwells on every face,  
Penitence on every tongue.

Deep regret for follies past,  
Talents wasted, time misspent ;  
Hearts debased by worldly cares,  
Thankless for the blessings lent ;

Foolish fears, and fond desires,  
Vain regrets for things as vain ;  
Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
Oft to murmur and complain ;

These, and every secret fault,  
Filled with grief and shame we own :  
Humbled, at thy feet we lie,  
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

God of mercy, God of grace !  
Hear our sad repentant songs ;  
O restore thy suppliant race,  
Thou to whom all grace belongs !

*John Taylor.*

260.

**B**EAR thou my burden, though 'tis blent with sin,  
The load too heavy is for me to bear.  
Heal thou the wounds that strife doth make within,  
And give me calm in hours of fear and care.

Let me not fret because of evil men ;  
Smooth thou each angry ripple of my soul.  
Reviled, O let me not revile again,  
And let thy hand my rising warmth control.



## THE SUPPORTING GOD.

Let not my peace be broken when the wrong  
Conquers the right ; but let me still wait on ;  
The day of right is coming, late, but long—  
Beneath the sway of the all-righteous One.

When truth is overborne and error reigns,  
When clamour lords it over patient love,  
Give the brave calmness which from wrath refrains,  
Yet from the steadfast course declines to move.

Beneath the load of crosses and of cares,  
Of thwarted plans, of rude and spiteful words,  
O bear me up, when this weak flesh despairs,  
And the one arm faith leans on is the Lord's.

*Horatius Bonar.\**

261.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
Make me teachable and mild ;  
Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weaned child ;  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive ;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to thy wisdom leave :  
'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;  
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own ;  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;  
Fears to stir a step alone ;  
Let me thus with thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

*John Newton.\**



262.

MY tempted soul, arise and fight !  
 Round thee are perils of the night.  
 Sleep not, but rouse thee for the war,  
 Nor shrink from pain, and wound, and scar.

Do snares lie all thy path along ?  
 And are these spells for thee too strong ?  
 Up then, and grasp the hand divine,  
 Take that almighty hand in thine.

Does conscious weakness cast thee down ?  
 What ! dost thou think thyself alone ?  
 Know'st thou not One who by thy side  
 Doth ever stand, whate'er betide ?

His is an arm that cannot fail,  
 Whatever foe may thee assail ;  
 His is a love that changes not ;  
 Trust him, thou shalt not be forgot.

Be still, be still, my throbbing heart,  
 The strong One will his strength impart ;  
 Firm clasp his hand who claspeth thine,  
 No power shall e'er that clasp untwine.

*Horatius Bonar.\**

263.

THOU knowest Lord ! thou know'st my life's deep  
 story,

And all the mingled good and ill I do !  
 Thou seest my shame, my few stray gleams of glory,  
 Where I am false and where my soul rings true.

Lord ! I am glad thou know'st my inmost being ;  
 Glad thou dost search the secrets of my heart ;  
 I would not hide one folly from thy seeing  
 Nor shun thy healing touch to save the smart.



## THE PRAYER FOR PURITY.

Like warp and woof the good and ill are blended,  
Nor do I see the pattern that I weave ;  
Yet in thy love the whole is comprehended,  
And in thy hand my future lot I leave.

Only, dear Lord, make plain the path of duty ;  
Let not my shame and sorrow weigh me down,  
Lest in despair I fail to see its beauty,  
And weeping vainly miss the victor's crown.

*Henry W. Hawkes.*

264.

GIVE us, O Fount of Purity,  
Clearness of conscience ; purge our sense ;  
That thou in us, unceasingly,  
May'st deign to keep thy residence.

Between us and thyself remove  
Whatever hindrances may be,  
That so our inmost heart may prove  
A holy dwelling, meet for thee.

O that by thy diviner strength  
Our minds were perfectly renewed :  
All failings rooted out at length,  
And we with new-born powers endued.

Let coward fear to hope give place ;  
And meekness reign, like mother mild ;  
And charity, the chiefest grace,—  
Pureness of spirit undefiled,—

Regard thee with a filial love ;  
No place remain for slavish fear  
Of thee, who, while the ages move,  
Dost count our souls so passing dear.

*Karlsruhe Latin MS. of the 15th Century ;  
tr. Thomas George Crippen.\**



265. .

TOO great it seemed that thou shouldst deign  
to come

And make this lowly heart of mine thy home,  
That thou would'st deign, O King of Kings, to be  
E'en for one hour a sojourner in me :  
Yet art thou always here to help and bless,  
And lift the load of my great sinfulness.

It seemed too wonderful, for such a guide  
To walk with me my faltering steps beside,  
To help me when I fall, and when I stray,  
Constrain me gently to the better way :  
Yet art thou always at my side to be  
A Counsellor and Comforter to me.

I do not always go where thou dost lead,  
I do not always thy soft whispers heed ;  
I follow other lights, and, in my sin,  
I vex with many a slight my Friend within :  
Yet dost thou not, though grieved, from me depart,  
But guardest still thy place within my heart.

*Edwin Hatch.\**

266.

O GOD ! who know'st how frail we are,  
How soon the thought of good departs ;  
We pray that thou wouldst feed the fount  
Of holy yearning in our hearts.

Let not the choking cares of earth  
Their precious springs of life o'ergrow ;  
But, ever guarded by thy love,  
Still purer may their waters flow.

To thee, with sweeter hope and trust,  
Be every day our spirits given ;  
And may we, while we walk on earth,  
Walk more as citizens of heaven.

*William Gaskell.*



267.

KEEP mine eyes, O Lord, from tears,  
 Keep my feet from ways of sin,  
 Keep my heart from death's dark fears,  
 Keep my spirit pure within.  
 Keep me, for in thee I trust,  
 Hedge me from the tempter's power,  
 Purge my heart from sinful lust,  
 Help me in the evil hour.

Often I thy spirit grieve,  
 Often err and go astray,  
 Often fond delusions weave  
 Round the evil of my way ;  
 Pleading now the fruitless strife,  
 Now the pressure of the throng,  
 Now the ancient grooves of life  
 That are bearing us along.

Yet, Lord, do not me forsake :  
 Do not fail in time of need ;  
 Do not thy good spirit take ;  
 Do not break the bruised reed.  
 Ransomed, quickened, and forgiven,  
 Cleansed from all unholy ways,  
 Guided on my road to heaven,  
 Give me songs, and I will praise.

As the rainfall on the hills  
 Springing in the lowly glen,  
 Floweth down in murmuring rills  
 Through the busy haunts of men ;  
 So replenished by thy grace,  
 Wells of joy shall rise in me,  
 Making glad the desert place,  
 Waking praises unto thee.

*Walter C. Smith.\**



268.

NOT yet I love my God  
 With undivided heart ;  
 Not yet I tread the heavenly road  
 With feet that ne'er depart.

Not yet is all thy will  
 Sweet to this heart of mine ;  
 Not yet I hasten to fulfil  
 Each dear command of thine.

Not yet thy wondrous ways  
 I know as I desire,  
 Not yet upon those glories gaze  
 To which mine eyes aspire.

Not yet thy tasks divine  
 Alone my hands employ ;  
 Not yet that presence sweet of thine  
 Maketh mine only joy.

But shall I not one day,  
 My God, be all thine own ;  
 Rejoicing, all thy will obey,  
 And do thy works alone ?

Will not my joy and love  
 Be endless and complete,  
 And all my blessedness above  
 Flow from thy presence sweet ?

*Thomas Hornblower Gill.\**

269.

ONE thing I of the Lord desire—  
 For all my way hath miry been—  
 Be it by water or by fire,  
 O make me clean.



## THE PRAYER FOR PURITY.

Erewhile I strove for perfect truth,  
And thought it was a worthy strife ;  
But now I leave that aim of youth  
For perfect life.

If clearer vision thou impart,  
Grateful and glad my soul shall be ;  
But yet to have a purer heart  
Is more to me.

Yea, only as the heart is clean,  
May larger vision yet be mine,  
For mirrored in its depths are seen  
The things divine.

I watch to shun the miry way,  
And staunch the spring of guilty thought ;  
But, watch and wrestle as I may,  
Pure I am not.

So wash thou me without, within ;  
Or purge with fire, if that must be ;  
No matter how, if only sin  
Die out in me.

*Walter C. Smith.*

270.

WE name thy name, O God,  
As our God call on thee,  
Though the dark heart meantime  
Far from thy ways may be.

And we can own thy law,  
And we can sing thy songs,  
While this sad inner soul  
To sin and shame belongs.



THE FAILURE OF ENDEAVOUR.

On us thy love may glow,  
As the pure mid-day fire  
On some foul spot look down,  
And yet the mire be mire.

Then spare us not thy fires,  
The searching light and pain ;  
Burn out the sin ; and, last,  
With thy love heal again.

*Francis Turner Palgrave.*

271.

OF all the precious gifts, O Lord,  
Thy mercy can impart,  
Whate'er thou wilt to withhold,  
O grant a perfect heart.

Behold us, how we feebly float  
Through many a changing mood ;  
How oft one flash of thought annuls  
Our firmest choice of good.

We sin, repent, and fondly think  
Our hill is now made strong ;  
Our state of grace, restored, abides—  
Thou knowest, Lord, how long.

Alas, for prayer-made purposes  
That live not half the day—  
For goodness like the morning cloud,  
Like dews that pass away !

O take our incoherent wills,  
And set them straight with thine  
Our broken threads of moral life  
In one strong whole combine :



FAITH AND PERSEVERANCE.

Make us each day more fixed in love,  
To thee more simply given,  
Till perseverance lands us safe  
In thine unchanging heaven.

*William Bright.\**

272.

WHEREFORE, Lord, abides no might  
In these faltering hands of ours?  
Wherefore 'neath each burden light  
Sink our hearts and fail our powers?  
Wherefore turn our tirèd feet  
From the road that seemed so sweet?

Wherefore do our sorrows cleave?  
Wherefore do our tears o'erflow?  
Lord! in thee we half believe:  
Faith's full life we do not know;  
Faith's bright fire burns not in us:  
Hence we weep and falter thus.

Wherefore do we yield to fear?  
Wherefore turn we tremblers back?  
With the heavenly Helper near  
What true soul can courage lack?  
Lord! we scarce believe in thee;  
Hence our lack of valiancy.

Lord! more faith we weaklings want;  
Lord! for faith we tremblers sigh;  
Lord! for faith we mourners pant;  
Lord! for faith we sinners cry.  
With this grace each grace let fall!  
Give this gift and give us all!

*Thomas Hornblower Gill,\**



273.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows !  
 I see from far thy beauteous light ;  
 Inly I sigh for thy repose ;  
 Then shall my heart from care be free,  
 When it hath found repose in thee.

Father ! thy sovereign aid impart,  
 To save me from low-thoughted care !  
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
 Through all its latent mazes there :  
 Make me thy duteous child, that I  
 Ceaseless may ' Abba, Father,' cry.

Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart that lowly waits thy call !  
 Speak to my inmost soul and say,  
 ' I am thy life, thy God, thy all !'  
 Thy love to reach, thy voice to hear,  
 Thy power to feel, be all my prayer.

*Gerhard Tersteegen, tr. John Wesley.\**

274.

QUIET from God ! How blessed 'tis to keep  
 This treasure the All-merciful hath given ;  
 To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,  
 Its incense round us like a breath from heaven !

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart ;  
 To dwell with God, yet still with man to feel ;  
 To bear about for ever in the heart  
 The gladness which his spirit doth reveal.

Who shall make trouble then ? Not evil minds,  
 Which like a shadow o'er creation lower.

The soul which peace hath thus attuned, finds  
 How strong within doth reign the Calmer's  
 power.



## THE WAY OF PEACE.

What shall make trouble? Not the holy thought  
Of loved ones lost; for that will be a part  
Of those undying things which peace hath wrought  
Into a world of beauty in the heart.

What shall make trouble? Not slow wasting pain,  
Nor e'en th' impending, certain stroke of death:  
These do but wear away, then break, the chain  
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

*Adapted from Sarah Johanna Williams.\**

### 275.

**I**MMORTAL Love, within whose righteous will  
Is always peace;  
O pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill;  
Let passion cease;  
Come down in power within my heart to reign,  
For I am weak, and struggle has been vain.

The days are gone, when far and wide my will  
Drove me astray;  
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,  
That narrow way,  
Which leads through mists and rocks to thine abode;  
Toiling for man, and thee, Almighty God.

Whate'er of pain thy loving hand allot,  
I gladly bear;  
Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,  
Nor yet thy care,  
Freedom from storms and wild desires within,  
Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.

So may I, far away, when evening falls  
On life and love,  
Arrive at last the holy happy halls,  
With thee above;—  
Wounded yet healed, sin-laden yet forgiven,  
And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*



276.

CREATOR Spirit, grant us grace  
To make our hearts thy dwelling-place;  
Drive far away each thought of sin,  
Shed thy bright beams on all within.

Pour down thine unction from above,  
Thou Lord of purity and love;  
Cleanse thou the inward eye, that we  
The eternal light unveiled may see.

Through thee the waters teeming roll,  
Thy breath makes man a living soul;  
The many tongues of wandering men  
Thou bringest to one speech again.

Without thee all our prayers are vain;  
Thou only canst our souls sustain;  
Through every age thy saints confess  
Thy power to purify and bless.

So, Lord, thy Pentecostal grace  
Give now in this thy dwelling-place;  
Make darkness light, and false thoughts true;  
Yea, in our souls make all things new.

*Sarum Missal, tr. E. H. Plumptre.\**

277.

ETERNAL Source of light divine!  
Fountain of unexhausted love!  
O let thy glories on me shine  
In earth beneath, from heaven above!

Thou art the weary wanderer's rest;  
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;  
With steadfast patience arm my breast,  
With spotless love and lowly fear.



INWARD RENEWAL.

Be thou, O Rock of Ages nigh !  
So shall each murmuring thought be gone ;  
And grief and fear and care shall fly,  
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

Speak to my warring passions, Peace !  
Speak to my troubled heart, Be still :  
Thy power my strength and fortress is ;  
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

*Charles Wesley.\**

278.

**K**ING of mercy, King of love,  
In whom I live, in whom I move,  
Perfect what thou hast begun,  
Let no night put out this sun.

Grant I may,—my chief desire,—  
Long for thee, to thee aspire !  
Let my youth, my bloom of days,  
Be my comfort, and thy praise :

That hereafter, when I look  
O'er the sullied sinful book,  
I may find thy hand therein,  
Wiping out my shame and sin !

Only thine, O Lord, the art  
To reduce a stubborn heart ;  
And since thine is victory,  
Strongholds should belong to thee.

Lord, then take it, leave it not,  
Unto my dispose or lot :  
Since I would not have it mine,  
O my God, let it be thine.

*Henry Vaughan.\**



279.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me—  
I myself would gracious be ;  
And with words that help and heal,  
Would thy life in mine reveal ;  
And, with actions bold and meek,  
Would for Christ my Master speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me—  
I myself would truthful be ;  
And, with wisdom kind and clear,  
Let thy life in mine appear ;  
And, with actions brotherly,  
Follow Christ's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me—  
I myself would tender be ;  
Shut my heart up like a flower,  
At temptation's darksome hour ;  
Open it when shines the sun,  
And his love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me—  
I myself would quiet be ;  
Quiet as the growing blade,  
Which through earth its way hath made ;  
Silently, like morning light,  
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me—  
I myself would mighty be ;  
Mighty so as to prevail,  
Where unaided man must fail ;  
Ever by a mighty hope  
Pressing on and bearing up.



## THE GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me—  
I myself would holy be ;  
Separate from sin, I would  
Choose and cherish all things good ;  
And whatever I can be,  
I would consecrate to thee.

*Thomas T. Lynch.\**

280.

SPIRIT of Truth ! who makest bright  
All souls that long for heavenly light,  
Appear, and on my darkness shine ;  
Descend, and be my Guide divine.

Spirit of Power ! whose might doth dwell  
Full in the souls thou lovest well,  
Unto this fainting heart draw near,  
And be my daily Quickener.

Spirit of Joy ! who makest glad  
Each broken heart by sin made sad,  
Pour on this mourning soul thy cheer ;  
Give me to bless my Comforter.

O tender Spirit ! who dost mourn  
Whene'er from thee thy people turn,  
Give me each day to grieve thee less,—  
Enjoy my fuller faithfulness.

Come mightier down ! thyself impart  
More largely to this longing heart ;  
My Comforter more dearly be ;  
More sweetly guide and hallow me ;

Till thou shalt make me meet to bear  
The sweetness of heaven's holy air,  
The light wherein no darkness is,  
The eternal, overflowing bliss !

*Thomas Hornblower Gill.\**



281.

MY Father, on the word of truth,  
 In earnest hope I live,  
 I ask for all the precious things  
 Thy boundless love can give.  
 I look for many a lesser light  
 About my path to shine,  
 But chiefly long to walk with thee  
 And only trust in thine.

In holy expectation held,  
 Thy strength my heart shall stay,  
 For thy right hand will never let  
 My trust be cast away.  
 Yea, thou hast kept me near thy feet,  
 In many a deadly strife,  
 By the stronghold of hope in thee,  
 The hope of endless life.

Thou knowest that I am not blest  
 As thou would'st have me be,  
 Till all the peace and joy of faith  
 Possess my soul in thee ;  
 And still I seek 'mid many fears,  
 With yearnings unexpressed,  
 The comfort of thy strengthening love,  
 Thy soothing settling rest.

Then, O my Father, on my soul  
 Cast down, but not dismayed,  
 Still be thy chastening healing hand  
 In tender mercy laid.  
 And while I wait for all thy joys  
 My yearning heart to fill,  
 Teach me to walk and work with thee,  
 And at thy feet be still.

*Anna Lætitia Waring.\**



282.

L ORD! thy children guide and keep,  
As with feeble steps they press  
On the pathway rough and steep,  
Through the changeful wilderness.  
Heavenly Father! day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are stony ways to tread;  
Give the strength we sorely lack:  
There are tangled paths to thread;  
Light us lest we miss the track.  
Heavenly Father! day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are sandy wastes that lie  
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,  
Where the feeble faint and die;  
Grant us grace to persevere.  
Heavenly Father, day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are soft and flowery glades  
Decked with golden-fruited trees;  
Sunny slopes, and scented shades;  
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.  
Heavenly Father! day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.

Upward still to purer heights,  
Onward yet to scenes more blest,  
Calmer regions, clearer lights,  
Till we reach the promised rest.  
Heavenly Father! day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.

*Bishop William Walsham How.\**



283.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on !  
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;  
Lead thou me on !  
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on ;  
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now  
Lead thou me on !  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years !

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone ;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

*John Henry Newman.*

284.

O GRANT us light, that we may know  
The wisdom thou alone canst give ;  
That truth may guide where'er we go,  
And virtue bless where'er we live.

O grant us light, that we may see  
Where error lurks in human lore,  
And turn our doubting minds to thee,  
And love thy simple word the more.



## THE PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

O grant us light, that we may learn  
How dead is life from thee apart ;  
How sure is joy for all who turn  
To thee an undivided heart.

O grant us light, in grief and pain,  
To lift our burdened hearts above,  
And count the very cross a gain,  
And bless our Father's hidden love.

O grant us light, when soon or late  
All earthly scenes shall pass away,  
In thee to find the open gate  
To deathless home and endless day.

*Lawrence Tuttiett.*

### 285.

GIVE me, my God, to feel thee in my joy,  
So shall my joy to love ennobled be ;  
Give me to feel thee near when cares annoy,  
Turn them to peace through thy fine alchemy.

Give me, within the work that calls to-day,  
To see thy finger gently beckoning on ;  
Let struggle grow to freedom, as I pray,  
And toil, begun from thee, to thee be done.

I lay each humblest hope within my prayer ;  
To thee no high seraphic aims I bring ;  
My daily bread, rest, strength for common care,—  
Yet be there truth within my offering.

And thou, whose fire forms rubies out of clay,  
And bids dull charcoal into diamonds burn,  
Add thou the grace, while in the truth I pray,  
And this poor heart-cry into music turn.

*James Freeman Clarke.\**



286.

THY influence, mighty God, is felt  
Through nature's ample round ;  
In heaven, on earth, through air and seas,  
Thy energy is found.

Thy sacred influence, Lord, I need,  
To form my heart anew ;  
O cleanse my soul from every sin,  
And thy salvation show.

Father of light ! thy spirit grant  
To guide my doubtful way ;  
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,  
And make a glorious day.

Supported by thy heavenly grace,  
I'll do and bear thy will ;  
That grace shall make each burthen light,  
And every murmur still.

Cheered by thy smiles, I'll fearless tread  
The gloomy path of death ;  
And with the hope of endless life  
To thee resign my breath.

*John Needham.\**

287.

ONE gift, my God, I seek—  
To know thee always near ;  
To feel thy hand, to see thy face,  
Thy blessèd voice to hear.

Where'er I go, my God,  
O, let me find thee there ;  
Where'er I stay, stay thou with me,  
A presence everywhere.



PEACE IN GOD'S PRESENCE.

And if thou bringest peace,  
Or if thou bringest pain,  
But come thyself with all that comes,  
And all shall be for gain.

Long listening to thy words,  
My voice shall catch thy tone,  
And, locked in thine, my hand shall grow  
All loving like thine own.

*B. T.\**

288.

FATHER, I pray for power to take  
And use the things I have aright ;  
For strength and wisdom that shall make  
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan  
Of good and ill be set aside ;  
But that the common lot of man  
Be nobly borne and glorified.

And though I may not always keep  
My steps in places green and sweet,  
Nor find the pathway of the deep  
A path of safety for my feet ;

Yet grant that when the tempest's breath  
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,  
I make not shipwreck of my faith,  
In the unbottomed sea of doubt :

But rising over sin and strife,  
May thine own peace be shed on me,  
Till thou be found in all my life,  
And all my life be given to thee.

*Phoebe Cary.\**



289.

LORD ! I believe ; thy power I own,  
Thy word I would obey :  
I wander comfortless and lone,  
When from thy truth I stray.

Lord ! I believe ; but gloomy fears  
Sometimes bedim my sight ;  
I look to thee with prayers and tears,  
And cry for strength and light.

Lord ! I believe ; but thou dost know  
My faith is cold and weak :  
Pity my frailty, and bestow  
The confidence I seek.

Yes ! I believe ; and only thou  
Canst give my soul relief :  
Lord ! to thy truth my spirit bow ;  
Help thou my unbelief !

*John Reynell Wreford.*

290.

O HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need  
Thy heavenly succour give ;  
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us, when our spirits bleed  
With contrite anguish sore,  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us, through the prayer of faith  
More firmly to believe ;  
For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.



DEADNESS OF SOUL.

O help us, Father, from on high ;  
We know no help but thee ;  
O help us so to live and die,  
As thine in heaven to be.

*Henry Hart Milman.\**

291.

WHEN the light of day is waning,  
When the night is dark and drear,  
God of Love, in stillness reigning,  
Teach me to believe thee near.

When my heart is faint and drooping,  
When my faith is weak and cold ;  
Kindly to my weakness stooping,  
Draw me upwards as of old.

Nearer to the peace unbroken,  
Nearer to the changeless calm,  
All my wish a prayer unspoken,  
All my life a silent psalm.

Teach me to abide in patience  
All the little storms of time,  
Making every day's temptations  
Steps for faltering feet to climb.

Let me find thee in my sorrow,  
Nor forget thee in my joy ;  
And from thee my sunshine borrow,  
And by thee my gloom destroy.

God of day, the dark dispelling,  
Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend ;  
God of Love, in stillness dwelling,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

*Edmund Martin Geldart.*



292.

WHEN across the inward thought  
Comes the emptiness of life,  
And it seems that earth has nought  
But a vain and weary strife :  
All to do, and nothing done,  
Useless days fast fleeting by,  
Wanderings many, progress none,  
Faltering steps by fountains dry :

Shall we, in that hapless mood,  
Fainting fall beside the way ?  
Help us, Giver of all good !  
Teach thy wretched ones to pray !  
O forgive our faithless mind,  
Raise us from our low estate,  
Breathe in us the will to find  
Higher life in small and great.

*Henry George Tomkins.\**

293.

'T WIXT gleams of joy and clouds of doubt  
Our feelings come and go ;  
Our best estate is tossed about  
In ceaseless ebb and flow.

No mood of feeling, form of thought,  
Is constant for a day ;  
But thou, O Lord ! thou changest not :  
The same thou art always.

I grasp thy strength, make it mine own,  
My heart with peace is blest ;  
I lose my hold, and then come down  
Darkness and cold unrest.



LIGHT THROUGH THE CLOUD.

Let me no more my comfort draw  
From my frail hold of thee ;  
In this alone rejoice with awe,—  
Thy mighty grasp of me.

The purpose of eternal good  
Let me but surely know ;  
On this I'll lean, let changing mood  
And feeling come or go ;

Glad when thy sunshine fills my soul ;  
Nor lorn when clouds o'ercast ;  
Since thou within thy sure control  
Of love dost hold me fast.

*John Campbell Shairp.*

294.

THE Lord hath said, 'Seek ye my face,'  
Thy face, O Lord, we fain would see ;  
Though with the eyes in any place  
This glorious vision may not be.

But to the pure in heart is given  
A calm and blessed inward light,  
By which they see the things of heaven,  
Though hidden from all outward sight.

We lift our hearts, O Lord, to thee  
To beg that thou wilt make them pure,  
That we by light divine may see  
And live the life that shall endure,

May no unhallowed thought or care,  
No passion base, no sordid love,  
That mirror bright in us impair,  
In which are imaged things above.

*Thomas Sadler.*



295.

SPEAK with us, Lord ! thyself reveal,  
While here on earth we rove ;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindling of thy love.

With thee conversing, we forget  
All time and toil and care :  
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If thou, my God, art here.

Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,  
And bid my heart rejoice ;  
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,  
And echo to thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek thy face ;  
'Tis all I wish to seek ;  
To attend the whispers of thy grace,  
And hear thee inly speak.

*Charles Wesley.\**

296.

LORD ! I address thy heavenly throne :  
Call me a child of thine :  
Send down the spirit of thy son,  
To form my heart divine.

Not by the terrors of a slave  
Thy children do thy will ;  
But with the noblest powers they have  
Thy welcome word fulfil.

They find access at every hour  
To God within the veil :  
Hence they derive a quickening power,  
And joys that never fail.



THE VISION OF TRUTH.

O happy souls! O glorious state  
Of overflowing grace!  
To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
And see him 'face to face.'

*Isaac Watts.\**

297.

O PRAISE the Lord our God,  
In clouds and darkness dwelling,  
Yet Fount of shadeless light,  
All light of earth excelling!  
He guides us on to age  
Through sunlit paths of youth;  
He glads our longing eyes  
With ever widening truth.

That truth, O Lord, we seek,  
In spirit meek and lowly;  
To all who learn or teach,  
Give wisdom pure and holy.  
In solemn awe we bend,  
All wondering round thy throne,  
And thee, our Lord, our Life,  
Our Joy, our Gladness own.

O Lord of truth and light,  
All heaven and earth possessing,  
Grant us thy laws to know,  
Our daily task-work blessing!  
Teach us thy love to see,  
O'er earth and heaven outspread,  
While wisdom, conquering fear,  
With highest faith shall wed.

*Edward Hayes Plumptre.\**



298.

ETERNAL and immortal King !  
 Thy peerless splendours none can bear ;  
 But darkness veils seraphic eyes,  
 When God with all his lustre's there.

Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,  
 The great Invisible can see ;  
 And with its tremblings mingle joy  
 In fixed regards, great God, to thee.

Then every tempting form of sin,  
 Shamed in thy presence, disappears ;  
 And all the glowing raptured soul  
 The likeness it contemplates, wears.

O ever conscious to my heart,  
 Witness to its supreme desire,  
 Behold it presseth on to thee,  
 For it hath caught the heavenly fire !

This one petition would it urge,  
 To bear thee ever in its sight ;  
 In life, in death, in worlds unknown,  
 Its only portion and delight.

*Philip Doddridge.*

299.

LORD, if on earth the thought of thee  
 Be life, and strength, and peace,  
 How blessèd shall that vision be  
 Which never more can cease !

How blest when we thy glory see  
 In light without a shade ;—  
 The glory which surrounded thee  
 Before the worlds were made !



## THE VISION OF GOD.

Darkly to us, as through a glass,  
Thy beauty now is shown ;  
Then we shall see thee face to face,  
And know as we are known.

Then purge, O Lord, our hearts from sin,  
Hallow thine own abode,  
That nought unclean be found within  
The temple of our God.

*Adapted from William Hammond.\**

### 300.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free ;  
A heart that loves to run the road  
Thou openest, Lord, for me.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
A fitting throne for thee,  
Where Jesus' voice is heard to speak  
Of all thy love to me.

An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean ;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of truth divine,  
Perfect and right, and pure and good,  
An image, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new best name of Love.

*Charles Wesley.\**



301.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God !  
 And all thy ways adore ;  
 And every day I live I seem  
 To love thee more and more.

I have no cares, O blessed Will !  
 For all my cares are thine ;  
 I live in triumph, Lord ! for thou  
 Hast made thy triumphs mine.

When obstacles and trials seem  
 Like prison walls to be,  
 I do the little I can do,  
 And leave the rest to thee.

And when it seems no chance or change  
 From grief can set me free,  
 Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
 And gaily waits on thee.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,  
 Thou glorious Will ! ride on ;  
 Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take  
 The road that thou hast gone.

Ill that God blesses is our good,  
 And unblest good is ill ;  
 And all is right that seems most wrong,  
 If it be his sweet will.

*Frederick William Faber.\**

302.

SUPREME Disposer of the heart !  
 Thou, since the world began,  
 With heavenly grace hast sanctified  
 And cheered the heart of man.



## THE ABIDING LOVE.

Here faith, and hope, and love, unite  
To lift the soul above ;  
But love alone for aye abides,  
Eternal changeless love !

O holy love ! unfading light !  
O shall it ever be,  
That after all our sorrows here,  
Thy sabbath we shall see ?

Here, yet awhile, with many a tear  
The precious seed we sow :  
There, treasured lie the promised fruits,  
The harvest of our woe.

*Parisian Breviary : tr. John Chandler.\**

303.

HAPPY soul, that free from harm  
Rests within his Shepherd's arm !  
Who his quiet shall molest ?  
Who shall violate his rest ?

Seek, O Lord, thy wandering sheep ;  
Bring me back, and lead, and keep ;  
Take on thee my every care ;  
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.

Let me know thy gracious voice ;  
More and more in thee rejoice ;  
More and more of thee receive,  
Ever in thy spirit live :—

Live, till all thy love I know,  
Perfect in my Lord below ;  
Gladly then from earth remove,  
Gathered to the fold above.

*Charles Wesley.\**



304.

PURER yet, and purer,  
I would be in mind,  
Dearer yet, and dearer  
Every duty find ;  
Hoping still, and trusting  
God without a fear,  
Patiently believing  
He will make all clear.

Calmer yet, and calmer  
In the hours of pain,  
Surer yet and surer  
Peace at last to gain ;  
Suffering still and doing,  
To his will resigned,  
And to God subduing  
Heart and will and mind.

Higher yet and higher  
Out of clouds and night,  
Nearer yet and nearer  
Rising to the light—  
Light serene and holy,  
Where my soul may rest,  
Purified and lowly,  
Sanctified and blest.

Swifter yet and swifter  
Ever onward run,  
Firmer yet and firmer  
Step as I go on ;  
Oft these earnest longings  
Swell within my breast,  
Yet their inner meaning  
Ne'er can be expressed.

*Anonymous.*



305.

FILL thou my life, O Lord my God,  
 In every part with praise,  
 That my whole being may proclaim  
 Thy being and thy ways.  
 Not for the lip of praise alone,  
 Nor even the praising heart,  
 I ask, but for a life made up  
 Of praise in every part.

Praise in the common things of life,  
 Its goings out and in,  
 Praise in each duty and each deed,  
 However small and mean.  
 Praise in the common words I speak,  
 Life's common looks and tones,  
 In intercourse at hearth or board,  
 With my beloved ones.

Upon the bed of weariness,  
 With fevered eye and brain ;  
 Or standing by another's couch  
 Watching the pulse of pain.  
 Enduring wrong, reproach, or loss,  
 With sweet and steadfast will ;  
 Loving and blessing those who hate,  
 Returning good for ill.

So shall each fear, each fret, each care,  
 Be turnèd into song ;  
 And every winding of the way  
 The echo shall prolong.  
 So shall no part of day or night  
 From sacredness be free,  
 But all my life, in every step,  
 Be fellowship with thee.



306.

O MASTER of my soul,  
To whom the lives of men  
That floated once upon thy breath,  
Shall yet return again :

Give me the eyes to see,  
Give me the ears to hear,  
Give me the spiritual sense  
To feel that thou art near.

So when this earthly mist  
Fades in the azure sky,  
My soul shall still be close to thee,  
And in thee cannot die.

*Edwin Hatch.*

307.

STILL with thee, O my God,  
I would desire to be ;  
By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
I would be still with thee ;

With thee when dawn comes in,  
And calls me back to care ;  
Each day returning to begin  
With thee, my God, in prayer ;

With thee, amid the crowd  
That throngs the busy mart,  
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,  
Speak softly to my heart ;

With thee, when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind ;  
The setting as the rising sun  
With thee my heart would find ;



## THE BLESSED LIFE.

With thee when darkness brings  
The signal of repose ;  
Calm in the shadow of thy wings  
Mine eyelids I would close ;

With thee, in thee, by faith  
Abiding would I be ;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with thee.

*James Drummond Burns.*

308.

O BLESSED life ! the heart at rest,  
When all without tumultuous seems ;  
That trusts a higher will, and deems  
That higher will, not mine, the best.

O blessed life ! the mind that sees,—  
Whatever change the years may bring,—  
A mercy still in everything,  
And shining through all mysteries.

O blessed life ! the soul that soars,  
When sense of mortal sight is dim,  
Beyond the sense—beyond, to Him  
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

O blessed life ! heart, mind, and soul,  
From self-born aims and wishes free,  
In all at one with Deity,  
And loyal to the Lord's control.

O life ! how blessed ! how divine !  
High life, the earnest of a higher !  
Father ! fulfil my deep desire,  
And let this blessed life be mine !

*William Tidd Matson.\**



309.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind  
 Forgive our feverish ways !  
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind ;  
 In purer lives thy service find,  
 In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard  
 Beside the Syrian sea  
 The gracious calling of the Lord,  
 Let us, like them, without a word,  
 Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee !  
 O calm of hills above !  
 Where Jesus knelt to share with thee  
 The silence of eternity,  
 Interpreted by love !

With that deep hush subduing all  
 Our words and works that drown  
 The tender whisper of thy call,  
 As noiseless let thy blessing fall  
 As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
 Till all our strivings cease :  
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
 And let our ordered lives confess  
 The beauty of thy peace.

*John Greenleaf Whittier.\**

310.

NEARER, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee !  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me ;  
 Still all my song shall be,—  
 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee.



LOOKING UPWARD.

Though, like the wanderer  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly ;  
Still all my song shall be,—  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

*Sarah Flower Adams.*

311.

FATHER ! we look up to thee !  
Let us in thy love agree :  
Thou, who are the God of peace,  
Bid contention ever cease.



Make us of one heart and mind,  
 Courteous, merciful, and kind ;  
 Lowly, meek in thought and word,  
 Ne'er by fretful passion stirred.

Let us for each other care,  
 Each the other's burden bear ;  
 Ready, when reviled, to bless ;  
 Studious of the law of peace.

Father ! all our souls inspire ;  
 Fill us with love's sacred fire !  
 Guided by that blessed light,  
 Order all our steps aright.

Free from anger, free from pride,  
 Let us thus in God abide ;  
 All the depth of love express,—  
 All the height of holiness.

*Charles Wesley.\**

### 312.

**G**OD of truth ! thy sons should be  
 Firmly grounded upon thee ;  
 Ever on the rock abide,  
 High above the changing tide.

Theirs is the unwavering mind,  
 No more tossed with every wind ;  
 No more doth their 'stablished heart  
 From the living God depart.

Father ! strengthen thou my will,  
 With thy steadfast purpose fill ;  
 Rooted, grounded, may I be,  
 Fixed in thy stability.



## THE SERVICE OF TRUTH.

Henceforth may I nobly stand ;  
Build no longer on the sand ;  
But defy temptation's shock,  
Firmly grounded on the rock.

*Imitated from Charles Wesley  
by Samuel Longfellow.*

313.

THOU long disowned, reviled, oppressed,  
Strange friend of human kind,  
Seeking through weary years a rest  
Within our hearts to find ;

How late thy bright and awful brow  
Breaks through these clouds of sin :  
Hail, Truth divine ! we know thee now,  
Angel of God, come in !

Come, though with purifying fire,  
And desolating sword,  
Thou of all nations the desire !  
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,  
Let old oppressions die :  
Before thy cloudless countenance  
Let fear and falsehood fly.

Anoint our eyes with healing grace,  
To see, as ne'er before,  
Our Father in our brother's face,  
Our Maker in his poor.

Flood our dark life with golden day ;  
Convince, subdue, enthrall ;  
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,  
And love be all in all.

*Eliza Scudder.*



314.

BEHOLD, how mighty truth,  
 From a first glimmer pale,  
 With gradual ray extends its sway,  
 Through heaven to prevail :  
 Sing ye praises, O sing praises ;  
 For truth can never fail.

Behold, how mighty love,  
 That from a firstling flower,  
 By gradual heats, reveals its sweets,  
 Gains universal power :  
 Sing ye praises, O sing praises ;  
 And hail love's prospering power.

The God of truth and love,  
 The ancient friend of man,  
 Makes every age an onward stage,  
 And has since time began :  
 Sing ye praises, O sing praises ;  
 God has a glorious plan.

If once from out the light  
 His smile on us has shone,  
 Again the cloud his face may shroud,  
 Yet boldly we'll go on :  
 Sing ye praises, O sing praises ;  
 The dusk will soon be gone.

God is our guide, our guard,  
 On us no foe can prey ;  
 Nor can we roam, for to our home  
 He leads us night and day :  
 Sing ye praises, O sing praises,  
 While on your homeward way.

*Thomas T. Lynch.\**



He charged us before God and his blessed angels, if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of his, to be as ready to receive it as any truth of his ministry; for he was very confident the Lord had more light and truth yet to break forth out of his holy word.—  
*Narrative of Pastor Robinson's address to the Pilgrim Fathers.*

WE limit not the truth of God  
 To our poor reach of mind,  
 By notions of our day and sect,  
 Crude, partial, and confined;  
 No, let a new and better hope  
 Within our hearts be stirred;  
 The Lord hath yet more light and truth  
 To break forth from his word.

Who dares to bind to his dull sense  
 The oracles of heaven,  
 To all the nations, tongues, and climes,  
 And all the ages given;  
 That universe, how much unknown!  
 That ocean unexplored!  
 The Lord hath yet more light and truth  
 To break forth from his word.

Darkling our great forefathers went  
 The first steps of the way;  
 'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow  
 Into the perfect day.  
 And grow it shall; our glorious sun  
 More fervid rays afford;  
 The Lord hath yet more light and truth  
 To break forth from his word.

The valleys past, ascending still,  
 Our souls would higher climb,  
 And look down from supernal heights  
 On all the bygone time.  
 Upward we press; the air is clear  
 And the sphere-music heard;  
 The Lord hath yet more light and truth  
 To break forth from his word.

*George Rawson.*



316.

WHEN courage fails, and faith burns low,  
 And men are timid grown,  
 Hold fast thy loyalty, and know  
 That Truth still moveth on.

For unseen messengers she hath  
 To work her will and ways,  
 And even human scorn and wrath  
 God turneth to her praise.

She can both meek and lordly be,  
 In heavenly might secure ;  
 With her is pledge of victory,  
 And patience to endure.

The race is not unto the swift,  
 The battle to the strong,  
 When dawn her judgment-days that sift  
 The claims of right and wrong.

And more than thou canst do for Truth  
 Can she on thee confer,  
 If thou, O heart, but give thy youth  
 And manhood unto her.

For she can make thee inly bright,  
 Thy self-love purge away,  
 And lead thee in the path whose light  
 Shines to the perfect day.

Who follow her, though men deride,  
 In her strength shall be strong,  
 Shall see their shame become their pride,  
 And share her triumph-song.

*Frederick L. Hosmer,*



317.

O THOU not made with hands,  
Not throned above the skies,  
Nor walled with shining walls,  
Nor framed with stones of price,  
More bright than gold or gem,  
God's own Jerusalem !

Where'er the gentle heart  
Finds courage from above ;  
Where'er the heart forsook  
Warms with the breath of love ;  
Where faith bids fear depart,  
City of God ! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud  
In humbleness melts down ;  
Where self itself yields up ;  
Where martyrs win their crown ;  
Where faithful souls possess  
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways  
With cheerful feet we go ;  
When in his steps we tread  
Who trod the way of woe ;  
Where he is in the heart,  
City of God ! thou art.

Not throned above the skies,  
Nor golden-walled afar,  
But where Christ's two or three  
In his name gathered are,  
Be in the midst of them,  
God's own Jerusalem !

*Francis Turner Palgrave.*



318.

O SPIRIT of the living God !  
In all thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our benighted race.

Be darkness at thy coming, light ;  
Confusion, order in thy path ;  
Souls without strength inspire with might ;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O spirit of the Lord ! prepare  
All the round earth her God to meet ;  
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptize the nations ; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record ;  
Thy name, O Father, glorify,  
Till every kindred call thee Lord.

*James Montgomery.\**

319.

ALL before us lies the way ;  
Give the past unto the wind :  
All before us is the day ;  
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden, with its angels bold,  
Love and flowers and coolest sea,  
Is not ancient story told,  
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,  
In the passions tame and kind,  
Innocence from selfish care,  
The real Eden we shall find.



## THE HALLOWING OF THE EARTH.

When the soul to sin hath died,  
True and beautiful and sound,  
Then all earth is sanctified,  
Upsprings Paradise around.

Then shall come the Eden-days,  
Guardian watch from seraph-eyes,  
Angels on the slanting rays,  
Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit-land, afar  
All disturbing force shall flee ;  
Stir, nor toil, nor hope shall mar  
Its immortal unity.

*Eliza Thayer Clapp.\**

320.

O UT of the dark the circling sphere  
Is rounding onward to the light ;  
We see not yet the full day here,  
But cheer'd we mark the paling night.

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,  
And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,  
And Love, that courage re-inspires,—  
These stars have been above us still.

Look backward, how much has been won !  
Look round, how much is yet to win !  
The watches of the night are done ;  
The watches of the day begin.

O thou, whose mighty patience holds  
The night and day alike in view,  
Thy will our dearest hope enfolds :  
O keep us steadfast, patient, true !

*Samuel Longfellow.\**



THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

321.

L ORD, from whom all blessings flow,  
Perfecting the church below !  
Steadfast may we cleave to thee ;  
Love the mystic union be.  
Join our faithful spirits, join  
Each to each, and all to thine :  
Lead us through the paths of peace,  
On to perfect holiness.

Move, and actuate and guide ;  
Divers gifts to each divide :  
Placed according to thy will,  
Let us all our work fulfil :—  
Never from our office move ;—  
Needful to each other prove ;—  
Use the grace on each bestowed,  
Tempered by the art of God !

Sweetly may we all agree,  
Touched with softest sympathy :  
There is neither bond nor free,  
Great nor servile, Lord, in thee :  
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,  
Rendered all distinctions void !  
Names and sects and parties fall :  
Thou, O God, art all in all !

*Charles Wesley.\**

322.

L ORD God, by whom all change is wrought,  
By whom new things to birth are brought,  
In whom no change is known ;  
Whate'er thou dost, whate'er thou art,  
Thy people still in thee have part,  
Still, still thou art our own.



## THE DIVINE RENEWER.

Ancient of Days, we dwell in thee ;  
Out of thine own eternity  
Our peace and joy are wrought ;  
We rest in our eternal God  
And make secure and sweet abode  
With thee who changest not.

Each steadfast promise we possess ;  
Thine everlasting truth we bless,  
Thine everlasting love.  
The Eternal Helper close we clasp,  
The Everlasting Arms we grasp,  
Nor from the Refuge move.

Spirit who makest all things new !  
Thou ledest onward, we pursue  
The heavenly march sublime.  
With thy renewing fire we glow,  
And still from strength to strength we go,  
From height to height we climb.

Darkness and dread we leave behind,  
New light, new glory still we find,  
New realms divine possess :  
New births of grace new rapture bring ;  
Triumphant the new song we sing,  
The great Renewer bless.

To thee we rise, in thee we rest ;  
We stay at home, we go in quest ;  
Still thou art our abode.  
The rapture swells, the wonder grows,  
As full on us new life still flows  
From our unchanging God.

*Thomas Hornblower Gill.*



THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

323.

COME, kingdom of our God,  
Sweet reign of light and love !  
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,  
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first  
Extend thy healing reign ;  
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,  
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God !  
And make the broad earth thine,  
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod  
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest  
With fruit from life's glad tree ;  
And in its shade like brothers rest,  
Sons of one family.

Come, kingdom of our God !  
And raise thy glorious throne  
In worlds by the undying trod,  
Where God shall bless his own.

*John Johns.*

324.

DOWN the dark future, through long generations,  
The battle-sounds grow fainter, and then cease ;  
And, like a bell with solemn sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say ' Peace !'

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals,  
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies ;  
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.\**



325.

L ORD, for the things I see  
 I trust the things to be ;  
 And present gratitude  
 Insures the future's good.  
 So in the paths untrod,  
 And the long days of God,  
 My feet shall still be led,  
 My heart be comforted.

Others shall sing the song,  
 Others shall right the wrong,—  
 Finish what I begin,  
 And all I fail of win.  
 What matter, I or they ?  
 Mine or another's day,  
 So the right word be said  
 And life the sweeter made ?

Hail to the coming singers !  
 Hail to the brave light-bringers !  
 Forward I reach and share  
 All that they sing or dare.  
 The airs of heaven blow o'er me ;  
 A glory shines before me  
 Of what mankind shall be,—  
 Pure, generous, brave, and free.

The love of God and neighbour ;  
 An equal-handed labour ;  
 The richer life, where beauty  
 Walks hand in hand with duty.  
 I feel the earth move sunward,  
 I join the great march onward,  
 And take, by faith, while living,  
 My freehold of thanksgiving.

*John Greenleaf Whittier.\**



326.

THE Lord will come, and not be slow ;  
His footsteps cannot err :  
Before him Righteousness shall go,  
His royal harbinger.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,  
Shall bud and blossom then ;  
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,  
Look down on mortal men.

Rise, Lord ! judge thou the earth in might ;  
This longing earth redress ;  
For thou art he who shall by right  
The nations all possess.

The nations all whom thou hast made  
Shall come, and all shall frame  
To bow them low before thee, Lord,  
And glorify thy name.

For great thou art, and wonders great  
By thy strong hand are done ;  
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,  
Remainest God alone.

*John Milton.\**

327.

POUR, blessed Gospel, glorious news for man !  
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll ;  
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,  
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

On, piercing Gospel, on ! of every heart,  
In every latitude, thou own'st the key :  
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,  
With all their treasures first unlocked by thee !



## THE TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL.

Tread, kingly Gospel, through the nations tread !  
With all the civil virtues in thy train ;  
Be all to thy blest freedom captive led ;  
And Christ, the true emancipator, reign !

Spread, giant Gospel, spread thy growing wings !  
Gather thy scattered ones from every land :  
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings :  
Proclaim them all thine own ;—'tis Christ's command !

*Thomas Alfred Ashworth.*

328.

CITY of God ! how broad and far  
Outspread thy walls sublime !  
The true thy chartered freemen are,  
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,  
One steadfast high intent,  
One working-band, one harvest-song,  
One King omnipotent.

How purely hath thy speech come down  
From man's primeval youth !  
How grandly hath thine empire grown  
Of freedom, love, and truth.

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night  
With never-fainting ray !  
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,  
To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surge's angry shock,  
In vain the drifting sands ;  
Unharm'd, upon the Eternal Rock  
The Eternal City stands.

*Samuel Johnson.*



329.

ONE holy Church of God appears  
Through every age and race,  
Unwasted by the lapse of years,  
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,  
Beneath the pine or palm,  
One Unseen Presence she adores,  
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,  
To serve the world raised up ;  
The pure in heart her baptized ones ;  
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,  
The soul her sacred page ;  
And feet on mercy's errands swift  
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed ;  
Fulfil thy task sublime ;  
With bread of life earth's hunger feed ;  
Redeem the evil time !

*Samuel Longfellow.*

330.

SPIRIT of Truth ! our fathers reared  
Thy temple, stone by stone,  
Till o'er its holiest shrine appeared,—  
'Glory to God alone.'

And through each lingering age, while death  
Dispersed the faithful band,  
They nobly passed, with parting breath,  
Thy torch from hand to hand.



## THE CONQUESTS OF TRUTH.

But now, around the temple walls,  
Thy girded servants throng,  
On watching eyes the daybreak falls,  
No plaint is heard, 'How long?'

For see, the broadening light fulfils  
Our waiting hearts' desire,  
It pales our watch-fires on the hills,—  
We tune the silent lyre.

Spirit divine, the slumbrous world,  
With heavy eyes unsealed,  
Will wake to find thy flag unfurled,  
Thy host command the field.

Thy watchwords pass from soul to soul,  
Thy conquests none can stay ;  
Earth's noblest seek the shining goal  
Of thy triumphant sway.

*Andrew Chalmers.*

### 331.

**O** SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,  
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right ;  
And step by step since time began,  
We see the steady gain of man ;

That all of good the past hath had  
Remains to make our own time glad,  
Our common daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear,  
To find the Orient's marvels here ;  
The still small voice in autumn's hush,  
Yon maple wood, the burning bush.



## THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

Through the harsh noises of our day,  
A low sweet prelude finds its way ;  
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,  
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more  
For olden time and holier shore :  
God's love and blessing, then and there,  
Are now and here and everywhere.

*John Greenleaf Whittier.\**

### 332.

THE past is dark with sin and shame,  
The future dim with doubt and fear ;  
But, Father ! yet we praise thy name,  
Whose guardian love is ever near.

For man has striven, ages long,  
With faltering steps, to come to thee,  
And in each purpose, high and strong,  
The guiding of thy hand could see.

He could not breathe an earnest prayer,  
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed ;  
As age by age brought hopes more fair,  
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

But never rose within his breast  
A trust so calm and deep as now ;  
Shall not the weary find a rest ?  
Father ! Preserver ! answer thou.

'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,  
But through the shadow streams the sun ;  
We cannot doubt thy certain love,  
And man's true aim shall yet be won.

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*



333.

The power of thy grace is not passed away with the primitive times, as fond and faithless men imagine, but thy kingdom is now at hand, and thou standing at the door.—*Milton*.

OUR God! our God! thou shinest here,  
Thine own this latter day;  
To us thy radiant steps appear:  
We watch thy glorious way.

Not only olden ages felt  
The presence of the Lord;  
Not only with the fathers dwelt  
Thy spirit and thy word.

Doth not the spirit still descend,  
And bring the heavenly fire?  
Dost not thou still thy church extend,  
And waiting souls inspire?

Come holy One! in us arise;  
Be this thy mighty hour!  
And make thy willing people wise  
To know thy day of power!

Pour down thy fire in us to glow  
Thy might in us to dwell;  
Again thy works of wonder show,  
Thy blessed secrets tell!

Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong  
On thy celestial wing,  
And grant us grace to look and long  
For our returning King.

God draweth near, he standeth by,  
He fills our eyes, our ears;  
Come King of grace, thy people cry,  
And bring the glorious years.

*Thomas Hornblower Gill.\**



334.

WE wait in faith, in prayer we wait,  
Until the happy hour  
When God shall ope the morning gate,  
By his almighty power.

We wait in faith, and turn our face  
To where the daylight springs;  
Till he shall come earth's gloom to chase,  
With healing on his wings.

And even now, amid the grey,  
The east is brightening fast,  
And kindling to that perfect day  
Which never shall be past.

We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,  
Till that blest day shall shine,  
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,  
And all, O God! be thine.

O guide us till our night is done!  
Until, from shore to shore,  
Thou, Lord, our everlasting Sun,  
Art shining evermore!

*Imitated from John Mason Neale,  
by Samuel Longfellow.*

335.

THY kingdom come,—on bended knee  
The passing ages pray;  
And faithful souls have yearned to see  
On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night  
Not less to God belong,  
And for the everlasting Right  
The silent stars are strong.



## THE VISION OF THE DAWN.

And lo! already on the hills  
The flags of dawn appear;  
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,  
Proclaim the day is near:

The day in whose clear-shining light  
All wrong shall stand revealed;  
When justice shall be clothed with might,  
And every hurt be healed;

When knowledge hand in hand with peace  
Shall walk the earth abroad,—  
The day of perfect righteousness,  
The promised day of God!

*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

### 336.

**H**ARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat  
shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past:  
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten  
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;  
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen  
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,  
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

*Frederick William Faber.\**



337.

‘FOR ever with the Lord! —  
     Amen! so let it be :  
 Life from the dead is in that word ;  
     ’Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,  
 Absent from him I roam ;  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,  
     A day’s march nearer home.

All that I am, have been,  
 All that I yet may be,  
 He sees at once, as he hath seen,  
     And shall for ever see.

‘For ever with the Lord!’—  
 Father! if ’tis thy will,  
 The promise of that faithful word  
     E’en here to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand,  
 Then can I never fail ;  
 Uphold thou me, and I shall stand ;  
     Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath  
 Shall rend the veil in twain,  
 By death I shall escape from death,  
     And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,  
 How shall I love that word,  
 And oft repeat before the throne,—  
     ‘For ever with the Lord!’

*James Montgomery.\**



338.

MY Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye  
Thy golden gates appear.

Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene  
And all my prospect flies,  
Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,  
The winds and waters cease,  
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart  
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch  
Along the hallow'd ground,  
I see cherubic armies march,  
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of heaven  
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that he,  
Remembered or forgot,  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive him not.

*James Montgomery.\**



339.

THE saints on earth and those above  
But one communion make ;  
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,  
All of his grace partake.

One family, we dwell in him,  
One church above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow :  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

Lo ! thousands to their endless home  
Are swiftly borne away ;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon must launch as they.

O God ! be thou our constant guide :  
Then, when thy word is given,  
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,  
And land us all in heaven.

*Charles Wesley.\**

340.

THEY passed away from sight and hand,  
A slow successive train ;  
To memory's heart, a gathered band,  
Our lost ones come again.

Dear thoughts that once our union made,  
Death does not disallow ;  
We prayed for them while here they stayed,  
And what shall hinder now ?



## THE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH.

O Father ! give them perfect day,  
And portions with the blest ;  
O, pity if they went astray,  
And pardon for the best !

As they may need, still deign to bring  
The helping of thy grace ;  
The shadow of thy guardian wing,  
Or shining of thy face.

For all their sorrows here below  
Be boundless joy and peace ;  
For all their love, a heavenly glow  
That never more shall cease.

O Lord of souls ! when ours shall part,  
To try the farther birth,  
Let Faith go journeying with the heart  
To those we loved on earth.

*Nathaniel L. Frothingham.\**

341.

I CANNOT think of them as dead  
Who walk with me no more ;  
Along the path of life I tread,  
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair  
Beyond my vision dim ;  
All souls are his, and here or there,  
Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry  
Within my heart hath place,  
As when on earth they walked with me  
And met me face to face.



## THE FUTURE HOPE.

Their lives are made forever mine ;  
What they to me have been  
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign  
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership  
Nor time nor death can free ;  
For God hath given to Love to keep  
Its own eternally.

*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

342.

I LONG for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long ;  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed he will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar ;  
No harm from him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air ;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care.

*John Greenleaf Whittier.\**



343.

GOD of the living, in whose eyes  
Unveiled thy whole creation lies !  
All souls are thine : we must not say  
That those are dead who pass away ;  
From this our world of flesh set free,  
We know them living unto thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,  
With thee is hidden still their life ;  
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,  
All thine, and yet most truly ours ;  
For well we know, where'er they be,  
Our dead are living unto thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,  
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,  
Not wandering in unknown despair  
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care ;  
Not left to lie like fallen tree ;  
Not dead, but living unto thee.

Thy word is true, thy will is just ;  
To thee we leave them, Lord, in trust ;  
And bless thee for the love which gave  
Thy Son to fill a human grave,  
That none might fear that world to see  
Where all are living unto thee.

O Breather into man of breath,  
O Holder of the keys of death,  
O Giver of the life within,  
Save us from death, the death of sin ;  
That body, soul, and spirit be  
For ever living unto thee !

*John Ellerton.*



344.

**I**T singeth low in every heart,  
 We hear it each and all,—  
 A song of those who answer not,  
 However we may call.  
 They throng the silence of the breast ;  
 We see them as of yore,—  
 The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,  
 Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,  
 When these have laid it down :  
 They brightened all the joy of life,  
 They softened every frown.  
 But O, 'tis good to think of them  
 When we are troubled sore ;  
 Thanks be to God that such have been,  
 Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,  
 Since they have entered there ;  
 To follow them were not so hard,  
 Wherever they may fare.  
 They cannot be where God is not,  
 On any sea or shore ;  
 Whate'er betides, thy love abides,  
 Our God for evermore.

*John White Chadwick.*

345.

**W**HEN for me the silent oar  
 Parts the silent river,  
 And I stand upon the shore  
 Of the strange forever,  
 Shall I miss the loved and known,  
 Shall I vainly seek mine own ?



## THE PROMISE OF THE HEART.

Can the bonds that make us here  
    Know ourselves immortal,  
Drop away like foliage sere  
    At life's inner portal ?  
What is holiest below  
Must for ever live and grow.

He who on our earthly path  
    Bids us help each other,  
Who his Well-beloved hath  
    Made our elder brother,  
Will but clasp the chain of love  
Closer when we meet above.

Therefore dread I not to go  
    O'er the silent river :  
Death, thy hastening oar I know ;  
    Bear me, thou life-giver,  
Through the waters to the shore  
Where mine own have gone before.

*Lucy Larcom.\**

346.

THE world may change from old to new,  
    From new to old again ;  
Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,  
    Within man's heart remain.

The dreams that bless the weary soul,  
    The struggles of the strong,  
Are steps towards some happy goal,  
    The story of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower  
    The man to sow the seed ;  
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,  
    But prompts again to deed.



SEASONS AND TIMES.

And ere upon the old man's dust  
The grass is seen to wave,  
We look through falling tears—to trust  
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

Oh, no ! it is no flattering lure,  
No fancy weak or fond,  
When hope would bid us rest secure  
Of better life beyond.

Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,  
Her promise may gainsay ;  
The voice divine hath spoke within,  
And God did ne'er betray.

*Paraphrased from Schiller,  
by Sarah Flower Adams.*

347.

GREAT God ! we sing that mighty hand  
By which supported still we stand ;  
The opening year thy mercy shows ;  
Thy mercy crowns it till its close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still are we guarded by our God ;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own ;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed  
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.



## THE NEW YEAR.

When death shall interrupt these songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our helper God in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

*Philip Doddridge.*

348.

WITH the new year the old sure refuge still,  
Our Father ruling on his throne above !  
He guides the nations by his sovereign will,  
He bears his people on his wings of love,  
Thy gracious care through all the past we see,  
The unknown future we can leave with thee.

With the new year, new hopes for earth and  
heaven.

Fair nature's summer beauties shall return,  
And to us also sunshine shall be given—

Our Father's children do not always mourn.  
New gifts of love Hope in the future sees,  
And far beyond them greater things than these.

With the new year may the old faith remain.

Rise, soldiers of the Cross, to fight once more !  
Let the old standard be unfurled again,

In this we conquer now, as oft of yore.  
Still the old battle cry, the old broad shield,  
Christ and his host again shall keep the field.

With the new year renew our hearts, O God :

Renew our strength, to run the heavenly way ;  
In the old paths, where all thy saints have trod,  
O Father, lead us, help us, day by day,  
Through storm or calm, our journey to pursue,  
Till the bright morn when all shall be made new.

*Karl Gerok, tr. H. L. L.\**



349.

O GOD ! while generations flee  
 Like leaves before thy face,  
 Through endless ages thou wilt be  
 Thy children's dwelling-place.

Our sainted fathers, where are they ?  
 They slept, they woke in thee,  
 And here in memory's light to-day,  
 They walk serene and free.

O thou who led'st our sires of old,  
 Their grateful children lead ;  
 Thy flock in shelter safe enfold,  
 In sunny pastures feed !

Still guide our footsteps in the way  
 That climb the morning height ;  
 Thy law, O God, our cloud by day,  
 Thy love our fire by night.

*Anonymous.*

350.

BLESS, O Lord, the opening year  
 To the souls assembled here :  
 Clothe thy word with power divine  
 Make us willing to be thine.

Where thou hast the work begun,  
 Give new strength the race to run ;  
 Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears ;  
 Wipe away the mourner's tears.

Bless us all, both old and young :  
 Call forth praise from every tongue :  
 Let our whole assembly prove  
 All thy power and all thy love.

*John Newton.\**



351.

FATHER, here we dedicate  
 All this year to thee,  
 In whatever worldly state  
 Thou wilt have us be :  
 Not from sorrow, pain, or care,  
 Freedom dare we claim ;  
 This alone shall be our prayer,  
 'Glorify thy name.'

Can a child presume to choose  
 Where or how to live ?  
 Can a Father's love refuse  
 All the best to give ?  
 More thou givest every day  
 Than the best can claim,  
 Nor withholdest aught that may  
 Glorify thy name.

If in mercy thou wilt spare  
 Joys we yet partake ;  
 If on life, serene and fair,  
 Brighter rays may break ;  
 Thee our hearts, while glad they sing,  
 Shall in all proclaim,  
 And whate'er the future brings,  
 Glorify thy name.

If thou callest to the cross,  
 And its shadow come,  
 Turning all our gain to loss,  
 Shrouding heart and home ;  
 Let us think how thy dear Son  
 To his glory came,  
 And in deepest woe pray on,  
 'Glorify thy name.'

*Lawrence Tuttielt.*



352.

O THOU, whose perfect goodness crowns  
 With peace and joy this sacred day,  
 Our hearts are glad for all the years  
 Thy love has kept us in thy way.

Thy glorious truth has made us free  
 From bounds of sect, and bonds of creed ;  
 Thy light has shone that we might see  
 Our own in every brother's need.

For common tasks of help and cheer,  
 For quiet hours of thought and prayer,  
 For moments when we seemed to feel  
 The breath of a diviner air ;

For mutual love and trust that keep  
 Unchanged through all the changing time ;  
 For friends within the veil who thrill  
 Our spirits with a hope sublime :—

For this and more than words can say,  
 We praise and bless thy holy name.  
 Come life or death : enough to know  
 That thou art evermore the same.

*John White Chadwick.*

353.

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint  
 the laughing soil,  
 When summer's balmy showers refresh the  
 mower's toil ;  
 When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and  
 the flood,  
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his  
 Maker good.



## THE CIRCLE OF THE YEAR.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that  
love the shade ;

The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the  
drowsy glade ;

The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on  
his way,

The moon and stars their Master's name in silent  
pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the  
sky,—

Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny ?

No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons  
cease to be,

Thee, Father, must we always love,—Creator,  
honour thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of  
summer fade ;

The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the  
shade ;

The winds be lulled,—the sun and moon forget  
their old decree ;

But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling  
to thee !

*Bishop Reginald Heber.\**

### 354.

PRAISE to God, and thanksgiving !  
Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing !  
Praises to the Glorious One,  
All his year of wonder done !

Praise him for his budding green,  
April's resurrection-scene ;  
Praise him for his shining hours,  
Starring all the land with flowers !



Praise him for his summer rain,  
Feeding, day and night, the grain ;  
Praise him for his tiny seed,  
Holding all his world shall need !

Praise him for his garden root,  
Meadow grass and orchard fruit ;  
Hills and valleys richly stored,—  
Each the table of the Lord !

Praise him now for snowy rest,  
Falling soft on Nature's breast ;  
Praise for happy dreams of birth,  
Brooding in the quiet earth !

For his year of wonder done,  
Praise to the All-Glorious One !  
Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing  
Praise and love and thanksgiving !

*William Channing Gannett.*

### 355.

A GENTLE tumult in the earth,  
A murmur in the trees,  
An odour faint, but passing sweet,  
Upon the morning breeze,—  
The heralds these, whom thou dost send,  
Dear Spring, that we may know  
How soon the land, from side to side,  
Shall with thy beauty glow.

And 'tis by tokens faint as these,  
O Truth, that makest free !  
That thou dost give assurance strong  
Of better things to be :  
Of higher faith, and holier trust ;  
Of love more deep and wide ;  
Of hope whose anchor shall not break,  
Whatever storms betide !



## SPRING.

O Truth of God, it is not ours  
Thy Summer to foretell,  
Nor ours to taste the fruit which now  
Doth in the blossom swell ;  
But we are glad and free of heart,  
That we thy Spring have known :  
Well speed the days whose sweetest praise  
Is to be called thine own.

*John White Chadwick.*

356.

"Thou renewest the face of the earth."

"Be renewed in the spirit of your mind."

THE glory of the spring how sweet !  
The new-born life how glad !  
What joy the happy earth to greet  
In new bright raiment clad.

Divine Renewer, thee I bless ;  
I greet thy going forth :  
I love thee in the loveliness  
Of thy renewèd earth.

But O ! these wonders of thy grace,  
These nobler works of thine,  
These marvels sweeter far to trace,  
These new-births more divine !

These sinful souls thou hallowest,  
These hearts thou makest new,  
These mourning souls by thee made blest,  
These faithless hearts made true :

This new-born glow of faith so strong,  
This bloom of love so fair ;  
This new-born ecstasy of song  
And fragrancy of prayer !



SEASONS AND TIMES.

Creator Spirit, work in me  
These wonders sweet of thine !  
Divine Renewer, graciously  
Renew this heart of mine !

Still let new life and strength upspring,  
Still let new joy be given !  
And grant the glad new song to ring  
Through the new earth and heaven.

*Thomas Hornblower Gill.*

357.

GREAT Lord of all ! Our Father, God !  
Sweet summer's hymn ascends to thee ;  
Her beauty breathes thy joy abroad,  
And love's warm tide flows full and free.

In morn's and evening's twilight glow,  
Thy tender greeting, Lord, we feel ;  
And midnight heavens, with silent show,  
Thy watchful patient love reveal.

Through all the realm of earth and air,  
Thy great heart pulses day and night ;  
And flower and fountain leap to share  
The glory of thy kindling light.

But not in realms dim sense can sound  
The fountain springs that life imparts ;  
That blessed source alone is found  
In loving and believing hearts.

O may thy fount, dear Spirit, dwell  
In us, replenished from above ;  
And through our mingling bosoms swell  
In sparkling tides of life and love.

*Charles T. Brooks.\**



358.

SUMMER suns are glowing  
 Over land and sea,  
 Happy light is flowing,  
 Bountiful and free.  
 Everything rejoices  
 In the mellow rays,  
 All earth's thousand voices  
 Swell the psalm of praise.

God's free mercy streameth  
 Over all the world,  
 And his banner gleameth  
 Everywhere unfurled.  
 Broad and deep and glorious  
 As the heaven above,  
 Shines in might victorious  
 His eternal love.

Lord, upon our blindness  
 Thy pure radiance pour ;  
 For thy loving-kindness  
 Make us love thee more.  
 And when clouds are drifting  
 Dark across the sky,  
 Then, the mist uplifting,  
 Father, be thou nigh.

We will never doubt thee,  
 Though thou veil thy light ;  
 Life is dark without thee,  
 Death with thee is bright.  
 Light of light ! Shine o'er us  
 On our pilgrim way,  
 Go thou still before us  
 To the endless day.

*Bishop William Walsham How.*



359.

NOW sing we a song for the harvest :  
 Thanksgiving and honour and praise,  
 For all that the bountiful Giver  
 Hath given to gladden our days !

For grasses of upland and lowland,  
 For fruits of the garden and field,  
 For gold which the mine and the prairie  
 To delver and husbandman yield !

And thanks for the harvest of beauty,—  
 For that which the hands cannot hold ;  
 The harvest eyes only can gather,  
 And only our hearts can enfold !

We reap it on mountain and moorland ;  
 We glean it from meadow and lea ;  
 We garner it in from the cloudland ;  
 We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

But now we sing deeper and higher,—  
 Of harvests that eye cannot see ;  
 They ripen on mountains of duty,  
 Are reaped by the brave and the free :

And these have been gathered and garnered,—  
 Some golden with honour and gain,  
 And some, as with heart's-blood, are ruddy,—  
 The harvests of sorrow and pain.

O Thou, who art Lord of the harvest,  
 The Giver who gladdens our days,  
 Our hearts are for ever repeating  
 Thanksgiving and honour and praise !

*John White Chadwick.\**



360.

O GOD ! in thy autumnal skies  
 Thy dying woodlands glow and flame ;  
 And wheresoe'er we turn our eyes  
 All-conquering Life ! we trace thy name.

Bright emblem of that tranquil faith  
 Whose evening beams ' Good morrow ' give,  
 Each leaf, transfigured, mutely saith,  
 ' As dying, and, behold ! we live.'

God of the living,—not the dead !  
 Like autumn leaves we fade and flee ;  
 Yet reigns eternal spring o'erhead,  
 Where souls for ever live to thee.

O help us meekly bravely tread  
 The path of righteousness and love,  
 Till, joined to all the immortal dead,  
 We walk in cloudless light above.

*Charles T. Brooks.\**

361.

TO thee, O God in heaven,  
 This little one we bring :  
 Giving to thee what thou hast given,—  
 Our dearest offering.

Into a world of toil  
 These little feet will roam,  
 Where sin its purity may soil,  
 Where care and grief may come.

O, then, let thy pure love,  
 With influence serene,  
 Come down, like water, from above,  
 To comfort and make clean !

*James Freeman Clarke.*



362.

ETERNAL Love, whose law doth sway  
 The worlds in ordered course,  
 And works in human hearts its way  
 With sacred force:

To thee our waiting hearts we lift,  
 This solemn joyful hour,  
 And ask thy spirit's perfect gift,  
 For marriage dower.

Thy hand the sacred links hath wrought  
 That bind two souls in one ;  
 Thy highest mysteries thus are taught,  
 Thy heaven begun.

O hallow with thy presence now  
 This sacrament of Love,  
 Breathe in the trembling human vow  
 Strength from above.

Then howsoe'er the unknown road  
 Of outward life may roam,  
 A flame that on thine altar glowed  
 Shall light the home.

*Ella Sophia Armitage.*

363.

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;  
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide :  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;  
 Change and decay in all around I see :  
 O thou who changest not, abide with me !



MARRIAGE : OLD AGE : DEATH.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee !  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need thy presence every passing hour :  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?  
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless :  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :  
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me !

Come then in light before my closing eyes !  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
flee :

In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

*Henry Francis Lyte.\**

364.

WHEN the day of toil is done,  
When the race of life is run,  
Father, grant thy wearied one  
Rest for evermore !

When the strife of sin is stilled,  
When the foe within is killed,  
Be thy gracious word fulfilled,  
Peace for evermore !

When the darkness melts away  
At the breaking of the day,  
Bid us hail the cheering ray ;—  
Light for evermore !



SEASONS AND TIMES.

When the heart by sorrow tried  
Feels at length its throbs subside,  
Bring us, where all tears are dried,  
Joy for evermore !

When for vanished days we yearn,  
Days that never can return,  
Teach us in thy love to learn  
Love for evermore !

When the breath of life is flown,  
When the grave must claim its own,  
Lord of life ! be ours thy crown—  
Life for evermore !

*John Ellerton.*

365.

L ORD ! while for all mankind we pray,  
Of every clime and coast,  
O hear us for our native land,—  
The land we love the most.

Our fathers' sepulchres are here,  
And here our kindred dwell :  
Our children too ;—how should we love  
Another land so well ?

O guard our shores from every foe,  
With peace our borders bless ;  
With prosperous times our cities crown,  
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and thee ;  
And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.



## OUR COUNTRY.

Here may religion pure and mild  
Upon our sabbaths smile ;  
And piety and virtue reign,  
And bless our native isle.

Lord of the nations ! thus to thee  
Our country we commend ;  
Be thou her refuge and her trust,  
Her everlasting friend !

*John Reynell Wreford.*

366.

O BEAUTIFUL, our country,  
Be thine a nobler care,  
Than all the wealth of commerce,  
Thy harvests waving fair ;  
Be it thy pride to foster  
The manhood of the poor ;  
Be thou to those in bondage  
Fair Freedom's open door.

For thee our fathers suffered,  
For thee they toiled and prayed,  
Upon thy holy altar  
Their willing lives they laid.  
Thou hast no common birthright,  
Grand memories on thee shine,  
The blood of famous nations,  
Commingled, flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country,  
Round thee in love we draw,  
Thine be the grace of Freedom,  
The majesty of Law ;  
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,  
Justice thy diadem,  
And on thy shining forehead  
Be Peace the crowning gem.

*Frederick L. Hosmer.*



367.

AND now the wants are told, that brought  
Thy children to thy knee ;  
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,  
But simply worship thee.

The hope of heaven's eternal days  
Absorbs not all the heart  
That gives thee glory, love, and praise  
For being what thou art.

For thou art God, the One, the same,  
O'er all things high and bright ;  
And round us when we speak thy name,  
There spreads a heaven of light.

O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell  
On excellence divine ;  
To know that nought in man can tell  
How fair thy beauties shine.

O Thou above all blessing blest,  
O'er thanks exalted far,  
Thy very greatness is a rest  
To weaklings as we are :

For when we feel the praise of thee  
A task beyond our powers,  
We say—' A perfect God is he  
And he is fully ours.'

*William Bright.*

368.

LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing ;  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Still in holiness increase :  
O sustain us,  
Till the day of conflict cease !



## THANKSGIVING.

Thanks we give and adoration  
For thy gospel's joyful sound :  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound.  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found !

*John Fawcett.\**

369.

NOW lift we to our God on high  
A parting hymn of grateful praise :  
Thou, Father, dost to us draw nigh  
If but our hearts to thee we raise.  
We feel thy presence now  
As lowly at thy throne  
With hosts of heaven we bow,  
And join with all who own  
That thou alone art God most high.  
Our fathers oft to us have told  
The works which thou hast wrought of yore,  
The noble works which then were old,  
Oft done by thee in times before.  
Thou, Lord, art still the same,  
Thy mercies all may share ;  
We'll trust in thy great name  
And in thy ancient care  
Of which our fathers oft have told.  
The prophet-saints inspired by thee  
Have made our future clear and bright,  
And marked in time's dark mystery  
Our pathway by a track of light.  
O grant us help and strength  
This upward path to tread,  
That we may reach at length  
The goal with Christ our head,  
Through prophet-saints inspired by thee.

*Thomas Sadler.*



370.

O GOD! by whom the seed is given,  
By whom the harvest blest;  
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,  
Is planted in our breast;

Preserve it from the passing feet,  
And plunderers of the air,  
The sultry sun's intenser heat,  
And weeds of worldly care.

Though buried deep or thinly strewn,  
Do thou thy grace supply:  
The hope in earthly furrows sown  
Shall ripen in the sky.

*Bishop Reginald Heber.*

371.

THE Lord be with us as we bend  
His blessing to receive;  
His gift of peace upon us send,  
Before his courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk  
Along our homeward road;  
In silent thought or friendly talk  
Our hearts be still with God.

The Lord be with us till the night  
Shall close the day of rest;  
Be he of every heart the light,  
Of every home the guest.

And when our nightly prayers we say,  
His watch he still shall keep,  
Crown with his peace his own blest day,  
And guard his people's sleep.

*John Ellerton.*



EVENING.

372.

FATHER supreme! thou high and holy One,  
To thee we bow;  
Now, when the service of the day is done,  
Devoutly, now.

From age to age unchanging, still the same  
All-good thou art;  
Hallowed for ever be thy holy name  
In every heart.

When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,  
Thy smile was there;  
Now, as the darkness gathers overhead,  
We feel thy care.

Night spreads her shade upon another day  
Forever past;  
So o'er our faults, thy love, we humbly pray,  
A veil may cast.

Silence and calm, o'er hearts by earth distressed,  
Now sweetly steal;  
So every fear that struggles in the heart  
Shall faith conceal.

Thou, through the dark, wilt watch above our sleep  
With eye of love;  
And thou wilt wake us, when the sunbeams leap  
The hills above.

O may each heart its gratitude express  
As life expands,  
And find the triumph of its happiness  
In thy commands.

*Hymns of the Spirit.\**



373.

THE day is past and over ;  
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee :  
 I pray thee now that peaceful  
 The hours of dark may be :  
 O Father, keep me in thy sight,  
 And guard me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over ;  
 I lift my heart to thee,  
 And ask thee that offenceless  
 The hours of dark may be :  
 O Father, make their darkness light,  
 And guard me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over ;  
 I raise the hymn to thee,  
 And ask that free from peril  
 The hours of dark may be.  
 O Father, keep me in thy sight,  
 And guard me through the coming night.

Be thou my soul's Preserver,  
 For thou alone dost know  
 How many are the trials  
 Through which I have to go :  
 O loving Father, hear my call,  
 And guard and save me from them all.

*Anatolius, tr. John Mason Neale.*

374.

GLORY to thee, my God ! this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light !  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings !  
 Beneath thine own almighty wings.



## EVENING.

The moments that to waste have run,  
The ills that I this day have done,  
Forgive, that with the world and thee  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

O may my soul on thee repose, .  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake !

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the endless day.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow :  
Praise him, all creatures here below !  
Praise him, ye heavenly host above !  
Praise him, my soul ! for all his love.

*Bishop Thomas Ken.\**

375.

THE night is come, wherein at last we rest ;  
God orders this and all things for the best !  
Beneath his blessing fearless we may lie,  
Since he is nigh.

Let holy prayers and thoughts our latest be,  
Let us awake with joy, still close to thee ;  
In all serve thee ; in every deed and thought  
Thy praise be sought.

Give to the sick, as thy beloved, sleep ;  
And help the captive, comfort those who weep ;  
Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe ;  
Keep far our foe.



## THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

For we have none on whom for help to call  
Save thee, O God, in heaven, who car'st for all,  
And wilt forsake them never, day or night,  
Who love thee right.

Father, thy name be praised, thy kingdom come ;  
Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly home ;  
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver  
Us now and ever ! Amen.

*Petrus Herbert, tr. C. Winkworth.\**

376.

'TIS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,  
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;  
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight  
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul, for ever near !  
It is not night, if thou be here :  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I cannot live :  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor  
With blessings from thy boundless store ;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.



EVENING.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

*John Keble.\**

377.

GOD that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light ;  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night ;  
May thine Angel-guard defend us,  
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night.

*Bishop Reginald Heber.*

When we in the morn awaken,  
Guide us thy way,  
Keep our love and truth unshaken  
In work and play ;  
In our daily task be near us,  
In temptation keep and hear us,  
And with holy counsel cheer us,  
The livelong day.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
And, when we die,  
May we in thy mighty keeping  
All peaceful lie :  
Thou wilt not in death forsake us,  
But to fuller life shalt wake us,  
And to nobler service take us  
With thee on high.

*Archbishop Whately (alt.).*



378.

**L**ORD, as the light of morning broke  
O'er island, continent, and deep,  
Thy far-spread family awoke  
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west the sun surveyed,  
From north to south adoring throngs :  
And still where evening stretched her shade,  
The stars came out to hear their songs.

And not a prayer, nor secret sigh,  
Hath failed this day thine ear to gain :  
To those in trouble thou wert nigh,  
Nor have they sought thy face in vain.

The poor received thy heavenly bread,  
The homeless found in thee abode,  
The mourners have been comforted,  
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Now, as we part, our prayer be one,  
In which both heaven and earth agree ;  
Here may thy perfect will be done,  
That we may find our rest in thee.

*James Montgomery,  
alt. Andrew Chalmers.\**

379.

**T**HE day of prayer is ending,  
Our feet must homeward go ;  
The shades of night ascending  
Creep o'er the world below ;  
But still the mountain-summits fair  
Glow with the light of praise and prayer.



EVENING.

Here in green pastures guiding,  
Thou, Lord, didst lead thy flock ;  
Here from life's noonday hiding,  
We found the cooling rock ;  
But now we leave the hills of praise  
To tread again earth's common ways.

To life's rough path returning,  
And duty's narrow sphere,  
Still in our hearts keep burning  
The vision witnessed here ;  
Still may thy spell of peace and power  
Breathe strength for every toilsome hour.

*Ella Sophia Armitage.\**

380.

O THOU true life of all that live,  
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway,  
Who dost the morn and evening give,  
And through its changes guide the day !

Thy light upon our evening pour ;  
So may our souls no sunset see,  
But death to us an open door  
To an eternal morning be.

*Roman Breviary, tr. Edward Caswall.\**







## NOTES.

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1. The original text of this hymn may be seen in Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 1892, p. 44, reproduced from the only known copy of Daye's *Psalter*, 1560-1, in which it first appeared.

2. Stanzas 1, 2, 4, 5, 12, and 14, of 'A Psalm of Praise.' In verses 1 and 4 I have followed the slight changes of Dr. Sadler's version in *Additional Hymns*, 1876.

3. From *Devotions in the Antient Way of Offices*, 1668, appointed for Sunday at Matins. Three stanzas are omitted.

4. Condensed from the longer poem in five stanzas, prefixed to Wither's *Hallelujah, or Britain's Second Remembrancer*, 1641.

6. The second verse is omitted, and its last line attached to the opening and closing verses, in place of  
'God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.'

8. The last verse is omitted.

9. One verse is omitted.

11. Abbreviated as in *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home* from six stanzas of six lines each.

12. A cento from Mr. Chatfield's version in *Songs and Hymns of the Earliest Greek Christian Poets*, 1876.

13. The original has ten stanzas.

14. Altered from verses 2, 4, 5, of Miss Winkworth's translation, 'True mirror of the Godhead, perfect light,' representing verses 2, 7, 8, of the original.

15. The original is in fourteen verses. The text given (save in the last two lines of the doxology) is that of 1697, as emended in 1712.

16. Two verses have been omitted.

19. Founded on Tate and Brady's paraphrase of Ps. cviii. The original begins

'O God my heart is fully bent  
To magnify thy name;  
And of my cheerful songs thy praise  
Shall be the glorious theme.'



20. The last verse but one has been omitted :

‘ I will not hide from them,  
When thy storms come, though fierce may be their wrath ;  
But bow with leafy stem,  
And strengthened follow on thy chosen path.’

21. Selected from the Morning poem ‘ Hues of the rich unfolding morn,’ in sixteen verses.

22. Selected from nine stanzas.

24. Four verses have been omitted.

25. Text as in *Amenophis and other Poems*, 1892. In verse 4 the reading in *Hymns*, 1870, has been retained.

31. The last stanza in the original runs thus :

‘ We would pray as those who stand  
Their truest friend beside,  
Whom he takes as by the hand  
Unto their God to guide :  
By his power and for his sake  
Fully us thy children make.’

32. Three verses have been omitted.

34. One verse has been omitted.

39. Written for the opening of the Independent Congregational Church in Baston Square, Salem, Mass., Dec. 7, 1824. One verse has been omitted.

40. Arranged from Mrs. Barbauld’s *Address to the Deity*, 1773.

41. From the Olney Hymns. The original contains six verses,\*and is addressed to Jesus.

42. In Dr. Palmer’s version the first line begins ‘ Come Holy Ghost.’ The last verse has been omitted.

43. See *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. This hymn is derived from the ‘ The Love Feast,’ (cp. 106 and 311 below), first published in the *Hymns and Sacred Poems* of John and Charles Wesley, 1739, cp. Charles Wesley’s *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

44. The last verse has been omitted.

45. Originally in six verses. The text is here taken from *Hymns of the Christian Church and Home*.

47. The last stanza has been omitted.

49. Derived from the hymn ‘ Father of all! whose powerful voice.’

56. Written for the dedication of the First Unitarian Church, Omaha, Nebraska, Nov. 15, 1891.

57. Six verses have been omitted.



59. The original contains thirteen verses.
62. Nos. 36 (last two lines from No. 33), 49, and 138, of *Divine Ejaculations*, 1651.
64. The concluding verses of a hymn beginning 'O Thou whom earth and stars proclaim,' first published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, XLVII. p. 84.
65. Three verses have been omitted. The original begins  
' 'Tis not because I feel my need.'
68. From the Paraphrase of Ps. cxxxvi.
70. The doxology has been omitted.
71. The first stanza and the refrain of each following verse are derived from a hymn by Charles Wesley.
73. This hymn first appeared in a four-page sheet, entitled *Hymns of Praise, For Foundling Apprentices Attending Divine Service to return Thanks*, pasted at the end of some copies of the *Psalms, Hymns and Anthems of the Foundling Hospital*, in two editions, 1796, and 1801. But at what date the sheet was printed or inserted, is unknown (*Julian's Dict.*).
76. Originally composed in eight stanzas of eight lines.
78. Selected from twelve verses.
81. The original begins 'Beyond, beyond.' The text here printed is that of *Hymns of the Christian Church and Home*. One stanza has been omitted, and the second slightly altered.
82. As approved by the author for the *Book of Hymns*, 1846.
83. From *A Heretic and Other Poems*. One stanza has been omitted.
85. The original contains six verses, and was designed for New Year's Day. It has been adapted for Christmas by the insertion of the third verse.
87. From Montgomery's rendering of Psalm lxxii., 'Hail to the Lord's Anointed,' as in *Hymns of Praise and Prayer*.
91. This hymn, in six stanzas, was first published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, December, 1872.
92. As in *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. The last two verses have been slightly altered from the original.
95. First published in *Sunday Afternoon*, U.S.A., March, 1879.
97. Adapted with slight alteration, from 'Jesu, shall I never be,' in thirteen verses. The first verse is derived from *Hymns of the Christian Church and Home*. The refrain in each succeeding verse of the original is constructed on the type 'Jesu's is a quiet mind.' Dr. Martineau attributes the hymn to Charles Wesley, though, in the opinion of the Wesleyan



editors of the *Collection* of 1876, the authorship cannot be fixed with certainty between the brothers.

**98.** From a sonnet written in 1846. The two last lines have been omitted. The opening words of verse 2 ran 'Thee would I sing.'

**101.** Selected from 'Our Master.'

**102.** First published in *Christian Hymns*, otherwise known as the *Cheshire Collection*, U.S.A., 1845. Some verses of Wesley's have been sometimes attached to it.

**103.** The original appeared, with seven stanzas, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, November, 1874.

**106.** See *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. The first two lines are from a hymn by Charles Wesley. Verses 2 and 4 are drawn from 'Come and let us sweetly join' (The Love Feast), and verse 5 from 'Father, Son, and Spirit, hear.' See 43.

**107.** Verses 1, 3, and 4, are, with slight changes, from 'The Cypress-Tree of Ceylon.'

**113.** First published, in six stanzas, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, June, 1862, beginning 'He is gone, beyond the skies,' and afterwards revised. In the last line of the last verse the pronoun 'He' has been replaced by 'God.'

**114.** Two verses have been omitted.

**115.** One verse has been omitted.

**116.** Originally known as 'Welcome, welcome, ye who came,' in seven verses, see Dr. J. R. Beard's *Hymns*, 1837.

**118.** Four verses have been omitted.

**119.** From the 'Word of God.' Two verses have been omitted. The last originally began 'Sweet girl.'

**121.** Selected from 'The Shadow of the Light.' For musical purposes the last line of each verse has been condensed from ten syllables to eight.

**124.** Two stanzas have been omitted.

**125.** Selected from the Paraphrase of Psalm xc. in seventeen verses. Some slight alterations have been made since the first edition. The text chiefly followed is that of *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*.

**126.** Three verses have been omitted.

**127.** Verses 5, 6, and 8, of 'Behold you new-born infant grieved,' in *Poems on Sacred Subjects*, Oxford, 1763. The last verse has been slightly altered.

**128.** This hymn has had a long history, since its first composition in 1737. The chief alterations were introduced



in 1781 by J. Logan. The original began 'O God of Bethel,' which was changed to 'O God of ages' in *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*.

129. Selected from eight verses.

130. One verse has been omitted.

131. The last verse has been omitted.

133. Arranged from six verses of four lines each.

135. Selected from thirteen verses.

137. Selected from a 'Hymn of Love,' in twelve verses.

138. The original contains ten verses.

139. Two verses have been omitted.

141. Two verses have been omitted.

142. The last verse has been omitted.

143. Selected from ten verses.

144. Selected from eleven stanzas of eight lines each.

145. Two verses have been omitted.

146. Two verses have been omitted.

148. Three verses have been omitted.

150. Paraphrase of Ps. cxxi. Two verses have been omitted. The text here printed is that of *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*, which contains some slight alterations of the original.

152. Stanzas 4 to 8 of 'Whence do our mournful thoughts arise?' originally published in five verses by Isaac Watts, 1707; altered in the *Scottish Translations and Paraphrases*, 1745; and further amended by W. Cameron in 1781 (Julian).

153. Paraphrase of Ps. xxxvi. One verse has been omitted, and a few small changes made. See *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*.

154. The first two and the last verses of the 'Hymn of the Waldenses.'

155. The German is in eight stanzas, of which the translation reproduces five. In *H. L. L.* verse 1, line 4, runs 'As once from Horeb's fiery mount it came': verse 2, line 6, begins 'In union and communion.'

156. Selected from 'Souls of men why will ye scatter,' in thirteen verses.

157 and 158. These are parts of the same hymn. The text here adopted is that of Sir Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise*, 1862. The original begins 'Befiehl du deine Wege.'



**161.** Adapted from 'The Covenant and Confidence of Faith,' in the *Poetical Fragments*, 1681. In the original, verse 1 begins 'Now it belongs not.' Verses 3 and 5 have been slightly altered.

**165.** Verses 4—7 of 'Lord, now the time returns.'

**167.** The original contains eight stanzas.

**168.** The last seven verses of 'My Psalm.'

**170.** Selected from 'A Song of Trust.' The order of the verses has been re-arranged.

**174.** See *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. The last line of verse 1 originally ran 'I pass my years of banishment.' The poem contains four more verses.

**175.** The last verse has been omitted.

**176.** Selected from fourteen stanzas.

**180.** The first line originally ran 'Tis seldom we can trace the way.'

**181.** Altered from 'Jesu, Lover of my soul.' See *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. The Editors of the *Wesleyan Collection* cannot determine its authorship between the brothers. Dr. Martineau ascribes it to Charles Wesley.

**182.** In verse 1, line 3, the original reading is 'Then, my Redeemer.' In verse 5, line 4, 'child' has been substituted for 'worm.'

**184.** From *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. Founded on an altered rendering of the original, beginning 'How blest am I, most gracious Saviour,' in the *Moravian Hymn Book*, 1789.

**189.** Selected from fourteen verses.

**190.** Founded on Tersteegen's 'Kommt Kinder! lasst uns gehen,' in nineteen stanzas of eight lines each. From the *Hymn Book for the Church and the Home*, Boston, 1877.

**192.** As in *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. In verse 1, line 3, the original reads 'Saviour's' for 'Maker's.' Two verses have been omitted.

**196.** From the *Inner Life*, xxii. and xxiii.

**197.** Three verses have been omitted.

**200.** The opening verse, 'With sin I would not make abode,' has been replaced by the sixth. One other verse has been omitted.

**201.** See Mrs. Lucy Wilson's *Memoirs of John Frederic Oberlin*, London, 1829, p. 254, with the article in *Julian's Dictionary*, p. 1537.



**202.** Addressed originally to Jesus (verse 3), the first line being 'O Thou who camest from above.' See *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*.

**203.** One verse has been omitted.

**205.** Adapted from 'Jesus, my strength, my hope,' in six verses of eight lines each. Compare *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. Dr. Martineau ascribes it to Charles Wesley, but the Wesleyan Editors are doubtful.

**208.** Selected from 'The Narrow Way,' in ten verses.

**209.** Two stanzas have been omitted.

**210.** One verse has been omitted.

**211.** Four verses have been omitted.

**213.** This hymn appears to have been suggested by some lines of Goethe, but it is not a translation. The author is unknown. It appears in the Third Series of *Hymns of the Ages*, Boston, U.S.A., 1865.

**214.** Herbert's hymn, published in the *Temple*, 1633, and called 'The Elixir,' was altered by Wesley in his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1738. Two verses are here omitted.

**216.** Three stanzas have been omitted.

**219.** A cento from 'Andrew Rykman's Prayer.'

**221.** From a Dublin leaflet, 1860 (Julian). The first verse beginning 'Teach me to live, 'tis easier far to die,' has been omitted. Cp. *Poetical Remains of Ellen Elizabeth Burman*, with a brief Memoir by the Rev. W. Bruce, M.A., 1862.

**223.** One verse has been omitted.

**224.** Two concluding verses are omitted.

**225.** Originally written (in 1875) for the opening of a Sunday School. One verse has been omitted.

**226.** Selected from the poem addressed 'To the Reformers of England.'

**227.** Condensed from nine stanzas of six lines each.

**230.** Selected from 'The Right must win' in nineteen verses.

**231.** One verse has been omitted.

**232.** One verse has been omitted.

**233.** The original, in eight stanzas, will be found in the *Life of Dean Alford*, 1873. The text here has been adopted from the third edition of the *Berwick Hymnal*.

**234.** Written for the author's graduation at the Divinity School, Cambridge, U.S.A., 1864.



**235.** From *The Inner Life*, xxxvi. In verses 4 and 5 the name 'Father' replaces 'Master,' cp. *Matt.* v. 16.

**236.** Written for the Visitation Day of the Cambridge Divinity School, U.S.A., 1873.

**237.** The third verse has been altered.

**238.** One verse has been omitted.

**240.** The last six verses of the Ordination hymn, 'Twas silence in thy temple, Lord.' The first line is addressed in the original 'Spirit of Christ.'

**241.** Adapted for this collection by the author.

**242.** The fifth verse has been inserted from the hymn 'Soldier of the Cross, arise.' In verse 1 'Saviour' stands in the original for 'Master'; and in verse 2, line 4, 'his' for 'God's.'

**243.** Written in 1846 for the author's graduation at the Divinity School, Cambridge, U.S.A.

**246.** Used at the author's installation as minister of the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, New York, 1853, but perhaps written earlier. The last verse was added by him when the hymn was subsequently re-written for general use.

**248.** Two verses have been omitted.

**249.** Written for the ordination of Mrs. Celia Burleigh, and now adapted by Mr. Chadwick.

**251.** Selected from fifteen verses, beginning 'I thank thee, Lord, for using me.' Verse 5 is addressed 'Help us, O Christ.'

**253.** The last six verses of 'Eternal Youth,' beginning 'Ah, tremblers fainting and forlorn.'

**254.** One stanza has been omitted.

**255.** One verse has been omitted.

**256.** From the hymn 'Father, to thy sinful child.'

**258.** Selected from eight verses, as in *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*, where it is ascribed to Charles Wesley. The original, about the specific authorship of which the Wesleyan Editors express uncertainty, begins 'Lord, I believe.' Verse 3, line 3, reads 'Now, Saviour.'

**260.** The original contains six verses; the first runs

'Bear thou my burden, Thou who bear'st my sin,  
Both are too heavy, Lord, for me to bear,  
O take them, call them thine; yes, thine, though mine;  
And give me calm repose in hours of fear and care.'

For musical purposes the last line of each verse has been reduced to ten syllables.



261. The last stanza has been omitted.

262. Selected from nine verses.

264. Selected from twenty verses, beginning 'Come, King of Glory, come and bring.' The emendations in the text have been communicated by the kindness of the Translator.

265. The first line in the original begins 'I dared not hope.' A similar change has been made at the opening of stanza 2.

267. In order to arrange the poem in double verses for musical reasons, four lines have been added to the first stanza, by Dr. Smith's permission, from his hymn 'Jesus unto whom we pray.'

268. Selected from nine verses.

271. Selected from eight verses.

272. Two verses have been omitted.

273. As in *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. Selected with slight adaptation from the original rendering in eight stanzas.

274. As in *Hymns of Praise and Prayer*. Adapted from the poem 'Quiet from God, it cometh not to still,' in the *Liverpool Sacred Offering*, 1834.

276. The original rendering begins 'O holy Spirit,' and contains eight verses.

277. As in *Hymns of Praise and Prayer*. The original begins 'Eternal beam.' Two verses have been omitted. The Wesleyan editors do not fix the authorship.

278. 'Begging,' at the close of *Silex Scintillans*, 1650.

279. A few slight changes have been made. In verse 1, line 6, the original has 'Saviour.' In verse 2, line 6, the alteration of *Hymns of Praise and Prayer* has been adopted for 'speak my Lord's sincerity.' The last line of the last verse has been substituted for 'Give to him who gave me thee.'

280. The first verse, beginning 'O Holy Ghost who down dost come,' has been omitted.

281. One stanza has been omitted. Verses 1 and 4 are addressed in the original 'My Saviour.'

282. The refrain of each verse in the original begins 'Holy Jesu.'

285. Three verses have been omitted, and some slight changes made.

286. Two verses have been omitted.

287. From *Unity Hymns and Chorals*, Chicago, 1886.



**288.** Adapted from 'A Prayer,' beginning 'I ask not wealth, but power to take.'

**290.** Two verses have been omitted. The last verse is addressed to the Father, where the original reads Jesus.

**292.** Selected from eight verses of four lines each.

**295.** As in *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. Sometimes given as 'Talk with us.' The last verse has been omitted. The Wesleyan Editors do not determine the authorship.

**296.** As in *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. Adapted from the hymn 'So new-born babes desire the breast.'

**297.** In the last line of verse 1 the original reads 'With full unveiled truth.'

**299.** As in *Church Hymns*. Adapted from 'Long have I sought for happiness' in thirteen verses. See *Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1745.

**300.** As in *Christian Hymns*, 1891, edited by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. The Wesleyan Editors do not determine the authorship. The original contains eight verses.

**301.** Selected from fourteen verses.

**302.** 'Supreme motor cardium.' The last verse has been omitted.

**303.** See *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. The original has four stanzas of eight lines each.

**305.** Selected from twelve verses of four lines each.

**308.** Addressed in the last verse, line 3, 'Saviour.'

**309.** From the latter part of 'The Brewing of Soma.'

**311.** As in *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. Adapted with slight alteration from 'Jesus, Lord, we look to thee,' the last verse being omitted.

**314.** Two verses have been omitted.

**318.** As in *Hymns of Praise and Prayer*. Two verses of the original have been omitted. Verse 4, line 3, runs 'The name of Jesus glorify.'

**319.** Selected from a poem in nine verses, 'The Future is better than the Past,' contributed anonymously to *The Dial* (Boston, U.S.A.), July, 1841. Often attributed, but mistakenly, to Emerson.

**320.** One verse has been omitted.

**321.** As in *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. Arranged from 'The Communion of Saints,' the authorship of which, however, the Wesleyan Editors do not decide.



**324.** The concluding verses of 'The Arsenal at Springfield.'

**325.** Adapted from 'My Triumph,' beginning with verse 3.

**326.** A cento from Psalms lxxxii., lxxxv., and lxxxvi.

**331.** A cento of verses widely scattered, from 'the Chapel of the Hermits,' first arranged for the *Hymns of the Spirit*.

**333.** One verse has been omitted.

**336.** Selected from seven verses: the refrain 'Angels of Jesus' has been omitted.

**337** and **338.** These are from the same hymn which contains twenty-two verses.

**339.** The first verse of this hymn which replaces Wesley's 'Come let us join our friends above,' is founded on Watts's 'The saints on earth and all the dead,' and seems to have been first placed in this position by Cotterill in 1815 (Julian). Some other slight changes have been adopted from previous editors. In the last two lines of the concluding verse Wesley's bold figure has been restored. Compare 'I hope to meet my Pilot face to face.'

**340.** Three verses have been omitted.

**342.** From 'The Eternal Goodness.'

**345.** Selected from 'Across the River' in nine stanzas, *Poems*, Boston, U.S.A., 1869.

**348.** Two stanzas have been omitted. In the last verse 'Father' has been substituted for 'Saviour' to harmonise with verses 1 and 2.

**350.** Verses 2, 6, and 7, of 'Now may fervent prayer arise.'

**353.** In verse 3 'Father' and 'Creator' replace 'Master' and 'Saviour.'

**357.** Written for a Boston Festival in 1871: the last two verses have been omitted.

**359.** Adapted by W. C. Gannett from 'A Song for the Harvest,' in sixteen verses.

**360.** From 'The Memory of Channing,' written in 1867 on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death.

**363.** As in *Hymns of Praise and Prayer*. Two verses of the original have been omitted, and the last verse begins 'Hold then thy cross.'

**368.** On the authorship of this hymn see Julian's *Dictionary*, p. 687.

**372.** This hymn has been adapted for the close of worship by a slight change in verse 1, line 3, which runs in the original 'Now when the burden of the day is gone.'



**374.** As in *Hymns of Praise and Prayer*. The original has twelve verses. It is unnecessary to specify the changes in a hymn so well known.

**375.** The second verse has been omitted :

‘ Drive evil thoughts and spirits far away ;  
Master, watch o’er us till the dawning day,  
Body and soul alike from harm defend,  
Thine angels send ! ’

**376.** Selected from fourteen verses.

**378.** Derived from ‘ Millions within thy courts have met,’ the opening verses being dropped.

**379.** One verse has been omitted.

**380.** One verse has been omitted.



## INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TRANSLATORS.

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*Dates of Birth and Death, where known, are given in brackets, followed by the numbers of the Hymns by each writer.*

*After the number of a Hymn, tr. = translated, pt. = part, alt. = altered.*

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ADAMS, SARAH (1805—1848). 310, 346.

Daughter of Benjamin Flower, editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*. Wife of William B. Adams, civil engineer. 1841 published *Vivia Perpetua*, a dramatic poem, and contributed thirteen hymns to W. J. Fox's *Hymns and Anthems*, used in South Place Chapel, Finsbury.

ADDISON, JOSEPH (1672—1719). 72, 132, 135, 138.

Educated at Charterhouse and Magdalen College, Oxford. His hymns first appeared in the *Spectator*, 1712.

ALFORD, HENRY (1810—1871). 233.

Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. From 1857 Dean of Canterbury.

ANATOLIUS (not earlier than the 7th century). 373.

Greek hymn-writer.

ANONYMOUS. 35, 46, 73, 207, 213, 287, 304, 349, 372.

ANSTICE, JOSEPH (1808—1836). 169.

Educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. Professor of Classical Literature at King's College, London.

APPLETON, F. P. 50.

Sometime Unitarian minister at South Danvers, U.S. Contributed this hymn anonymously to the *Book of Hymns* edited by Longfellow and Johnson, Boston, 1846.

ARMITAGE, ELLA SOPHIA (b. 1841). 225, 229, 362, 379.

Daughter of S. M. Bulley of Liverpool. Wife of the Rev. E. Armitage, Theological professor in the Congregational United College, Bradford.

ASHWORTH, THOMAS ALFRED (b. c. 1806). 228, 327.

A Clergyman of the Church of England, in South Lancashire, who joined the Catholic Apostolic Church.

AUSTIN, JOHN (1613—1669). 3, 16, 70, 139, 165.

Studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, and on becoming a Roman Catholic in 1640 read for the Bar. Subsequently tutor and man of letters. Author of *Devotions in the Antient Way of Offices containing Exercises for*



*every day in the Week*, 1668: a Roman Catholic Manual, in which his hymns appeared.

B. T. 287.

In *Unity Hymns and Chorals*, Chicago, 1886.

BAKER, SIR HENRY WILLIAMS, BART. (1821—1877). 136.

Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. From 1851 vicar of Monkland, Herefordshire. Editor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861. Revised edition, 1875.

BARBAULD, ANNA LAETITIA (1743—1825). 40.

Daughter of the Rev. John Aikin, who in 1753 became Classical Tutor in the Warrington Academy. Her *Poems* were published 1773, the year before her marriage to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld. Her *Hymns in Prose for Children* appeared in 1781.

BARING-GOULD, SABINE (b. 1834). 231 (tr.).

Educated at Clare College, Cambridge. Since 1881 rector of Lew Trenchard, Devon.

BAXTER, RICHARD (1615—1691). 2, 161.

In 1640 became curate of Kidderminster, and during the Civil War, chaplain of one of Cromwell's regiments. At the Restoration the most eminent Presbyterian minister, of a catholic spirit, a lover of comprehension. Author of many works of controversy and of practical religion, including *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*.

BEACH, SETH CURTIS. 112, 120.

American Unitarian minister, at Bangor, Me.

BLACKIE, JOHN STUART (b. 1809). 75.

Educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh. Appointed Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, 1850.

BLAKE, J. VILA. 122.

Since 1883 minister of the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago.

BLATCHFORD, AMBROSE NICHOLLS (b. 1842). 90.

Student of Manchester New College in London. Since 1866 minister of Lewin's Mead Chapel, Bristol.

BONAR, HORATIUS (1808—1889). 24, 185, 227, 251, 260, 262, 305.

Educated at the Edinburgh High School and University. Minister at Kelso in the Established Church and after the Disruption of 1843 in the Free Church of Scotland. From 1866 minister of the Chalmers Memorial Church, Edinburgh.

BORTHWICK, JANE (b. 1813). 187, 195, 348.

Daughter of James Borthwick of Edinburgh, where she resides. Authoress with her sister Sarah (Mrs. Findlater) of *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, translations from the German; 1st series 1854; 2nd 1855; 3rd 1858; 4th



1862, when a complete edition was published. Reprinted 1884.

BOWRING, SIR JOHN (1792—1872). 110, 160, 180.

Linguist and man of letters, diplomatist and member of Parliament. He published in 1823 *Matins and Vespers with Hymns and occasional Devotional Pieces*, and in 1825 *Hymns* as a sequel to the *Matins*.

BRADY, NICHOLAS (1659—1726). 19, 125.

Educated at Westminster, Christ Church, Oxford, and Trinity College, Dublin. Prebendary of Cork. Joint author with Nahum Tate of the *New Version of the Psalms of David*, 1696.

BRIGHT, WILLIAM (b. 1824). 22, 216, 271, 367.

Educated at University College, Oxford. Subsequently Fellow and Tutor of his College. Since 1868 Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church.

BRONTË, ANNE (1819—1849). 208.

Youngest daughter of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, Vicar of Haworth.

BROOKE, STOPFORD AUGUSTUS (b. 1832). 10, 19 (pt.), 28 (pt.), 44 (alt.), 47, 77, 93, 107 (pt.), 117, 147 (pt.), 199, 275, 377 (pt.).

Studied at Trinity College, Dublin. From 1866 minister of St. James's Chapel, York St., and subsequently of Bedford Chapel, London. On seceding from the Church of England in 1881 Mr. Brooke published for the use of his congregation *Christian Hymns*, and in 1891 an enlarged edition, containing a considerable number of his own hymns.

BROOKS, CHARLES TIMOTHY (1813—1883). 236, 357, 360.

Educated at Harvard University. 1837—1871 Unitarian minister at Newport, Rhode Island.

BRUCE, MICHAEL (1746—1767). 129.

A student for the ministry of the Church of Scotland.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN (1794—1878). 149, 247.

American poet and man of letters.

BURLEIGH, WILLIAM HENRY (1812—1871). 30, 166, 183, 197, 237.

American Newspaper Editor and Social Reformer. (Unitarian). From 1855—1870 Harbour Master at New York.

BURMAN, ELLEN ELIZABETH (1837—1861). 221.

Born at Stratford-on-Avon. At Stratford, and afterwards at Bristol, a much-loved worker among the poor.

BURNS, JAMES DRUMMOND (1823—1864). 69 (tr.), 307.

Educated at Edinburgh University. Presbyterian minister in Scotland and subsequently at Hampstead.



- CAMERON, WILLIAM (1751—1811). 152 (alt.).  
Educated at Aberdeen. Parish minister of Kirknewton, Midlothian. Helped in the revision of the Scottish *Translations and Paraphrases* begun in 1775.
- CARLYLE, JOSEPH DACRE (1758—1804). 45.  
Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. Afterwards vicar of Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- CARY, PHOEBE (1824—1871). 288.  
A native of Cincinnati, Ohio. Among her publications see *Poems of Faith, Hope and Love*, 1868.
- CASWALL, EDWARD (1814—1878). 17 (tr.), 380 (tr.).  
Educated at Brasenose College, Oxford. In 1850 resigned his living in the Church of England, and was received into the Roman Catholic communion. The rest of his life was spent with Dr. Newman at the Oratory, Edgbaston. His *Lyra Catholica* was first published 1849.
- CENNICK, JOHN (1718—1755). 192.  
For some time a fellow-worker with the Wesleys, afterwards a Moravian minister.
- CHADWICK, JOHN WHITE (b. 1840). 170, 234, 239, 241, 249, 344, 352, 355, 359.  
Educated at Harvard University. Since 1864 (following Samuel Longfellow) minister at the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, New York.
- CHALMERS, ANDREW (b. 1840). 330, 378 (alt.).  
A student of Manchester New College, in London. Since 1880 minister of Westgate Chapel, Wakefield.
- CHANDLER, JOHN (1806—1876). 302 (tr.).  
Educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. 1837 Vicar of Witley, in which year he published *The Hymns of the Primitive Church, now first collected, translated, and arranged*. 1841 *The Hymns of the Church, mostly Primitive*, an enlarged collection.
- CHATFIELD, ALLEN WILLIAM (b. 1808). 12 (tr.), 57 (tr.).  
Vicar of Much-Marcle, Herefordshire. In 1876 he published *Songs and Hymns of the Earliest Greek Christian Poets, Bishops, and others*, translated into English Verse.
- CHRISTIAN HYMNS (Edited by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, 1891). 207.
- CLAPP, ELIZA THAYER (1811—1888). 319.  
Of Dorchester, Mass., a friend of Emerson, and contributor to *The Dial*.
- CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN (1810—1888). 285, 361.  
Educated at Harvard University. Unitarian minister for over forty years at the Church of the Disciples, Boston, U.S. In 1844 he edited the Hymn Book of his Church.



- COLERIDGE, HARTLEY (1796—1849). 119.  
Eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
- CONDER, JOSIAH (1789—1855). 44, 81, 256.  
Author, Editor, and Publisher. In 1836 he edited *The Congregational Hymn Book: a Supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns*.
- COTTERILL, JANE (1790—1825). 172.  
Daughter of the Rev. John Boak. Married 1811 the Rev. Joseph Cotterill. Her hymn was contributed to the appendix of the sixth edition of Thomas Cotterill's *Selection of Psalms and Hymns*. 1815.
- COWPER, WILLIAM (1731—1800). 41, 159, 171, 174 (tr.), 182.  
The Poet's hymns first appeared in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, edited by his friend the Rev. John Newton.
- CRIPPEN, THOMAS GEORGE (b. 1841). 264 (tr.).  
Educated at Airedale College, Bradford. Congregational minister at Milverton, Somerset.
- DESSLER, WOLFGANG CHRISTOPH (1660—1722). 184.  
A native of Nürnberg, where nearly his whole life was passed, for some years as a proof-reader and amanuensis, and from 1705 as Conrector of the School of the Holy Ghost.
- DODDRIDGE, PHILIP (1702—1751). 85, 128, 133, 175, 224, 298, 347.  
Dissenting minister and conductor of a noted Academy at Northampton for the education of students for the ministry. Author of the *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, the *Family Expositor*, &c. His hymns were published in 1755 after his death.
- ELLERTON, JOHN (1826—1893). 343, 364, 371.  
Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. From 1850 until his death a clergyman of the Church of England.
- ELLIOTT, CHARLOTTE (1789—1871). 186.  
Daughter of Charles Elliott of Clapham and Brighton, at which latter place most of her life was spent.
- FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM (1814—1863). 59, 156, 189, 230, 301, 336.  
Educated at Balliol College, Oxford. For some time Fellow of University College. In 1846 joined the Roman Catholic communion, and in 1849 established in London a brotherhood of the Order of the Oratorians. His hymns belong to this latter period. A collected edition was published in 1862.
- FAWCETT, JOHN (1739—1817). 368.  
From 1765 until his death Baptist minister at Wainsgate, near Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire.



- FINDLATER, SARAH (1823—1886). 155 (tr.).  
Sister of Miss Jane Borthwick, wife of the Rev. Eric J. Findlater of Lochearnhead, Perthshire. Translator of hymns from the German, published with those of her sister in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, 1854—1862.
- FRANCK, JOHANN (1618—1677). 14.  
A native of Guben in Brandenburg, studied law at Königsberg. Rose to be burgomaster of his native town, where he also died. 110 of his hymns were collected in his *Geistliches Sion*, published at Guben, 1674.
- FROTHINGHAM, NATHANIEL LANGDON (1793—1870). 340.  
Educated at Harvard University. 1815—1850 minister of the First Church (Unitarian), Boston, U.S.
- FROTHINGHAM, OCTAVIUS BROOKS (b. 1822). 243.  
Educated at Harvard University. For some years Unitarian minister. Biographer of Theodore Parker.
- FURNESS, WILLIAM HENRY (b. 1802). 36.  
Educated at Harvard University. In 1825 became Unitarian minister at Philadelphia. Author of several works, including various studies in the Life of Jesus.
- GANNETT, WILLIAM CHANNING (b. 1840). 255, 354.  
Son of Dr. Ezra Stiles Gannett. Educated at Harvard University. Since 1889 minister of the First Unitarian Congregational Society, Rochester, N.Y. Joint author with Frederick L. Hosmer of *The Thought of God in Hymns and Poems*, Boston, U.S., 1886.
- GASCOIGNE, GEORGE (c. 1525—1577). 13.  
Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Politician, soldier, man of letters. One of the earliest English dramatists.
- GASKELL, WILLIAM (1805—1884). 105, 145, 266.  
A student of Manchester College, at York, and of Glasgow University. From 1828 until his death minister of Cross St. Chapel, Manchester. 1840—1846 Secretary of Manchester New College. 1846—1853 Professor of English History and Literature. For many years Visitor to the College.
- GELDART, EDMUND MARTIN (1844—1885). 291.  
Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. Successively curate of St. George's, Everton, minister of Hope St. Church, Liverpool, and of the Croydon Free Christian Church.
- GERHARDT, PAUL (1607—1676). 157, 158.  
Studied at Wittenberg. Lutheran clergyman in and near Berlin. His hymns for the most part first appeared in Johann Crüger's *Praxis pietatis melica*, in various editions after 1640, and in Runge's *Geistliche Lieder u. Psalmen*, Berlin, 1653.
- GEROK, KARL VON (1815—1890). 348.  
Studied theology at Tübingen. Oberconsistorialrath



- and court preacher at Stuttgart. Author of *Palmblätter*, 1857, and other volumes of sacred poetry.
- GILL, THOMAS HORNBLOWER (b. 1819). 23, 32, 124, 141, 154, 200, 204, 253, 268, 272, 280, 322, 333, 356.  
Author of *The Papal Drama*, an historical Essay, 1866; *The Golden Chain of Praise*, a collection of hymns, 1869.
- GLADDEN, WASHINGTON (b. 1836). 95.  
American Congregationalist minister. For some time Editor of the *New York Independent*.
- GRANT, SIR ROBERT (1785—1838). 8.  
Educated at Cambridge. Barrister and Member of Parliament. For the last four years of his life Governor of Bombay.
- GREGORY NAZIANZEN (329—389). 57.  
Studied at Caesarea, Alexandria, and Athens, where the future Emperor Julian was his fellow-student. In 381 presided at the Œcumenical Council of Constantinople. His hymns, which are in classical metres, are said to have been written after this, during a period of retirement.
- GUION, JEANNE MARIE BOUVIÈRES DE LA MOTHE (1648—1717). 174.  
Married at the age of sixteen to M. Guion, who died 1676. During her long widowhood exercised a wide influence as a teacher of the inward way in religion. Imprisoned more than once on charges of heresy. A friend of Fénelon. Her *Poésies et Cantiques Spirituels* was published after her death, 1722.
- H. L. L.—(See Borthwick and Findlater). 155, 187, 195, 348.
- HAMMOND, WILLIAM (1719—1783). 299.  
Educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. 1745 joined the Moravian Brethren. In the same year published his *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*.
- HATCH, EDWIN (1835—1889). 265, 306.  
Educated at Pembroke College, Oxford. 1867 Vice-Principal of St. Mary's Hall. Subsequently Reader in Ecclesiastical History in the University. 1880 Bampton Lecturer. 1888 Hibbert Lecturer. His hymns were published in the posthumous volume *Towards Fields of Light*.
- HAVERGAL, FRANCES RIDLEY (1836—1879). 248.  
Daughter of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, vicar of Astley, Worcestershire. Her hymns have been collected in various volumes issued between 1869 and 1883.
- HAWKES, HENRY WARBURTON (b. 1843). 96, 263.  
For sixteen years minister of the North End Mission, Liverpool. Since 1891 minister of the Bootle Free Church. Edited *Hymns and Sacred Songs for Church and Home*, Liverpool, 1891.



- HEBER, REGINALD (1783—1826). 6, 92, 353, 370, 377 (pt.).  
Studied at Brasenose College, Oxford. For the last three years of his life, Bishop of Calcutta. His hymns were written at Hodnet, of which parish he was vicar for sixteen years, but were only published after his death.
- HEDGE, FREDERICK HENRY (b. 1805). 52.  
American Unitarian minister. Professor at Harvard University. In 1853 he edited with Dr. Huntington *Hymns for the Church of Christ*.
- HEGINBOTHOM, OTTIWELL (1744—1768). 130.  
For a short time Nonconformist minister at Sudbury, Suffolk.
- HERBERT, GEORGE (1593—1632). 131, 214.  
Educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1619 Orator for the University. Took Holy Orders 1626. For the last two years of his life rector of Bemerton. *The Temple* was published the year after his death.
- HERBERT, PETRUS (sixteenth century, d. 1571). 375.  
Moravian minister. One of the chief compilers of the enlarged edition of the Brethren's German Hymn Book, 1566, to which he contributed a large number of hymns.
- HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH (b. 1823). 332.  
Educated at Harvard University. Unitarian minister. Since 1858 devoted to literature and social reform.
- HINCKS, THOMAS (b. 1818). 34, 37, III.  
A student of Manchester College at York. 1855—1869 minister of Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds, where he published his *Vespers*, 1868, as a supplement to the hymn-book in use at the chapel.
- HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL (b. 1809). 58.  
American physician and man of letters. Educated at Harvard University, where in 1847 he was elected to the chair of anatomy. His best known hymns are in *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*.
- HOPPS, JOHN PAGE (b. 1834). 178.  
Educated at the General Baptist College, Leicester. Minister of the Free Christian Church, Croydon. At Glasgow in 1873 edited *Hymns for Public Worship*. At Leicester in 1877 *Hymns, Chants and Anthems for Public Worship*.
- HOSMER, FREDERICK LUCIAN (b. 1840). 56, 61, 67, 79, 89, 99, 100, 123, 177, 188, 316, 335, 341, 366.  
American Unitarian minister, now resident in Chicago. Joint author with William C. Gannett of *The Thought of God in Hymns and Poems*, Boston, U.S., 1886.
- HOW, WILLIAM WALSHAM (b. 1823). 238, 282, 358.  
Educated at Shrewsbury and Wadham College, Oxford. Since 1888 Bishop of Wakefield.



HYMNS OF THE AGES (Boston, U.S., third series, 1865). 213.

HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT (Boston, U.S., 1864). 14, 35, 46, 372.

INGEMANN, BERNHARDT SEVERIN (1789—1862). 231.

Danish poet, and professor at the Academy of Sorö, Zealand.

JOHNS, JOHN (1801—1847). 116, 323.

Educated at Plymouth Grammar School and Edinburgh University. Minister at Crediton, and from 1837 until his death first minister of the Liverpool Domestic Mission. A large number of hymns from his pen appeared in Dr. J. R. Beard's Unitarian hymn-book, 1837.

JOHNSON, SAMUEL (1822—1882). 48, 118, 206, 232, 328.

Educated at Harvard University. Minister of a Free Church at Lynn, Mass. A student of Oriental Religions. Joint editor with Samuel Longfellow of the Boston *Book of Hymns* 1846 and *Hymns of the Spirit* 1864.

KEBLE, JOHN (1792—1866). 21, 78, 240, 376.

Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. 1811, Fellow of Oriel. 1827, published the *Christian Year*. 1828, Provost of Oriel, and in 1831 Professor of Poetry. From 1836 until his death, vicar of Hursley.

KEN, THOMAS (1637—1711). 15, 374.

Educated at Winchester. Fellow of New College, Oxford, 1657. Subsequently again at Winchester as Fellow and Prebendary. There he wrote for the scholars his Morning, Evening and Mid-night hymns. In 1685 Bishop of Bath and Wells; deprived in 1691 as a Non-juror.

KETHE, WILLIAM (Died ? 1593). 1.

Said to have been a Scotchman, but during the greater part of Elizabeth's reign one of the two rectors of Childe Okeford, near Blandford, Dorsetshire. The author of twenty-five Psalm versions included in the Anglo-Genevan Psalter of 1561, Psalm 100 being one. They were all adopted in the Scottish Psalter of 1564-65, but only Psalm 100 in that of 1650.

LANGE, JOHANN PETER (1802—1884). 155.

Studied theology at Bonn. From 1826 held various pastoral offices. 1841 succeeded F. D. Strauss as professor of Church History and Dogmatics at Zürich. 1854 professor of Dogmatic Theology at Bonn.

LARCOM, LUCY (1826—1893). 345.

In early life a mill-girl at Lowell, U.S., then a school teacher, a writer and editor of books of devotion.

LATIN HYMNS (translated). 17, 264, 276, 302, 380.

LIVERMORE, ABIEL ABBOT (b. 1811). 102.

American Unitarian minister. Educated at Harvard University. In 1863 became President of the Meadville Theological School, Pennsylvania.



- LOGAN, JOHN (1748—1788). 128 (alt.).  
Educated at Edinburgh University. Minister of the Church of Scotland.
- LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH (1807—1882). 324.  
Educated at Bowdoin College; Professor of Modern Languages there, and 1835—54 at Harvard University. His poems include one or two hymns.
- LONGFELLOW, SAMUEL (1819—1892). 17 (alt.), 38, 51 (alt.), 53, 60, 84, 86, 104, 108 (alt.), 162, 194, 222, 246, 250, 312, 320, 329, 334.  
American Unitarian minister. Younger brother of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Educated at Harvard University. Joint editor with Samuel Johnson of *A Book of Hymns*, 1846, revised 1848, and *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864.
- LYNCH, THOMAS TOKE (1818—1871). 31, 164, 209, 215, 217, 244, 279, 314.  
Congregational minister in London. Author of *The Rivulet : a Contribution to Sacred Song*, 1855; enlarged edition, 1868.
- LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS (1793—1847). 363.  
Educated at Trinity College, Dublin. From 1823 until his death perpetual curate of Lower Brixham, Devon. Author of *Poems chiefly religious*, 1833; *The Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834.
- MACDONALD, GEORGE (b. 1824). 26.  
Educated at Aberdeen. In early life a Congregational minister, but since devoted to literature as poet and novelist.
- MANT, RICHARD (1776—1848). 114.  
Educated at Winchester and Trinity College, Oxford. Fellow of Oriel. Bampton Lecturer 1811. Bishop in succession of Killaloe, Down and Dromore. In 1837 he published *Ancient Hymns from the Roman Breviary . . . to which are added original hymns*.
- MARTINEAU, JAMES (b. 1805). 80, 109, 173.  
Student of Manchester College at York. In 1840 Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the College, then at Manchester. Subsequently in London Principal, and on his resignation in 1885, President of the College. In 1840, while minister of Paradise St. Chapel, Liverpool, edited *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*. In 1873, *Hymns of Praise and Prayer*.
- MASON, CAROLINE ATHERTON (b. 1823). 27.  
Daughter of Dr. Calvin Briggs, of Marblehead, Mass. Wife of Charles Mason, a Lawyer, of Fitchburg, U.S.A.
- MATSON, WILLIAM TIDD (b. 1833). 196, 220, 235, 308.  
Educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and elsewhere. Congregational minister. Formerly a member of the Church of England.



MERRICK, JAMES (1720—1769). 127.

Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Published in 1763 *Poems on Sacred Subjects*; in 1765 *The Psalms of David translated or paraphrased into English Verse*.

MILMAN, HENRY HART (1791—1868). 290.

Educated at Eton and Brasenose College, Oxford. 1821 Professor of Poetry in the University. 1827 Bampton Lecturer. 1835 Canon of Westminster. 1849 Dean of St. Paul's. His hymns first appeared in Heber's posthumous collection, 1827.

MILTON, JOHN (1608—1674). 68, 326.

Educated at St. Paul's School, and Christ's College, Cambridge. His version of Psalm cxxxvi. was written at the age of fifteen. His other versions were made in later life, direct from the Hebrew.

MONTGOMERY, JAMES (1771—1854). 9, 28, 87, 147 (pt.), 151, 210, 318, 337, 338, 378.

Born at Irvine, Ayrshire, the son of a Moravian minister. For many years editor of *The Sheffield Iris*. His hymns, numbering about 400 in all, appeared in his *Christian Psalmist*, 1825, and *Original Hymns*, 1853.

MUDIE, CHARLES EDWARD (1818—1890). 198.

Founder of the Library which bears his name. His collected poems were published in 1872 as *Stray Leaves*.

NEALE, JOHN MASON (1818—1866). 334, 373 (tr.).

Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Sometime Fellow and Tutor of Downing College. From 1846 until his death Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead. Published *Mediaeval Hymns and Sequences*, 1851; *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862; and other volumes of translations, as well as original hymns.

NEANDER, JOACHIM (1650—1680). 69.

A native of Bremen. A teacher and latterly a minister of the Reformed Church of Germany. In his religious life influenced by Under-Eyck and Spener.

NEEDHAM, JOHN (d. c. 1786). 286.

Baptist minister in Bristol. In 1768 published *Hymns Devotional and Moral*.

NEW, HERBERT (1820—1893). 211.

Solicitor, of Evesham. One of the original Hibbert Trustees.

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY (1801—1890). 146, 283.

Educated at Trinity College, Oxford. 1822 Fellow of Oriel. 1828 vicar of St. Mary's. 1845 received into the communion of the Roman Catholic Church. 1848 Superior of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Birmingham. 1878 created a Cardinal. His *Verses on Various Occasions* appeared in 1868.



- NEWTON JOHN (1725—1807). 261, 350.  
In early life a sailor, became in 1764 curate of Olney. His *Olney Hymns* were published in 1779. Rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth, London, 1780—1807.
- NORTON, ANDREWS (1786—1853). 55.  
Student and afterwards professor in Harvard University. Author of several theological works, including one on *The Genuineness of the Gospels*.
- OAKLEY, EBENEZER SHERMAN (b. 1865). 212.  
Educated at the Airedale College for the Congregational Ministry. Now Principal of the Ramsey College, Almora, N. India.
- OBERLIN, JEAN FRÉDÉRIC (1740—1826). 201 ?  
Pastor of the Ban de la Roche.
- PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER (b. 1824). 25, 257, 270, 317.  
Educated at Charterhouse and Balliol College, Oxford. 1846 Fellow of Exeter. 1885 Professor of Poetry in the University.
- PALMER, RAY (1808—1887). 42 (tr.), 137.  
Graduated in 1830 at Yale College, New Haven. Congregational minister at Bath, Me., and Albany, N.Y.
- PARKER, THEODORE (1810—1860). 98.  
Educated at Harvard University. Minister at West Roxbury (Unitarian) and in Boston. An ardent preacher, writer, and social reformer, especially on behalf of the abolition of slavery.
- PIERPOINT, FOLLIOTT SANDFORD (b. 1835). 76.  
Educated at Queen's College, Cambridge. Author of *Songs of Love*, *The Chalice of Nature*, and *Lyra Jesu*, 1878.
- PIERPONT, JOHN (1785—1866). 39.  
American Unitarian minister, Anti-slavery and Temperance advocate.
- PLUMPTRE, EDWARD HAYES (1821—1891). 276 (tr.), 297.  
Educated at King's College, London and University College, Oxford. Subsequently Fellow of Brasenose and Dean of Queen's College. After holding preferment in various places, was appointed Dean of Wells, 1881. Scholar, writer, poet, and translator.
- PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE (1825—1864). 142.  
Daughter of Bryan W. Procter (Barry Cornwall). Her *Legends and Lyrics*, *A Book of Verse*, was published 1858.
- QUARLES, JOHN (1624—1665). 62.  
Son of Francis Quarles, author of the *Emblems*. Educated at Exeter College, Oxford. On the downfall of Charles I., settled in London as a man of letters. In 1651 published his *Divine Ejaculations*, from which his hymns have been derived.



- RAWSON, GEORGE (1807—1889). 315.  
Solicitor, of Leeds. A member of the Congregationalist body. In 1876 published his *Hymns, Verses and Chants*, and in 1885 *Songs of Spiritual Thought*.
- REED, ANDREW (1787—1862). 51.  
Congregational minister in London. His *Hymn Book* appeared in 1842.
- RINKART, MARTIN (1586—1649). 134 (pt.).  
A native of Eilenburg in Saxony, of which place, as a Protestant clergyman, he was Archi-diaconus from 1617 until his death.
- ROBERT II. OF FRANCE (c. 970—1031). 42.  
Became King of France 988, on the death of his father Hugh Capet. Robert was a lover of church music, but the ascription to him of the authorship of *Veni Sancte Spiritus* is doubtful.
- RUSSELL, FRANCIS ALBERT ROLLO, THE HON. (b. 1849). 203.  
Son of the late Earl Russell. Author of *The Break of Day and other Poems*, 1893.
- SADLER, THOMAS (1822—1891). 7, 134 (pt.), 294, 369.  
Minister at Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead, 1846—1891. Editor of *Additional Hymns, compiled for use with Hymns for the Christian Church and Home at Rosslyn Hill Chapel*, 1876, which contains anonymously several of his own hymns. During the closing years of his life Dr. Sadler was Visitor to Manchester New College.
- SAVAGE, MINOT JUDSON (b. 1841). 223, 245.  
In early life a Congregational minister, but since 1874 minister of the Church of the Unity, Boston, U.S. In 1882 published *Poems of Modern Thought*.
- SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH (1759—1805). 346.  
His poem *Hoffnung* was written 1797.
- SCOTCH PARAPHRASES (1745). 152 (pt.).  
*Translations and Paraphrases of several passages of Sacred Scripture*, ordered by the General Assembly of the Church to be printed in 1745. From 1775 to 1781 this collection was again revised and enlarged.
- SCUDDER, ELIZA (b. 1821). 66, 163, 313.  
A native of Boston, U.S. Several of her hymns were contributed to the *Hymns of the Spirit*, edited by S. Longfellow and S. Johnson, 1864.
- SEARS, EDMUND HAMILTON (1810—1876). 88.  
American Unitarian minister. Graduated in the Cambridge Divinity School, Harvard. His hymns were collected in his *Sermons and Songs of the Christian Life*, 1875.
- SHAIRP, JOHN CAMPBELL (1819—1885). 293.  
Educated at Glasgow and Balliol College, Oxford. Some-



time Professor of Humanity at St. Andrews, and Principal of the United Colleges. 1877 Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

SHARP, JOHN (b. 1810). 65.

Scholar of Magdalen College, Cambridge. Perpetual Curate of Horbury, near Wakefield, since 1834. Hon. Canon of St. Beda in Wakefield Cathedral 1888. Published *Poems and Hymns*, 1880.

SMITH, WALTER CHALMERS (b. 1824). 83, 242, 252, 254, 267, 269.

Educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh. Since 1876 minister of the Free High Church, Edinburgh. Author of *Olvig Grange*, and several later poems. The Hymns quoted in this collection will be found in his *Hymns of Christ*, 1867, and *Thoughts and Fancies for Sunday Evenings*, 1887.

STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRHYN (1815—1881). 91, 103, 113.

Educated at Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford. 1840 Fellow of University College. 1855 Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church. 1863 Dean of Westminster.

STEELE, ANNE (1716—1778). 143.

Daughter of William Steele, timber merchant and pastor of the Baptist Church at Broughton, Hampshire. In 1760 she published *Poems on subjects chiefly devotional*, by *Theodosia*.

STERLING, JOHN (1806—1844). 64.

Studied at Glasgow, and Trinity College, Cambridge. The friend of Thomas Carlyle.

STONE, SAMUEL JOHN (b. 1839). 179.

Educated at Charterhouse and Pembroke College, Oxford. Since 1874 vicar of St. Paul's, Haggerston. His *Hymns*, original and translated, were published 1886.

STOWE, HARRIET (b. 1812). 29.

Daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher; married in 1833 Rev. Dr. Calvin E. Stowe. Authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 1852.

SYNESIUS (c. 375—430). 12.

A native of Cyrene. Neo-Platonist. For twenty years bishop of Ptolemaïs. Ten of his hymns in various classical metres have been translated by the Rev. A. W. Chatfield.

TATE, NAHUM (1652—1715). 19, 125.

Son of an Irish clergyman, educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Succeeded Shadwell as Poet Laureate. Joint author with Nicholas Brady of the *New Version of the Psalms of David*, 1696, commonly known as "Tate and Brady."



TAYLOR, EMILY (1795—1872). 54, 94.

Great-grand-daughter of Dr. John Taylor of Norwich, the Hebraist. The writer of many children's books.

TAYLOR, JOHN (1750—1826). 71, 218, 259.

Grandson of Dr. John Taylor of Norwich, author of the Hebrew Concordance. A Norwich manufacturer and wool and yarn factor. Connected throughout his life with the Octagon Chapel.

TERSTEEGEN, GERHARD (1697—1769). 11, 190, 273.

A native of Rhenish Prussia, intended for the ministry of the Reformed Church in Germany, but engaged in business in early life. Later devoted himself to the translation of the works of Mystic and Quietist religious teachers, and exercised an informal ministry among people of like mind in Germany and Holland. Many of his hymns were published in the successively enlarged editions of his *Geistliches Blumen-Gärtlein*, which first appeared in 1729.

TOMKINS, HENRY GEORGE (b. 1826). 292.

Studied at Trinity College, Cambridge. Admitted to priest's orders in the Church of England 1858. Author of *Studies on the Times of Abraham*, 1878, &c. *Poems, chiefly sacred*, 1891. Now resident at Weston-super-Mare.

TUTTIETT, LAWRENCE (b. 1825). 284, 351.

Educated at Christ's Hospital and King's College, London. Since 1870 incumbent of the Episcopal Church of St. Andrews, Scotland. Author of *Hymns for Churchmen*, 1854, and of several later volumes.

VAUGHAN, HENRY (1621—1695). 278.

For some time student in Jesus College, Oxford. A doctor by profession. In 1650 published *Silex Scintillans: or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, from which his hymns are taken.

VERY, JONES (1813—1880). 20, 82.

A native of Salem, Mass., where most of his life was spent. Graduated at Harvard University, and for two years Tutor of Greek there. A friend of Emerson, he preached from time to time in Unitarian pulpits, but had no fixed charge.

WARING, ANNA LAETITIA (b. 1820). 144, 167, 176, 281.

Daughter of Elijah Waring of Neath, Glamorganshire. In 1850 published *Hymns and Meditations*, by A. L. W.; tenth edition in 1863, enlarged.

WATTS, ISAAC (1674—1748). 5, 18, 63, 74, 126, 150, 152 (pt.), 153, 191, 296.

The most eminent early hymn-writer among Nonconformists. For many years Independent minister in London. In 1707—9 he published his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*.



In 1719 *The Psalms of David imitated in the language of the New Testament, and applied to the Christian State and Worship*.

WESLEY, CHARLES (1707—1788). 43, 97, 106, 115, 181, 193, 202, 205, 258, 277, 295, 300, 303, 311, 312, 321, 339.

Educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford, of which he was successively student and tutor. Closely associated with his brother's religious work, and pre-eminently the singer of the Methodist movement. He is said to have written over 6000 hymns.

WESLEY, JOHN (1703—1791). 11 (tr.), 49, 157, (tr.), 158 (tr.), 214 (alt.), 273 (tr.).

Educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford. 1726 Fellow of Lincoln. Leader of the Methodist Revival of last century. His publication of hymns began in 1738 with a *Collection of Psalms and Hymns, by John Wesley*, and in the following year *Hymns and Sacred Poems, by John and Charles Wesley*. Many other volumes, large and small, followed, and in 1780 he published *A Collection of Hymns for the use of the people called Methodists*, which with a supplement is still the hymn-book of the Wesleyan Methodists.

WHATELY, RICHARD (1787—1863). 377 (pt.).

Educated at Oriel College, Oxford. Bampton Lecturer 1822. Principal of St. Alban's Hall, 1825. Archbishop of Dublin, 1831.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF (1807—1892). 101, 107 (pt.), 121, 168, 219, 226, 309, 325, 331, 342.

American poet, journalist, anti-slavery advocate. A member of the Religious Society of Friends. Whittier wrote few hymns, but selections from many of his poems are adapted as such.

WILLIAMS, HELEN MARIA (1762—1827). 140.

Entered in London on a literary career, but as a resident in Paris during the period of the Revolution, became known as a political writer. The closing years of her life were spent at Amsterdam, with her nephew, Athanase Coquerel, pastor of the Reformed Church.

WILLIAMS, SARAH JOHANNA (1805—1841). 274.

Daughter of the Rev. John Williams of Mansfield, the biographer of Belsham.

WILSON, LUCY (née Atkins) (1802—1863). 201 (tr.).

Authoress of the *Memoirs of John Frederic Oberlin*, 1829.

WINKWORTH, CATHERINE (1829—1878). 14 (tr.) 375 (tr.).

Published her *Lyra Germanica*, first series, 1855, second series, 1858. *Christian Singers of Germany* (a biographical work), 1869.

WITHER, GEORGE (1588—1667). 4, 33.

Studied at Magdalen College, Oxford. Served under



Charles I. in Scotland, but subsequently under Cromwell. A prolific writer, both in prose and verse. Among his volumes of sacred verse are *The Psalms of David translated as Lyric Verse*, 1632, and *Halelviah; or Britans Second Remembrancer, bringing to Remembrance (in praisefull and penitentiall Hymns, Spirituall Songs, and Morall-Odes)*, 1641.

WORDSWORTH, CHRISTOPHER (1807—1885). 148.

Nephew of William Wordsworth. Educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was afterwards Fellow and Classical lecturer. Subsequently Head Master of Harrow, Canon of Westminster. For nineteen years vicar of Stanford-in-the-Vale, Berks. 1869 Bishop of Lincoln. In 1862 published *The Holy Year; or Hymns for Sundays, &c.*

WREFORD, JOHN REYNELL (1800—1881). 108, 289, 365.

Student of Manchester College at York. For a few years minister at the New Meeting, Birmingham. Subsequently Schoolmaster.







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